This is a digital copy of a book that was preserved for generations on library shelves before it was carefully scanned by Google as part of a project to make the world's books discoverable online.

It has survived long enough for the copyright to expire and the book to enter the public domain. A public domain book is one that was never subject to copyright or whose legal copyright term has expired. Whether a book is in the public domain may vary country to country. Public domain books are our gateways to the past, representing a wealth of history, culture and knowledge that's often difficult to discover.

Marks, notations and other marginalia present in the original volume will appear in this file - a reminder of this book's long journey from the publisher to a library and finally to you.

Usage guidelines

Google is proud to partner with libraries to digitize public domain materials and make them widely accessible. Public domain books belong to the public and we are merely their custodians. Nevertheless, this work is expensive, so in order to keep providing this resource, we have taken steps to prevent abuse by commercial parties, including placing technical restrictions on automated querying.

We also ask that you:

+ *Make non-commercial use of the files* We designed Google Book Search for use by individuals, and we request that you use these files for personal, non-commercial purposes.

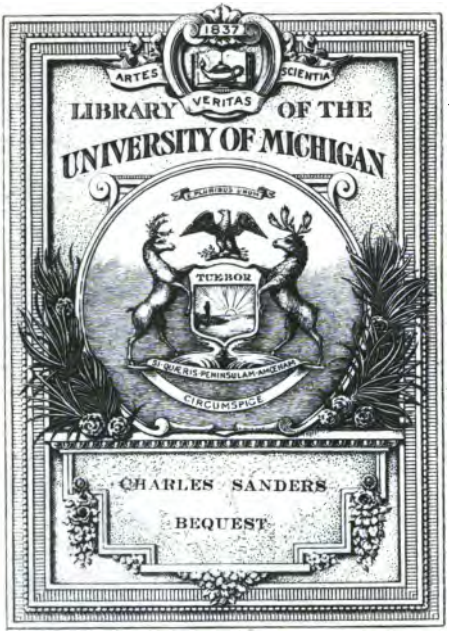
+ *Refrain from automated querying* Do not send automated queries of any sort to Google's system: If you are conducting research on machine translation, optical character recognition or other areas where access to a large amount of text is helpful, please contact us. We encourage the use of public domain materials for these purposes and may be able to help.

+ *Maintain attribution* The Google "watermark" you see on each file is essential for informing people about this project and helping them find additional materials through Google Book Search. Please do not remove it.

+ *Keep it legal* Whatever your use, remember that you are responsible for ensuring that what you are doing is legal. Do not assume that just because we believe a book is in the public domain for users in the United States, that the work is also in the public domain for users in other countries. Whether a book is still in copyright varies from country to country, and we can't offer guidance on whether any specific use of any specific book is allowed. Please do not assume that a book's appearance in Google Book Search means it can be used in any manner anywhere in the world. Copyright infringement liability can be quite severe.

About Google Book Search

Google's mission is to organize the world's information and to make it universally accessible and useful. Google Book Search helps readers discover the world's books while helping authors and publishers reach new audiences. You can search through the full text of this book on the web at `http://books.google.com/`


1837
ARTES
SCIENTIA
VERITAS
LIBRARY OF THE
UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN
TUEBOR
CIRCUMSPICE
CHARLES SANDERS
BEQUEST

825
D1123
1837

Charles Sanders Collection
Detroit, Mich
1884 – 1200

MEMOIRS

OF A

WATER DRINKER.

BY THE AUTHOR OF

"THE HISTORY OF THE RISE AND PROGRESS OF THE ARTS OF DESIGN IN THE UNITED STATES," "A HISTORY OF THE AMERICAN THEATRE," AND "A HISTORY OF NEW YORK FOR SCHOOLS."

T... D..., William..., 17..-18...

TWO VOLUMES IN ONE.

VOL. I.

Second Edition.

NEW YORK:

SAUNDERS AND OTLEY, ANN STREET.

1837.

Dunlap, William, 1766-1839.

ENTERED, according to the Act of Congress, in the year 1836,
By WILLIAM DUNLAP,
In the Clerk's office of the District Court of the Southern District of New-York.

Charles Sanders
Bequest
10-10-27
2 v. in 1.

PREFACE

TO THE SECOND EDITION.

I PRESUME every author is delighted when a new edition of his work is called for. I confess that I am; and that I am further pleased, that by holding the copy-right of the Water Drinker in my own hands, I am enabled to present it to the publick in a form and at a price that may tend to its more general diffusion through society.

All authors think their books worthy of attention. I believe this work not only amusing, but calculated to produce a powerful effect upon the reader for his benefit; and I fear not to say that this conviction is one strong reason for my rejoicing in the opportunity of issuing a second and a cheap edition.

PREFACE.

I PROFESS to give my readers a novel. That is, something new. And I will give them something new; notwithstanding we are truly told that "there is nothing new under the sun"—and it might be added, neither is the sun new.

These seeming contradictions are perhaps thus to be reconciled: that although all is old—in nature a mere repetition of a rising sun in the east and a setting sun in the west—a spring, a summer, an autumn, and a winter, going their rounds yearly, in most habitable countries; and that, in literature, it is "a pouring out of one vessel into another:"—yet, as the successive generation of individuals, or nations, come into existence, *that*, which is of itself old, is to them new.

Nay, to the same individual, that sun, so often seen, is daily varied by situation in the firmament, and presents every hour a new face, as the mist or the cloud changes the medium through which we behold him: so the landscape, although seen every day, is never the same, either in appearance or reality. The truths or falsehoods of literature, although the same materials may be apparently poured from "one vessel into another," produce novelty by the mixture; for each operator has a different mode of mingling the ingredients

of the chalice, and the materials themselves are sometimes chemically changed, as it were, into something unknown before. Thus although all is old; all is new, in some degree, to every one; and to the uninstructed in the full extent.

So much to prove that a novel may be new—now to show that although it is a fiction, it may be true.

A novel is in its very nature a falsehood; yet if its author has the welfare of his fellow-creatures at heart, its substance and essence will be truth.

A fable has been defined, "a feigned story intended to enforce some precept;" and a parable is said to be "a relation under which something else is feigned." But they are the same. They are both feigned stories, which *ought* to enforce truth: they are both "relations under which something else is feigned." And such is a novel.

The author of the best code of moral law presented to man, taught many of his precepts by parables. He knew that he must attract and hold the attention, before he could instruct.

A learned Divine once said, "When I see my congregation inclined to sleep, which sometimes happens of an afternoon, I could wish to read a novel to them instead of a sermon. Or, almost, to see a stage erected in my church, and a 'Morality' enacted, to awaken them to the truths I am in vain presenting from the pulpit." We learn from this, that the exertion of intellect necessary for receiving instruction is easier made when fasting than full—or, at least, that *temperance facilitates thought.*

CONTENTS OF VOL. I.

			Page.
Chap.	1.	A Scene in the Park, and a Walk on the Battery	5
	2.	Heroines on and off the stage	21
	3.	A Renunciation	33
	4.	Explanations and concealments	41
	5.	Beginning of a town—and a man	45
	6.	A sporting gentleman and a philosophic lady	51
	7.	We go from home to Boston	60
	8.	An old Bachelor's house, a Lawyer's Office, and a Play in Boston	69
	9.	How to study law.—A change of destination	81
	10.	We return home,—Medicine and Theology in Vermont	87
	11.	We go to England, and what we did there	85
	12.	We come back to the starting-place.—A Scene behind the curtain	101
	13.	A Walk out of town	108
	14.	The difference between a tavern and a horse-shed	117
	15.	The Walk back to town	123
	16.	The Lunatic Asylum	135
	17.	The result of Intemperance, and a sick chamber	149
	18.	A little mystery, and an old acquaintance	157
	19.	A dinner party in 1811	165
	20.	Conversation and coffee.—Politeness and harmony	176
	21.	Midnight and an apparition	186
	22.	Things as they were thirty years ago	200

THIRTY YEARS AGO.

CHAPTER I.

A scene in the Park, and a walk on the Battery.

"After your death you were better have a bad epitaph than their ill report while you live."

"They'll take suggestions as a cat laps milk."—*Shakspeare.*

"Nor numbers, nor example, with him wrought
To swerve from truth."—*Milton.*

WHOEVER has been in the city of New-York, the great centre of the commerce of the western world, must remember the marble front of the hall of justice, or City Hall. Standing on the highest ground which the democratic system of filling up hollows by levelling hills, or lifting the low by removing the superfluity of the high, has left to the great commercial metropolis. Lifting its stainless face in the midst of catalpas and elms, poplars and sycamores, the pride of our forests, this structure, towers,—like the protecting genius of the land, inviting strangers to take shelter under the guardianship of law, and promising protection to the oppressed of all nations.

It was on a fine day in the October of 1811, about the hour of noon, when the sun was shining bright and giving a dazzling lustre to the front of this building, that two gentlemen came from within, and descending the flight of stairs with the gay, elastic and careless step of youth, bent their way down the centre avenue of the enclosure, in eager conversation: only interrupted by occasional bursts of laughter. It was plain that they were not of the tribe to which this building seems principally consigned—the men of the law—there was not the hurried step, nor the thought-pressed brow; neither were they of the class of jurors dragged reluctantly from their own immediate affairs to *pass upon* the interests, or the lives, or liberties of others: nor were they litigious clients, filled with doubts and fears

of the law's uncertainty, or vexed by its delay—they were light and joyous as the day, (and what American knows not the beauty of an October day,) and appeared to defy or be unconscious of the existence of laws, judges, or jurors, except as their protectors from wrong. They were tastefully and fashionably dressed, and the shortest, who was not quite six feet in height, was a model of manly beauty; his companion was of the square herculean form, full six feet high, with the nose of a Roman Cæsar, the eye of a Spanish contrabandista, and the complexion of a Circassian belle.

The trees of the Park, for so the enclosure is called, were yet loaded with foliage, which the early frosts had changed from the uniform verdant livery of summer, to the motley brilliancy which distinguishes our autumnal scenery, presenting every tint from gaudy yellow to deep purple, through the intermediate shades of orange and scarlet; from the brightest golden hue, through various grades to the dusky brown, which denotes the speedy separation of the leaves from their parent stock, and return to that state in which they become its food.

To such of the busy citizens as, in crossing this triangular pleasure-ground, find leisure to think of nature, this imperfect glimpse of the beauties of American landscape might recall other more variegated pictures; the scenery of our mountains, forests, and prairies: but these young men were not, at the moment our story begins, thinking of woods and wilds—the beauties of nature occupied their thoughts, but they were beauties of a higher order, though as fleeting as the changing foliage under which they loitered, laughed and lounged. They walked half-way down the centre avenue and stopped, as if without sufficient motive either to proceed or return; meanwhile the more Apollo-like gallant sported with a terrier dog that followed him, and who was addressed by the familiar appellation of "Billy." After a few minutes of this wanton idling they, dog and all, bent their way again towards the hall of justice; appearing to look for some one to join them from thence, and they had nearly reached the portico when two very dissimilar figures came out of the front door of the theatre apparently from the box-office, and within view of the first-mentioned pair. The Park theatre, as we all know, being in its position opposite, or nearly so, to the hall of justice.

The walk to and from the hall took some minutes, notwithstanding that John Duncan, a Scotch traveller and A.B., says the enclosure we have praised only contains half an acre. If ever our North-British friend should be condemned for his sins

to make a pilgrimage of the circumference of his half acre, his shoes lined with peas, we doubt not that he will be happy to take a hint from a brother pilgrim and penitent, of former days, and be especially careful to have them well boiled.

A long loud laugh on the part of one of the first mentioned gentlemen was followed by, "He cannot certainly think of marrying her. Her personal attractions are not great, although her professional skill and talents may be deemed so; besides, she's a foot taller than little Spiff. They might play the giantess and Tom Thumb. And her mysterious conduct in regard to Trowbridge, both before and after his death, is too notorious to allow of such an alliance with a man of Spiffards correct way of thinking."

"But," said the other, who was no less a personage than Thomas Apthorpe Cooper, the justly celebrated histrion; "She bears the name of a man high in his profession as a tragedian, and Spiff may know nothing of her story, as he came to New-York after Trowbridge's death, and long subsequent to the affair to which you allude."

"He was then, and for some years before, in England," said the other.

"Hilson knew him there," said the tragedian, "See, he is coming out of the theatre with his friend Tam."

As we mention the names of two well-known personages, and shall hereafter in the course of our narrative frequently introduce more of the same description, let us pause for explanation. When we call a character by the name of a real person, dead or alive, still the actions of such character, as connected with this tale, are in general purely imaginary; and the deeds, thoughts and words imputed to him or her, mere inventions of the author's brain, meant to give point to the moral of his story, or add to the amusement of his readers. As Walter Scott makes use of the names of Cromwell, Charles Stuart, Ireton, Claverhouse, Montrose and others to decorate his characters withal, so we in our humble history of domestic life, take those of Cooke, Cooper, Hilson and other mimic heroes and and mimic villains, for our purposes, as well as some well known names of politicians and professional men of that time. If the action or incident attributed to the person is real, the reader may look for a note indicating it to be so. But we will not, if we have any skill in our vocation, appropriate actions to any one, bearing the name of a real personage, which shall be at variance with the general character of the person from whom the name is borrowed; although we might plead in ex-

cuse that, the great Scotch novelist has made the greatest man in England play the part of commander of a sergeant's guard, or a bailiff with a search warrant, when he (Oliver Cromwell) was in possession of supreme power. Once for all, we protest that this real history is an unreal mockery as it respects characters and events: all is a fabricated tissue wrought by the brain, or the imagination, from the materials collected during a long and variegated life. But as all images must have had existence from previous impressions made by realities, the fantastic combination, which we intend to present, may leave a lesson of profit on the memory, for the reader's conduct in real life.

For we do believe that our book contains true pictures of human nature, and that the actions therein described are the actions of men and women, appropriate to real men and women in similar circumstances, and that the consequences we attribute to the actions of our imaginary characters are the result of *such actions*, and will ever result from them. Therefore is our book, although a novel and a fiction, a book of truth; calculated to amend the heart, while it enlists the imagination under the colours of fancy.

But to proceed.—The tragedian and his companion, having again turned, had reached one of the avenues of the Park on the east side, and were in full view of the theatre. The herculean gentleman took a quizzing glass from his pocket and applying it to one eye, said, "It is Spiff and Tam, sure enough. Suppose you introduce the subject of the lady, and the world's babble about her, to show Spiff that *we* have heard something, if he has not."

"Agreed," said the tragedian. "We shall have some sport at any rate. It will be nuts for Tam." The two gentlemen from the theatre had now advanced to the gate of the park opposite Beekman-street, and were entering the enclosure.

As one of the new-comers is the principal actor in our Drama, and as both once were the very soul of hilarity—the delight of the laughter-loving throngs who crowd play-houses to see the creatures of Shakspeare and Sheridan, Coleman and O'Keefe—to gaze at scenes of imaginary magnificence, and forget the poverty they have left at home; as both are important to the readers of this work, and one the very pivot on which all our machinery turns, we will introduce them by a graphic description of their persons.

Zebediah Spiffard, or as his companions familiarly called him, "Zeb. Spiff." was in height rather less than five feet five inches. He was remarkably square and muscular, at the

same time that he looked attenuated from the absence of all those unctuous particles which give plumpness and swelling contour to persons who like him are possessed of youth, and endowed with health, strength and activity. There was no rounding of feature or limb; all was angular and sharp. His head was large and thickly covered with coarse sandy hair, (or rather a bright orange red,) and his face was long enough for a man of six feet. This face was in every feature, and in the physiognomical combination (if we may be allowed the expression) truly remarkable. The forehead was low, the eyebrows bushy, strongly marked, and almost meeting; they were attached to powerful muscles, and could be moved in various directions: his eyes were large and prominent, the colour of the iris hazle, naturally bright, but so covered by the upper lid, as, when not animated by passion, or excited by mirth, to appear sleepy and lifeless; yet occasionally full of fire; and capable, in concert with the flexible brows, of great comic expression, as well as strong and concentrated marks of emotion. The nose belonging to this extraordinary face was thin, high, and extremely hooked; with wide, ever-moving nostrils. The cheeks hollow, freckled, and pale; the mouth wide, lips thin, and bloodless; teeth long, regular and white; the chin square, yet sharp, having an edge though no point: in short, such a combination of feature and limb in face and person, was never seen before nor since. Spiffard's gait was as singular as his physiognomy. His step was long, slow, and slouching; and although he bore his head erect (as most short people do) he walked with his body bent a little forward at every stride. His voice was strong and clear; usually pitched high, but of great compass; and his enunciation was deliberate and distinct in conversation, but on the stage, in such characters as required the effort, it was uncommonly rapid, without losing force or distinctness. Such was Zebediah Spiffard, a Yankee by birth, and a water-drinker in practice.

Spiffard's companion at this time was Thomas Hilson; who, in appearance was a contrast to the Yankee water-drinker, though in height and breadth nearly the same, probably an inch or two taller. His frame well proportioned to his head. His muscles full and round. All his form indicating power without the hardness of his companion's. His dark hair curled naturally and gracefully. His forehead was high and white. His eyes small, black, and laughing. His nose far from prominent, and partaking of the rubies of his cheeks and mouth, which both glowed with the richest natural carmine that health could be-

stow; the cheeks and chin only rivalled by the colour of the lips. His whole physiognomy marked by youth, fun, frolic, and intelligence.

Hilson's gait was erect, firm, and elastic. His voice deep and powerful. His enunciation always rapid, and accompanied by a slight lisp. Such were the two dissimilar persons who now joined the tragedian and his companion within the precincts of the Park.

"Well Tam" said Cooper, accosting Hilson familiarly, "what is doing on the stage?"

"Strange doings are going forward," was the reply. "Old Cooke is rehearsing a love scene with Mrs. Trowbridge: that's strange, because she generally chooses younger lovers—but what is not strange—he is under the influence of last night's jollification: rather blind."

"And how does Mrs. Trowbridge take blind love?" asked the tragedian, chuckling to find Hilson stumbling at the first step on the subject he wished.

"Very kindly," replied the ruddy comedian: "as ladies should take love. The blind are entitled to pity, and pity leads the soul to love."

"A man must be blind in some way or other who could make love to Mrs. Trowbridge," said Allen—for such was the name of the tragedian's herculean companion,—the man with the imperial nose, towering height, and circassian skin.

The four young men appeared to be well acquainted with each other—indeed on terms of intimacy—and when this chat first began, Allen had saluted Spiffard with the air of every-day familiarity. The latter had not yet spoken; but with a constrained smile and half closed eyes appeared not to notice the words of his companions.

"What do you mean?" said the laughing tragedian, addressing the last speaker, "sure you would not disparage her charms? They are undeniably *great*. I think, Allen, she would overtop *you*. And for weight—your scale would kick the beam if we gave you half a hundred as a make-weight."

"Heaven forbid," replied Allen, "that I should be weighed in the same scales with a lady of such ponderous person and gossimer reputation. Besides, I hope never to come so near her high weightiness as only to be divided from her by the length of a scale-beam."

Spiffard affected to laugh. His face was convulsed. A slight flush passed over his pallid cheek. His under mandible was projected, and his thin lips quivered. He at length with a ghastly

smile said, "very gallant! Gentlemen! Ha ha! Very gallant! and no doubt very witty."

"Does she not—?" asked Allen, sinking the last word in Hilson's ear.

"It is more than suspected" said Hilson—"and as to the mother—" here was another mysterious whisper, and Spiffard made another convulsive and abortive attempt at a laugh.

"I do not believe it of the daughter," said the tragedian.

"By the by, Spiff," said Hilson, "they begin to talk of you and the lady; and it has been currently reported that you have made proposals—and further *they do say* that she does not look down upon, but condescendingly stoops to meet your lofty pretensions. If it should be so—all I say is—such a pair is the long and the short of matrimonial felicity."

"Ha ha ha! well said Tam!—but will the water-drinker, the man whose cold cup never coddles his calculation, the philosopher whose transparent draught never discolours the object he contemplates—will he, take such a leap in the dark! The cold-blooded sage whose cup can never excuse a desperate act! Why if common fame says true—"

The tragedian was fortunately interrupted. Spiffard cut short the intended portentous *on dit* by exclaiming, "You are very facetious gentlemen! But I must stop the current of your mirth even at the risk that its overflow may blast some *unprotected* name. I now inform you that your merriment is misdirected, as the person of whom you speak is my wife. Mrs. Trowbridge that *was*, is now Mrs. Spiffard." While the three stood aghast—after a pause, he added, "I am her protector—and *that* gentlemen, *is* the, long and the short, of it."

Great as we are at descriptions of the human countenance divine, we will not attempt to portray the faces of either the face-making tragedian or comedian, on hearing this speech from Spiffard. The curtain no longer half hid the sleepy eye. It turned flashing from one to the other, while the flushed cheek and bent brow spoke displeasure. Allen, a mere tyro in the art of face-making, was motionless and dumb. He looked any where but at Spiffard. The tragedian and comedian (Cooper and Hilson) exchanged glances; and the latter, with a tone in which good sense and good nature combined said, "Pooh, pooh, we have carried the joke too far—Beg your pardon, Spiff. We knew it. Wish you joy with all my heart—but you deserve all the hoax for stealing a march on us. A married man should never attempt to pass for a bachelor. We shall insist on a treat

though—Ha, Cooper ?—A rump and dozen.—We drink wine though you don't. Ha !—what say you ?—Wish you joy !" and so saying he took the manager's arm and they moved off across the Park to Broadway. Allen was left with the Benedict, and not having the facilities of the theatre, he very awkwardly iterated " wish you joy—Mr. Spiffard !" Then turned and followed the heroes of the sock and buskin.

Poor Zeb—our hero—for he is the hero of this true history, however defective he may appear, and shorn of the usual qualifications, stood as fixed as an antique statue, although in contour or attitude nothing like ; his feet were thrown out like the picture (in that book of wonders, called " the nine wonders of the world") of the Colossus of Rhodes—and bending his head forward in the direction of his late tormentors, he ejaculated, " Joy ! The joy ye wish me go with ye. Confound ye all !—what have I to do with such jesters ?" Then turning towards the gate by which he had entered, he strided slowly back from whence he came, not knowing exactly what he aimed at or whither he was going.

After a few long strides, which denoted rather the presence of muscular power than presence of mind, he began to soliloquize aloud. Was it a trick theatrical ? Was it a habit derived from the stage ? Or is it natural and common to most men ? We are inclined to the latter opinion. We cannot recollect the time when we did not think aloud, especially when under the influence of extraordinary excitement. Theatrical ?—There are many things and actions which in vulgar parlance are called theatrical, meaning thereby *unnatural.* Trust us, ladies, the truly theatrical, is the truly just imitation of nature. The writings of Shakspeare are theatrical—the gesticulations of Cooke and Garrick, of Kean and Kemble were theatrical ; those of Mr. —— on the stage, or Mr. —— in the pulpit, are neither theatrical, nor natural. But—whether you trust us or not—Zeb began very naturally and audibly, thus : " What do those fellows mean ?" He then took three strides. " They are eminent at a quiz—notorious. But then it is plain that they did *not* know that I was married ; and they might have meant"—

Thus speaking, he opened the same gate at which he had entered in perfect tranquillity a few minutes before. This gate, as mutable as his happiness, has long passed away—thrown by—split up to kindle some kitchen-wench's kettle-boiling fire—it was unlike the iron enclosure of the present day, but was a ricketty wooden pale-gate drawn back by a chain and bullet. " From my soul I hope—" " You are very rude, Sir !" squeak'd

a female voice—for he had most indecorously, though unconsciously, pressed against a girl, who supposing he opened the gate to let her pass, was entering the park—"I hope it is all a quiz," said Zeb, looking her full in the face without seeing her. "No quizzing matter, you ugly, impudent fellow." She passed on, adjusting her bonnet. He went on talking. "My mind misgives me—I now remember circumstances—I now remember—I—have been precipitate—perhaps"—He walked faster, and his strides became even longer. "To marry on so short an acquaintance"—

"How do you do, my boy!" cried a cheerful but harsh voice; and looking up he saw George Frederick Cooke descending the stairs in front of the theatre.

The appearance of the veteran denoted that at least fifty-five winters had passed over his head. His once athletic frame had lost the rounded outline of youth, and assumed the hard inflexible contours of age: yet his port was erect, and his step though stiff was firm; especially when he was under the influence, as at present, of the poison which was destroying him. It might be said of him in Shakspeare's words,

"He is in his fit now; and does not talk after the wisest."

His features were large, and had lost none of their plastic power—they could give form to the poet's airy creations, and were capable of expressing the widest range of passion. His forehead was broad, high, and prominent. His eyes of a dark grey, the upper eye-lids projecting and filling the space between the brows and the coloured portion of the organ. When the pupil of the eye expanded, it gave to the whole iris the appearance of brilliant hazle, almost black. The space between his brows was remarkably wide. His nose was aquiline and broad, without deserving the epithet "Roman." The whole physiognomy denoted something uncommon, and by nature, commanding. His grey hair was neatly dressed, powdered, and (behind) gathered into a short *queue*, which, with his suit of grey broad-cloth, gave him an old-school air, very prepossessing, and "every inch" a gentleman.

Spiffard would willingly, at this time, have avoided him; but the gay tragedian, (who was at the second day's progress in one of those careers of folly which it is well known ended in prostration of strength and intellect, and finally in death) had taken enough of the stimulating poison to render him talkative, and unceremonious; and had already seized the melancholy comedian by the arm. The deference due to age, and to the Drama's hero, rendered the miserable husband passive,

Cooke walked on, and talked on; while Spiffard sometimes attending, and oftener thinking of home, and the scenes of domestic discord which his fears told him were preparing for him, led the garrulous veteran down Broadway towards the Battery.

"We have got through rehearsal," said the tragedian, "Not very clear. It is sometime since I played Penruddock. John's the best Penruddock. Black Jack," such was his familiar appellation for his great rival, Kemble. "I must read the part before night. I should have *stuck* but for Mrs. Trowbridge. She is a fine spirited widow; flesh enough about her, and, flesh is frailty; a little haughty in the toss of her head, but that commanding brow of hers suits tragedy. They say she is not always on stilts—who is? I knew nothing of Trowbridge; they say he played tragedy well, he was a Yankee I believe; a Yankee tragedian! A Yankee king! King of the Yankee-doodles! He was a favourite with the ladies I am told, ladies of free and dashing demeanour; and Mrs. Trowbridge—"

Zeb. tried to change the too evident current of his thoughts by asking, "Do you think, sir, that she resembles Mrs. Siddons?"

"What! Sarah? No, sirr! Sarah is the Queen of Tragedy as well as the Tragic Queen. The Tragic Muse herself! John is great, Black Jack, as we call him, but he is nothing to Sarah. I wonder, sir, that any one who has seen the Siddons should make the comparison. Compare Mrs. Trowbridge to the Siddons! Blasphemy! that is, stage blasphemy! She may pass though for a Yankee Siddons. Sarah is tall, but this woman is a grenadier in petticoats. A good eye, though—and a wicked. A fine black brow, but she's nothing to the Siddons! They are a very extraordinary family. Charles is a good lad. Often has Charles sat up to *see* me home, good fellow, when John and I, Heaven bless us, were both past *seeing*. But Sarah's the pride of the flock. John is a poet; and can take the inspiring draught too, like other poets. There is Byron—My dear boy, of all vices *that* is the most detestable! the most destructive! the most insidious!—it undermines the constitution of the strongest, and levels the loftiest talent with the meanest. You are young, Mr. Spiffard, and comparatively have seen little of either the real or the mimic world. I can tell you from observation, sir," and lowering his head, and then looking up, askance, over his shoulder as if addressing a third person, and at the same time changing the tone of his voice,

"perhaps, I might say *experience*:" then resuming his former high harsh tone and imperative manner, "sirr, it is the bane of both health and talent, it is 'the accursed thing,' sir, as much as that spoken of in holy writ." Then with another sudden change of voice accompanied by a corresponding expression of his changeful eye, he added, "I see, you laugh, sirr; yet the Devil can quote scripture for his purposes; but *he* never does so for the purpose of warning from evil as I do now." Then with a firm and dignified air he continued. "Sirr, it is the besetting sin of our profession---the efforts we make exhaust us, and we fly to stimulants for relief or support in those exertions we have yet to make. At midnight we go from the theatre to the tavern, or the hospitable board of an admirer, and we further exhaust, instead of repairing exhausted nature. This, sirr, becomes habit, and we become drunkards---drunkards, sirr! Sirr, the mind and body of the drunkard becomes enfeebled until he appears only to live when under the influence of the poison which is consuming him. When in possession of his reason he feels his lost condition---he loathes existence, yet he dreads its termination---as reason torments him, he seeks madness, and the desire of life hurries him on to death, here and hereafter." Spiffard gazed upon the speaker intensely. The meaning of the excessive interest he displayed may be hereafter explained.

As Cooke ended they found themselves opposite to the City Hotel, and the moralizer suddenly exclaimed, "My dear boy, step in here with me. Let us look over the files of English papers. It is so refreshing to read an English paper. The Yankee journals are as flat as the whole surface of society in this country---a dead level---we look in vain for the splendid column with its Corinthian capital---the princely inheritor of millions who diffuses splendour on all around him and attracts the gaze of every eye."

"True," said Spiffard, "and we cannot find thousands who are prostrate in the dust; or the kneeling supporters of the one princely column."

The tragedian did not appear to notice this Yankee observation; but saying, in a hurried manner, "I have an ugly pain," he hastened into the bar-room of the hotel, and his companion followed.

Spiffard sat down and took up a newspaper. Cooke went to the bar, and gave a practical illustration of his discourse on the evils of ebriety, by adding more fire to the consuming flame within---by seeking in madness a refuge from reason and conscience.

The unhappy bridegroom looked on the newspaper, but it was a blank to his eyes; his mind was far away. He ruminated upon what he had heard in the Park; he endeavoured to determine upon the manner in which he should conduct himself at his next meeting with his wife. The first thing to be done was to announce his marriage to the public, and have Mrs. Spiffard's name put in the play-bills. This being resolved as a first step, then came thronging on his mind, doubts, resolutions, objections, recollections, jealousies, and dire misgivings, which made his heart sink at one moment, and at the next seem to rise and swell almost to suffocation. He forgot all present objects. He struck his fist upon the table at which he sat, and exclaimed, "I will have some——"

The sentence was left unfinished, for the sound of his voice brought to his mind the place in which he was about to soliloquize, and to his eyes the surrounding objects; and this awakening of his faculties was aided by an audible exclamation and start on the part of a gentleman who sat nearly opposite to him, absorbed in the price of stocks as reported in the Daily Advertiser. Among the surrounding objects stood a waiter.

"Some *what* sir? What will you please to have?"

"Come, my boy!" said Cooke. "Let us be moving. I feel better. Let us be going. Exercise is the parent of health."

"Yes sir," said the comedian, rising, "and temperance, the preserver."

They left the tavern, and Cooke, yet more garrulous, proceeded with additional powers of voice and energy of emphasis, "Let us continue our ramble. Exercise gives health of body and mind: promotes cheerfulness, dispels the thick-coming fancies of the brain, which late revels, and slothful morning indulgences (two familiar sins of our profession) bring upon us.

Spiffard had willingly obeyed the summons, glad to be relieved, in some degree, from his own thoughts by change of place; and the veteran, leaning on his arm, continued to pour forth his remarks and moralizings with renewed energy, but with increasing abruptness.

As they passed in front of Trinity church, Cooke, (to use the phraseology of his profession) took his cue from the object before him, and forcing his companion's distracted attention by making a stop and pointing to the door of the building, he commenced one of those rhapsodies which his unfortunate habits and peculiar mind made so strikingly his own. "What a mass of deformity in architecture these Yankees have made of this

once noble gothic edifice! It now belongs to no order or age. I remember it, when proudly it towered a monument of the taste of Englishmen, and the liberality of the church and government of England. A pure specimen of the rich and awe-inspiring gothic without, and decorated within by the sculptures and paintings of the most eminent artists of Britain. What is it now? A Yankee specimen of republican economy! They had better have left it a noble ruin as they made it when they fled from their gracious monarch's armies, sent in mercy to teach them their true interests. I remember, sirr——"

"You! Mr. Cooke!"

"Yes, sirr! I, George Frederick Cooke! I remember Trinity church in its pride, and I remember it in its ruins, even then infinitely more beautiful than in its present state. During the rebellion, sirr, when we occupied this city by right of conquest, the public *mall*, the favourite walk, was in front of the ruins of that proud building which even then from its dilapidated turrets spoke in praise of monarchy and prelacy---of church and state---and frowned on democracy and rebellion. Then, sirr, every evening in summer, we had our military bands of regimental musicians playing loyal airs in the church yard, while we promenaded with the wives and daughters of the refugees and loyalists, and confirmed them in the love of old England. In the morning, sirr, it was the parade ground, from which the guards were detailed, and marched with drum, fife, trumpet, bugle, and bagpipe, to their stations. The main guard was down there, in Wall-street, where the Custom House now stands. There stood the old City Hall and Court House, projecting into the street. Sirr, you stare at my knowledge of this place, and its history—come on, sirr!" By this time some other auditors were collecting, and he moved on, but soon resumed his rhodomontade. "The night after we crossed from Brooklyn, all this part of the city, including old Trinity, was one sheet of flame—all was burnt by the rebel incendiaries. All on fire from Trinity downwards, and then across to the east, leaving Kennedy's and a few houses towards Fort George, and the Battery. Here stood an old Sectarian meeting house which the flames had spared, and we made a military store house of it. The Yankee shopkeepers have built what they think an elegant church on the site and called it "Grace," there is grace in making it episcopal. Heaven grant them grace to improve their taste in architecture! It looks more like a storehouse still than a temple."

Thus the excited old man poured forth his recollections from

reading or from associating with officers who had been in America at the time he spoke of, mingled with his imaginings, as the objects they passed suggested images of things partly remembered and partly created. Thus with rapid strides and occasional pauses, he proceeded on his way, every word and every action marking that state of increasing excitement, which added an unnatural power to his colloquial faculties. His young companion, glad to escape from his own thoughts, gave way to the interest created by the remarks of his leader, and hung, wondering, upon his copious, singular, and wild eloquence.

They arrived at the Bowling-green. "There, sirr," continued Cooke. "There stood the equestrian statue of his sacred Majesty George the Third, my royal master!—There, sirr, within that circular enclosure. It was of lead, gilt over." Then with a sudden change of voice and countenance, looking over his shoulder as if speaking to some one behind him, in an under tone he added, "Gilded lead, said by the vile Jacobites, to be an apt emblem of the house of Hanover." Again resuming his former tone and manner, he proceeded, "Before we landed, the rebels had melted the Lord's anointed, and cast the heavy material into bullets—musket balls to murder his loyal subjects—thus adding sacrilege to parricide, rebellion, murder and treason. Yes, sirr, his leaden majesty was dethroned before we gained the town—but I remember Pitt's statue in Wall street, the rebels left him standing because he was the leader of the opposition in parliament—and because they could not make bullets of the marble: but some of our wild boys took his head off one night—by way of hint to those who encourage rebellion. Ha! this, sirr, is Kennedy's house, the head quarters of Sir William, Sir Henry, and Sir Guy, his majesty's commanders-in-chief, now rebuilt and enlarged to receive a Yankee broker! Yes, sirr, this corner house was the British head quarters, and opposite rose majestically Fort George, surmounted with the floating banner of England, surrounded by her invincible fleets and armies, overlooking land and water—the town, the battery and the bay—but the democrats have levelled it—the hill is removed by the faithless, and the natural defence of the city prostrated by the foolish."

"Perhaps they think its defence is in its men."

"And now, sirr, they are building yon stone Frenchified things! castles! things that one of our seventy-fours would batter down in an hour."

"Provided no guns were mounted on, or fired from them."

"Guns or no guns, sirr! Guns or no guns!"

They had now entered within the fence (then of wooden pales) which separated our magnificent public walk, still called the Battery, from the street which occupies part of the former site of Fort George, and is called State-street; and now the view of the spacious bay, with its islands, the rich and beautiful shores of the neighbouring state of New Jersey, the hills of Staten Island, and the meadows and groves of that part of Long Island which with the sister isle forms the outlet to the Atlantic and the inlet to all the commerce of the world, burst upon the view.

The hero of the mimic scene, looked around him on the realities of *the present*, and was for a moment silent: but soon he began again, taking a new hint from the prospect which opened upon him, and seeming to inhale additional animation from the pure sea breezes which swept over the waters, pouring health upon the busy multitudes he had left behind him. "My young friend" said he, "I never walk here, and look on these rivers, this bay and those shores, but I think over the days of my youth. I traverse again in triumph those heights." And he pointed to Long Island. "I marched proudly, driving before me the rebels with their Washington and their Lord Sterling (not a sterling Lord) until the night saved them from utter annihilation. It was the twenty-fifth of August when they fled before us to their lines in Brooklyn. I must give Washington credit for bringing them off that night. Yes, he made a skillful retreat, and did all that man—a Yankee man—could do with such troops. These Yankees, with all their self-conceit, are a poor race, sirr, a degenerate race in every thing."

"I think, Mr. Cooke" said Spiffard with an affected simplicity, "that it was on the twenty-fifth of August you said, seventeen hundred and seventy-six, that Washington fled with his army of raggamuffins before the disciplined veterans of Britain?"

"Aye, sirr! the twenty-fifth! the twenty-fifth!"

"And on the twenty-fifth—" "Spiffard was interrupted by the exulting repetition of the words, "Ay, sirr! the twenty-fifth!" But the Yankee proceeded deliberately, "the twenty-fifth of November, seventeen hundred and eighty-three, these same Yankees, led by this same Washington, marched into this same city not leading a rabble of raggamuffins but a few regiments of well dressed, well equipped, well disciplined Yankee soldiers; and was welcomed by the grateful inhabitants as their

benefactor and Saviour! while his Britannic majesty's fleet, men-of-war, transports and all, were seen from this same spot, wafting his crest-fallen warriors back to their native shores."

"My dear fellow," said Cooke, with one of his arch looks, "we will say nothing of that."

This day, ever to be commemorated not only by New-York, but by America, as the last day their soil was polluted by an enemy during the war of the revolution; this memorable twenty-fifth of November, 1783, was witnessed as a scene of triumph by the writer of these memoirs; and the words put into the mouth of Spiffard, supposed to be spoken by him as the result of tradition, may be received by the reader as the testimony of an eye-witness.

After a pause Cooke added, "You spoke the latter part of that last sentence, in a tone that would almost induce me to think you an American, but that you are too short and too clever for a Yankee. It is odd, sirr, that they have never produced one good actor. How long is it since you came to this country?"

"Five and twenty years."

"Then you must have come when you were six months old or less."

"Less, sir. Not an hour old. I am guilty of being born in Yankee land."

"So, so, so! and I have been be-rating the country, and the people, to a—a—"

"A Yankee actor," said Spiffard laughing.

"A sterling actor," said the veteran in his best manner, "come you when or whence you will." The chain of romance and rhodomontade seemed broken, and with a pleasant smile the old man said, "I have been fairly caught, I must confess. But I like you none the worse for being a native of the land of pumpkins and puritans. You must let me have my fling at you, especially as you know, let who will laugh, or who will rail, you Yankees have won the game."

Thus chatting, and somewhat recovered from the effects of reading the English newspapers with the bar-keeper of the tavern, the veteran was accompanied by the young comedian to his lodgings, who with difficulty excused himself from entering to share in the rich profusion of Jemmy Bryden's board at the Tontine Coffee House.

When alone, Spiffard again fell into mournful ruminations on his rueful condition. "If the suspicions which my volatile companions have raised should prove to be founded on fact." At one moment he strove against the thought that tortured him,

and the next gave way to his fears. "These fellows are quizzing me. They are always at their hoaxing sport—sport to them!—but then how should they know that I am married to her? I boarded in the house before. It is but two weeks—and no one in the house knows it but Mrs. Epsom, not even her cousin Emma—no, no, there is a foundation for this insinuation. I remember now a thousand circumstances in confirmation. But then she has a mind so far above the ordinary class of women. Her sentiments are elevated. The whole tenor of her reading and conversation is masculine and philosophic. True, her passions are remarkably strong, and she may have followed the example of her former husband whom she loved to excess—she may have—but that she now loves me I cannot doubt, and with her good qualities and superior mind what have I to fear?"

So soliloquizing our hero strode up Wall-street to Broadway, and on to the house of Mrs. Epsom, his mother-in-law, having in a good degree tranquilized his mind, and being determined neither to do nor say any thing which might interrupt his domestic felicity; unless it should be disturbed by the public avowal of his change of state, and the annunciation in papers and bills of his wife's change of name, which had become necessary after the scene in the Park.

CHAPTER II.

Heroines on and off the stage.

"Have you the lion's part written? pray you, if it be, give it me, for I am slow of study."—*Shakspeare.*

"Study is still the cant term used in the theatre for getting any nonsense by rote."—*Stevens.*

"Bottom discovers a true genius for the stage by his solicitude for propriety of dress, and his deliberation which beard to choose among many beards, all unnatural."—*Johnson.*

"I will draw you a bill of properties, such as our play wants."—*Shaks.*

"A cue in stage cant is the last words of the preceding speech, and serves as a hint to him who is to speak next."—*Stevens.*

Before Zeb appears again or undertakes to make known his purpose or rather his change of resolution, we will introduce

the reader to the family circle at Mrs. Epsom's. Mrs. Trowbridge (we will call her so for the present) had just returned from rehearsal (Cooke having absconded before his time, leaving the prompter to read Penruddock) and was busied in selecting and preparing the dress and properties she intended for the character of the evening. Mrs. Epsom sailed majestically about the house, occasionally visiting the kitchen to see that Rachel the black girl executed her orders, then with dignified pace and action taking her seat by the parlour window, and after an abundant administration of snuff to her capacious nostrils, resuming her spectacles and her occupation of sewing. A book was open on the chair beside her: whether on morality or religion the reader must determine when he has perused to the end of this history. We rather think it was deposited there for what in playhouse technicalities is called study.

Mrs. Trowbridge, or Mrs. Spiffard, as the reader pleases, was a vigorous square built woman of the largest English model; not only broad in frame but tall, and appearing still more so by the side of her Zebediah, who although a native of Vermont, it may be remembered was the very reverse of the long lank Yankee of the novelist and story-teller, or the towering and manly form of the real Vermonter; and she appeared the taller as she never lost an inch of her height by stooping, having a true tragedy elevation of head and a commanding carriage of the neck and shoulders. Her swan-like neck rose proudly from her chest, giving an air of pride as well as grace to the movements of the head, whose ornament was hair that in luxuriance and colour was truly Asiatic. Her arms were full, plump, white and terminated by small graceful hands. Her feet were rather large; they were decidedly not American. Her face was very remote from the painter's or sculptor's standard of beauty; yet might be called fine; complexion, a light brunette, but in spots rather ruddy. Forehead good, high, broad, white—strongly marked black eyebrows, which, with black eyes, and hair falling in masses of raven hue, gave powerful effect to the poet's passions, and sometimes to her own. She had a prominent full nose—red lips, somewhat thick, the upper one having rather a scornful curl towards its neighbour the impending nose, —when separated they displayed brilliant teeth—this congregation of features was finished by a square prominent chin, and the whole visage was slightly marked by disappointment. The aggregate gave indications of strong intellect, and, to the close observer, ungoverned passions.

Her mother, who played the tragedy, or serious, old women

of the Drama occasionally, was tall and thin, with a cream-coloured face, except the nose which was red, sharp, short and puggish—thin lips, the upper one of which (as well as her nose) was always discoloured with snuff—her whole physiognomy hypocritical—and in her air was seen that mock dignity, and that swimming and sailing manner already mentioned.

At the other window, so retired as that the light should fall on her work and not on her face, sat Emma Portland. She was intently employed in sewing; and her eyes being cast down in the direction of her needle, caused the long, dark, auburn lashes to be more apparent as contrasted with the brilliant white of her skin: they were relieved like the delicate touches of the pencil on a ground of snowy purity. When the fringed curtains of her eyes were raised, their azure tint and softness of expression caused fascination—not the fascination of the enchantress, but a holy attraction inspiring admiration, divested of all impurity, except when the beholder was impure. Complexion is evanescent—yet transparency and bloom add to the charms of form and expression. The most delicate tint of the damask rose-leaf did not equal the colour of this maiden's cheek. She appeared by the purity and simplicity of her dress, the placidity of her countenance, the slender symmetry of her justly proportioned form, and the graceful movement accompanying this common domestic occupation, to contrast strongly with the majestic figure of one, and the worldly appearance of the other of her companions.

Emma was not yet eighteen, and looked two years younger when not speaking. When she spoke, a mind of maturity indicating many years appeared in the unveiled mirror of her soul—her face—which beamed with intelligence and intellectual beauty. Nor did her words belie her lovely countenance, or in the least disappoint the expectation which her all-expressive physiognomy had raised. Purity and truth—piety and love (heavenly love) were written on her countenance. Of her form and face it might be said with the poet,

"There is nothing ill can dwell in such a temple."

Her voice was

"———————— musical
As bright Apollo's harp strung with his hair,
Or that of Orpheus, strung with poet's sinews."

A spotless white morning dress covered her person from the feet to the chin. There was no studied art to display form, or

coquettishly to conceal it; but the perfection of female loveliness was seen in every movement and in every limb. Her hair was auburn, fine and glossy as the richest silk; modestly braided, it formed a natural crown copeing her maiden brow; that portion which impinged upon the ivory of her forehead, was parted in the midst, and in ringlets hung clustering on either side, shading the blue veins of her temples, and sometimes as they waved, adding golden tinted shadows to the rich hues near them. Her face approached the oval in its form, with a portion of girlish roundness, which only added to its innocent expression when, as now, perfectly tranquil, and which expression of extreme youth was heightened by the glowing colour of her cheeks and lips. These lips were as usual two, and as the old poet says,

"The one was thin,
Compared with that was next her chin."

Yet both were full, exquisitely curved and rounded, and parted by a line more resembling the bow of Cupid when unbent, than any thing merely mortal; within this mouth, the rows of brilliant, pearly teeth, were in unison with the honied breath and honied words which flowed from the healthful frame and healthful mind of this matchless maiden. With this beauty she possessed a higher, holier loveliness; proceeding from within. In her eyes you beheld the pure soul which never knew or thought deceit—the charm of truth was spread over her countenance, but it *shone* in her eyes. She had read and heard of falsehood and arts of deceit, but they were theories with her—she confided in every one, because she felt her own sincerity and heretofore had no experience of the lack of it in others. She confided in all, and all confided in her. How could they avoid it? Truth was an innate and a practical virtue, which had such power in her voice that no human creature could doubt an assertion from her lips. She possessed another virtue—Charity. Charity in its widest sense—in its theory and practice. She thought charitably of all, and she acted charitably to all. She could not give money, or food, or clothing to the poor, but rarely and scantily: she could not send fuel to the cold, and sick, and shivering: but she did more—she sought their abodes and cheered them with looks and words. She pointed out their cheerless dwellings to those who could supply their physical wants and alleviate their sufferings.

How came such a creature in such a place and in such company? We will tell the reader in few words.

The father of Emma Portland left England, his native land, and took refuge in America, after the destruction of his family by the elopement of his sister with a worthless strolling player of the name of Epsom. This sister, though now such as we have seen her had *then* a showy kind of so-called beauty, was vain, and thought it would be a charming thing to receive the plaudits of the theatre—to be admired by hundreds, to stand aloft and dazzle thousands, and to be the wife of the tall, handsome, tragic actor, Mr. Adolphus Epsom. She was an only daughter, and her conduct killed first her father and subsequently her mother. Her brother, a well disposed young man, but with no extraordinary talents or acquirements, sought a home in Philadelphia, prospered in commerce, married one of the loveliest and best of women, and was blest by her perfections mental and physical—and more by the good conduct of a son and daughter, Thomas and Emma; so named from himself and wife. The children inherited the talents of the mother, and imbibed from her an ardent love of truth: the foundation of every virtue.

Emma had in infancy the inestimable advantage of the example and instruction of an enlightened and good mother; and as her mind expanded, her beloved brother, some years older than herself, and devoted to science and literature, became her chosen companion, and instructor. Thus with every advantage which wealth, science, virtue and piety could surround her, she attained her fifteenth year. Then came a sad reverse. The father, heretofore a princely merchant, failed—sunk under the shock and died. The mother bowed her head to God, and rose higher and firmer from the conviction that to do his will was her duty and her happiness; that his will is the happiness of his creatures; and that her duty was to make her children and herself useful in the great work of promoting happiness. The brother and mother sought and found employment. Their sister and daughter cheered their labours and cheerfully added her own. Soon a lingering and cruel disease, the consumption, the consequence, perhaps, of too severe study, was apparent in the flushed cheek and enfeebled frame of the brother. The mother seemed to melt away as her first born withered, as it is fabled that the victim of malignity sinks with the melting of the charm-fraught image moulded by the hand of accursed sorcery. Both died—resigned to the will of him who had given life and much happiness—thankful for the past and confiding in the future; they died—first the brother, then the mother, and left the orphan Emma—not alone and unprotected, for in our country

the child of the wise and good cannot want friends. But Emma, though not friendless, was poor. Her mother had no near relations. Dependency upon strangers, however kind they may be, is a hard lot.

In the meantime Epsom, his wife, and only child, a daughter, had emigrated to Boston, where he died. The wife and daughter, both on the stage, were prosperous in public favour. They visited Charleston South Carolina, New-York, and several of the principal cities. The daughter who had been educated for dramatic life, and used to it from childhood, married a well known young tragedian of the name of Trowbridge, and became a skillful tragic actress, far surpassing her instructor. Trowbridge died of the disease which destroys so many foreign actors of the middling class—intemperance; he attributed as usual the decline of his health altogether to the climate, and expired cursing the country. Mrs. Epsom and her daughter visited Philadelphia for the first time in their professional capacities and there by accident, that is, through the medium of an English merchant who knew Portland and his family history, Mrs. Epsom became acquainted with the situation of her niece. She might have neglected her, but her daughter had better feelings. She saw and admired the orphan. She could appreciate and even love the excellence which she could not imitate. Emma was visited and solicited to accept the home her aunt could offer.

Emma Portland, by the advice of well meaning friends, who thought so young and beautiful a creature ought to be under the guardianship of her natural relations, (relations who were prosperous and of unimpeached character in general estimation) placed herself under the protection of her aunt and cousin. Her wardrobe was more than sufficient for her humble prospects, and a small sum, the savings from the wreck and subsequent industry, was secured at interest with the philanthropic banker, Stephen Girard. She was received with apparent kindness by the aunt, and with real admiration, which soon became affection, by the superior minded but unhappy cousin. Nay even the obtuse Mrs. Epsom became sensible that in Emma Portland she had no burden, but rather a treasure as respected her economical domestic arrangements, which were sometimes sadly neglected, owing to the duties and cares inseparable from the stage. With these relatives Emma removed to New-York, where they obtained a permanent engagement.

In this situation, with people whose manners, maxims,

thoughts, and conversation were all, not only strange and different, but generally opposite and repulsive to this young creature, she was placed; and she must either sink to their level, or by the elastic energy of a well taught and well regulated mind, rise from the struggle of hostile opinions, and be strengthened and confirmed in all the precepts and practice of her mother and brother, in all the beauty of active virtue and true piety.

Which course Emma pursued, and to what it led will make an important portion of this true and interesting history—true in precept—interesting in incident.

Before we proceed to detail the conversation which passed between Emma Portland and her relatives, we will go back in our story, only two days, and recount an adventure which befell the lovely girl—a circumstance which had produced the determination she on that occasion made known; and which we have to record as an important part of this characteristic scene.

The company of comedians to which Mrs. Trowbridge and her mother belonged played at this period three times a week, in the only theatre in the city: the nights of performance were Mondays, Wednesdays, and Fridays. Emma from the kindness of her gentle disposition, and her wish to oblige, had, though with reluctance, been induced occasionally to accompany her aunt and cousin to their dressing room in the theatre, particularly when the latter had some new character to perform and of course new dress, to appear in; or was unusually anxious to support or increase her reputation and favour with the audience. Such had been the case on the last play-night. Emma had accompanied Mrs. Trowbridge and Mrs. Epsom to their dressing room, and had been until the time of raising the curtain so sedulously employed in assisting her cousin to mould her person (rather tall and masculine for the heroine of the tragedy of the night) by dress and decoration, to the form which the author of the character she had to portray meant to represent. This accomplished to the satisfaction of one at least of the parties, who evidently viewed in the full length mirror her towering form and gorgeous ornaments, her raven hair, glowing cheeks and flashing eyes with some little complacency, the simply dressed maid resumed her bonnet and left the heroine to the care of the ordinary attendant of the apartment—a dresser furnished to every dressing room by the rules of a well regulated theatre.

Notwithstanding her cousin's earnest solicitations that she would "go in front" and, with Mrs. Epsom, see the tragedy, Emma tripped down stairs on her way home to pursue those studies marked out for her by her lamented brother, and now,

more than ever enjoyed, as all studies are in proportion to the progress made in them, and the consciousness of intellectual power thereby gained. She had no fastidious notions respecting the Drama. She had read plays, English and French, selected by her brother. She saw no reason to suppose that the effect of a good poem in prose or verse would be lessened by the just representation of its characters, and powerful delivery of its moral sentiments. She had seen with the delight incident to inexperienced youth the charms of scenic representation; and although, since her residence with her aunt Epsom, her feelings toward the theatre had undergone a change, still her only motive on this occasion, was the preference given to retirement and the pursuit of a study she had commenced.

It is known, without our aid, to some of our readers, that the dressing rooms of the Park Theatre, are over the green-room, or room for the assembling of performers when ready to obey the prompter's summons to the stage. The passage leading to these rooms, and to the stage, opened in a darksome dirty street called Theatre Alley; since that time, like many other things, reformed. The first floor of the building, which is an adjunct to the theatre proper, was occupied by the aforesaid green-room, and the passage way from the street or alley to it, to the stage, and to the stair-case leading to the dressing rooms. The second floor was divided into three apartments, one of which was at this time appropriated to Mr. Cooke, and the others to some of the principal male performers of the company, none of whom happened to play on the evening of which we speak, nor were their usual occupants in the house. The third floor had likewise three dressing rooms, one of which was occupied by Mrs. Epsom and her daughter, a second accommodated Mr. Spiffard and another comedian, and the third was similarly used by others of the company. Above this again were other tiring rooms, better filled, at least in quantity, (the persons of lesser weight in this community, as in other places, rising nearer the clouds, as poets and painters mount to garrets,)—and still higher were apartments for tailors, supernumeraries and trumpery, all called *wardrobe*. Each landing on the staircase was lighted usually by a lamp, but as Emma ascended with her aunt and cousin, it being yet twilight, she had not noticed whether the lamp was burning or not.

As she now descended to the floor on which the dressing room of George Frederick Cooke was situated, she found herself involved in darkness, and it appeared to her that the lamp had been extinguished at the moment she opened the door of

the apartment from which she issued. With the confidence of innocence, and that courage given by a just appreciation of her own character, she kept on her way, darkling; but as she passed the last dressing room she was suddenly arrested, and felt herself seized round the waist, by the strong grasp of a man's arm, and forcibly drawn towards the door. She struggled to return to the stairs whence she came—and in her struggles confusedly heard the words murmured, "lovely girl—I will make your fortune—I love you—no harm—" and a rude kiss was attempted upon her averted face.

"Help! Aunt! Cousin! Cousin Trowbridge," cried the struggling maid, "Monster! Ruffian! Help! Help!"

A door opened, and a figure in a dressing gown appeared in the doorway. This person, finding the landing and stairs in darkness, turned back into the room, snatched a light and rushed out. The arm which had seized Emma was suddenly withdrawn, the ruffian had vanished, and she sunk on the lower step of the stairs she had just descended, faintly crying "Help."

Thus before she could see the satyr who had assailed her, except by the faint and impeded light from the door that had been thrown open, some rays of which fell on a face unknown to her, she was left alone, sitting on the stairs leading to her aunt's dressing room—leaning with one arm on the step above that on which she was seated, and with the other outstretched in search of her bonnet—in that attitude—her bonnet off—her face, neck and shoulders almost covered by the profusion of her golden ringlets—in this state of apparent helplessness was she found by George Frederick Cooke.

The veteran had been preparing for the ensuing scene, under the hands of his hair-dresser, Dennis O'Dogherty; and attended by his servant, or, as he called himself, his *valet de sham*, Trustworthy Davenport (the first an honest hibernian, and the second a thorough going yankee,) and hearing a female voice cry for help, George Frederick rushed to the rescue with all the promptitude of a *preux chevalier*, and stood in an attitude of unfeigned amazement at the apparition of such a lovely creature so strangely situated; lovely he could now see that she was, for a blaze of light fell strong and full upon her, from the candle he had seized, and from another borne aloft by the tall yankee, his valet.

"This way, O'Dogherty!—Here, Davenport!—My dear young lady, have you fallen?—Are you hurt?—Let me assist you! Are you hurt?"

"No sir. I am not hurt. Some ruffian assailed me. He

must have gone into that room, I think—or perhaps down stairs."

"That door? Ha!—O'Dogherty!—Davenport!—that door—I beg your pardon, Madam. Bring a glass of wine, O'Dogherty!—and Davenport, see who is in that room—the door is open."

"And there is no speck of light," said Trusty, as he obeyed.

"You are faint, my dear," said the old gentleman, "Let me assist you into this room—and there you can sit down until you recover yourself. For Emma was now standing at the foot of the stairs near the tragedian's open door.

"Oh no sir, no, no, I am well now;" and the trembling girl, hastily adjusting her long and dishevelled tresses under her bonnet, attempted to ascend the stairs, but suddenly recollecting that to her aunt and cousin, as then engaged, the knowledge of her adventure would prove unseasonable and annoying, and that it might prevent Mrs. Trowbridge's exertions as an actress, at the same time wondering that her cries had not brought those ladies down (but in truth they had not heard her faint and stifled calls for help) she concluded to leave them in ignorance for the present.

Davenport returned from his search with the report that no one was to be found.

Emma, after a moment of hesitation, re-assumed her intention of going home, and was proceeding down stairs to the lower floor, after thanking the old gentleman for his assistance and kind offers.

"Where would you go, young lady?" said he.

"Home, sir."

"Alone!"

"There is no danger, sir."

"I think there is."

"None, sir, after leaving this house."

"Indeed, miss," said Dennis O'Dogherty, who stood holding a decanter of Madeira in one hand, and a full glass in the other. "There are more bad houses in this alley."

"What sirr!" said Cooke, "do you make a bad house of the theatre?"

"Not I, sir, but among us I think it will get its name up. I only mane that there are others in the alley, though this is the biggest."

"Mr. O'Dogherty," said the Yankee, "you are mending the matter *clean* with a plaster of mud."

"Hold your tongues, sirrs!" said Cooke. "How far are you going, young lady?"

"Only to Mrs. Epsom's, sir."

"My coat! Davenport! I dont go on till the second act. O'Dogherty, my hat! Young lady, you must not go through that dark alley alone. I am George Frederick Cooke, madam; and though my grey hairs—if I hadn't this black wig on—might be assurance enough for your security, we will have Dennis with us, who knows the alley so well, and Davenport shall carry a lanthorn before us."

"Indeed, sir, I have no fears, when out of this house."

"The house has its traps, sure enough, miss; and there are some who make the sight of an unprotected beauty a cue to their licentiousness; but pardon me, the night is growing dark, and such a figure as yours flitting through Theatre-alley might attract a ruffian, and occasion an insult even out of the theatre. So you must permit—therefore, pardon me, I *will* see you home. Give me that glass of wine, O'Dogherty, and take care of the bottle; and do you, Trusty, take the lanthorn." Having tossed off the bumper, he proceeded. "I will see you safe home by the light of Dennis's face and Trustworthy's lanthorn. And as I shall be supporting you, and Davenport carrying the light before us, that Hibernian shall follow as a rear guard. Come along, Davenport, and take your cudgel with you, Dennis!"

Emma could no longer decline the aid so frankly offered; and supported by the arm of the veteran, lighted by his trusty valet, and guarded by the red-faced Irishman, they descended the stairs, at the bottom of which they found the old porter.

"Did any one pass out within a few minutes?" said Cooke.

"Yes, sir, a gentleman in a great hurry."

"Who was he?"

"I dont know, sir?"

"You must know all the performers?"

"He was not a performer I'm sure sir."

"Then what business had he here?"

"He did not come in this way since I came from my supper, and as he looked like a gentleman, I let him pass without asking questions. He was wrapp'd in a cloak, and his face partly covered."

"Some young scape-grace," ejaculated Cooke, as they passed out.

"No, sir," said the porter, "he was not young, that I know by the way he came down the stairs. He was none of your hop-skip-and-jump fellows."

Emma reached her aunt's house in safety; receiving all the delicate attentions which a man of sense and feeling would be-

stow upon a young female in her situation; for it happened that Mr. Cooke was at this time such as nature had qualified him for being at all times.

When they stopped at the door, Emma, having thoroughly recovered her self-possession, said, "I will not ask you in, sir. I know your engagements. My aunt will add her thanks to mine, for your politeness, at some other time. I hope you will call upon her, she is not now at home. The thanks and blessings of the orphan are with you, sir." Then suddenly bending her head, under the impulse of excited feelings, she pressed her lips upon the hand which had assisted her, he felt a warm tear drop, and she hastily left him.

Cooke, and his two attendants, turned to retrace their way to the theatre, and they had walked in silence for a minute or two, when the hero of the buskin ejaculated the single word, "strange!" He drew out his handkerchief, and, rubbing his eyes, said, "Who is this beautiful creature, Dennis?"

"Sure and she is beautiful, sir," said Dennis.

"I know that, you blockhead; but *who* is she?"

"Sure, Mister Cooke, you wouldn't call me a blockhead for not knowing *all* the beautiful creatures. And, indeed, Mr. Cooke, and I think she is none of the company, or she would not have minded a little affair of that sort—quite *so much*."

"Get out, you blackguard, do you know what you are saying?"

"Mr. Dog-hearty," said Davenport, "means the present company."

"To be sure," said Dennis, "that's what I mean; the present company always excepted."

"He don't know what he means," said Cooke.

"Fai't, and I do, sir, without maining any disrespect to yourself, Mr. Cooke, or any of the other ladies of the stage, past, present, or to come."

"Hold your tongue, sir!"

"And I can do that; and what the more will you know if I do?"

"Have *you* ever seen her before, Davenport?" inquired the tragedian, turning to his yankee attendant.

"I have, be sure, Mr. Cooke," said the *valet de sham*, "and noticed her with considerable admiration. For, to tell the truth, which I always endeavour to do, *modesty*, in *our house*, shines like a candle in a dark night, or 'a good deed in a naughty world,' as the poet says. But I *see* her in another house—at church; and there she looks like an inhabitant of the upper re-

gions: I don't mean the gallery, or the upper tier of boxes. An angel—a descending spirit, come to tell 'the secrets of the world unknown,' as Norval says."

This rhapsody, given with a nasal tone, and true *New* England or *old* English peculiarity of accent and enunciation, tickled the tragedian's fancy, and turned the current of his thoughts. After good naturedly exclaiming, "Hush, you barbarous murderer of Dominie Home!" he communed with himself as he returned to the business of the night; occasionally a word escaped him, such as "brute"—"beautiful"—"daughter"—but further communication with Dennis or Davenport, he held none.

CHAPTER III.

A Renunciation.

"Time is the nurse and breeder of all good."

"Temperance is a delicate wench."—*Shakspeare.*

My story is one of ordinary life. Its incidents are such, mainly, as I have known to occur. If I have introduced an Irishman and a Yankee, it is because my scene is in New-York; and in New-York one cannot turn a corner but an Irishman is at one elbow and a Yankee at the other. It will be seen by the sequel that I mean no disrespect to the natives of the Emerald Isle—I feel none. Take Pat from the influence of bad, or no education; give him a fair chance in the race, he will outstrip the best and the proudest of Europe; and Jonathan is my own countryman, only born further "down east," where I have found some of the most enlightened heads, and truest hearts, of all who can boast the name of "Yankee."

We will now take up the thread of our story, and open the conversation which was on the eve of commencement when we dropt the stitch in our knitting-work. We return to the colloquy of Mrs. Epsom, Mrs. Spiffard, (late Mrs. Trowbridge,) and Emma Portland, which has been so long necessarily delayed.

"Emma, dear," said Mrs. Spiffard, as she selected the dress she intended to wear in the evening; "will you help me with these ruffles?"

"Certainly, cousin;" and putting aside her needle-work, she crossed the apartment to receive the stage ornaments. "Why, these are old fashioned."

"They are for an elderly lady; I am to play an old lady to-night in Cumberland's 'Wheel of Fortune.' You, who do not read plays, may not know that Penruddock is one of Kemble's, Cooke's, and Cooper's fine *parts*. As this is the first time of Mr. Cooke's playing the character in America, I am anxious that he may be well *supported*, as far as my exertions can go towards giving support to his talents."

"I have read the 'Wheel of Fortune,' said Emma, "and most of Cumberland's plays. My brother"—and a slight cloud passed over her beaming countenance; "my brother did not prohibit dramatic authors, but he selected for me. I once had a strong relish for plays."

"When you were young, I suppose," said Mrs. Epsom, with a sneering snuffle.

"When I was—" Emma was going to say 'happy;' but delicacy, and the consciousness of present good, checked her. "When my—" again she stopped. "What shall I do with this ruffle, cousin?".

Mrs. Spiffard gave the necessary directions, and described the dress which was intended for the character of Mrs. Woodville, in the above named play, and then continued—"I don't think you ever saw me personate an old woman. I am to play a part, perhaps, unsuited to my figure to-night, and I hope you will go and see how I perform, that I may have your opinion to-morrow."

Emma had anticipated the trial which now approached. Even before the outrage which had been offered by the unknown ruffian, and which we have related, she had felt a growing reluctance to visiting the private part of the theatre. That occurrence had determined her; and with due consideration she had made up her mind, (after consulting a friend who will be hereafter introduced to the reader,) to avoid, unless some duty required her attendance, (some service not otherwise to be performed for her protectors,) to avoid any communication with the recesses of the theatre. To introduce the subject to her friends, as they were situated, was a difficulty which her delicate mind shrunk from. She had feared to mention the story of the insult that had been offered to her; and feared still more to make known the determination which had been its result; but now she found it necessary to avow her resolution, and assign the cause. Having thus resolved what her conduct must

be hereafter in respect to the theatre, she answered with all the firmness of a philosopher, but with all the gentleness of her sex, and peculiarly sweet character, "No cousin, I hope you will excuse me."

"No! why not?" and both the ladies fixed their eyes in astonishment upon her.

"I hope my aunt, and you, cousin, will permit me to remain at home this evening, and not even ask *why?*" Again she felt unequal to her task, and wished to avoid explanation.

"You may do as you please, certainly. But why not see the play? The Wheel of Fortune is an unceptionable comedy."

"I have read it, and many by the same author. Mr. Cumberland has been characterized by Goldsmith as 'the Terence of England, the mender of hearts;' but I do not think his plays unexceptionable. There are many objectionable passages; and in all his works he is an advocate for the absurd and unchristian practice of duelling."

"O my Emma, you are a little prude," said Mrs. Spiffard; and rising, she took a seat nearer Emma, accompanying her words with a playful tap on the cheek.

"I hope not, Cousin," said the blushing girl.

"I can't see what objection you can have to seeing your cousin's scenes," snuffled Mrs. Epsom.

"Will not my dear aunt permit me to remain at home?"

"You grow more and more opposed to the theatre, I think," was the reply; "and with your voice and figure, it is exactly the line of life you ought to choose, and I have told you so again and again."

"But you have also told me, dear aunt, that you would have me consult my own happiness. My needle, and my habits of industry place me above the dread of want; and I have no ambition to display my voice or figure."

"And then," continued the aunt, "what an advantage to have the instruction of your cousin and myself."

"But Emma," added Mrs. Spiffard, "would feel herself degraded by treading the stage." This was said with some asperity—perhaps from consciousness.

"Oh," exclaimed Emma, her beautiful cheeks glowing with additional colour, "Oh, how I have dreaded and wished to avoid this subject! But I find that in this as in every thing else, an honest, plain avowal of the truth, is the best mode of overcoming difficulties."

"I beg your pardon, my dear," said Mrs. Spiffard, earnestly and tenderly. "I did not mean to hurt your feelings, or

reproach you for differing from us in opinion. My education has been very unlike yours;" and she sighed. "But you had better go with us—perhaps—you will be very lonely here. Take your book, as you have before done, and sit in our room, if you will not go in front and see the play."

"Unless for some very particular reason, cousin," said Emma, firmly, "I will never again enter the walls of that theatre."

"Heyday! what have we now!" exclaimed the aunt.

Emma, then, with simplicity, related the insult she had received, and the fright she had experienced. She narrated the occurrence, not as we have described it (we, to whom all things are known,) but as it appeared to her. She apologized for letting so many hours pass without mentioning the circumstance. She expressed her deep feeling of the insult offered to her from some one evidently acquainted with the house, and, as she could not but suppose, feeling at home in it. She expressed strongly her gratitude to her protector, and added, "It is not the fear of personal injury that has made me come to this resolution, but a sense of what is due to you and to myself; to you, my aunt and cousin, as protectors of my orphan state; to myself, as one depending for future prosperity and usefulness on present conduct. I ought, as the subject is now unavoidably brought into discussion, to add that it is not alone the event I have recounted to you that has caused my determination, but the improper words I have, at various times, been obliged to hear in passing and repassing to your apartment in the theatre, and the improper conduct I have been forced to witness. With *you*—in *your company*, I am protected from insult, and see, at least, the appearance of decency among the people called supernumeraries, and others, who, when unrestrained by the presence of their superiors or employers, are not governed by laws or feelings which render them proper persons for a young and unprotected female to be placed so near, as to be within hearing of their jests and ribaldry. You cannot be always with me—your duty calls you before the public—and my appearance does not command respect from the ignorant, or shield my conduct from the suspicions or the censures of the libertine. My pleasure is in retirement. The gay frequenters of the boxes—or the glittering decorations of the proscenium of the theatre, give me, of late, no delight; I am isolated among the auditors; and the scenes which appear to please them, too often disgust me. If such is my situation in front of the curtain, behind it I feel that I am exposed to insult except in your immediate presence. The gentlemen and ladies of the theatre are engaged in their

respective duties; and are, for the most part, unknown to me. That I may be subjected to calumny is but too apparent, while placed so nearly in contact with vulgar indelicacy—not to say indecency. I hope my good aunt and cousin will yield to me in this, and not attribute my refusal to visit the theatre (except on occasions when duty to them requires) to false delicacy or any improper motive."

Her "good aunt" sat petrified during this address. She had never heard any thing like it from female mouth before, and thought the girl "possessed." Mrs. Spiffard's countenance had varied as Emma spoke. As she looked at her animated face, her own dark eyes sparkled—as she listened to the accents of truth, purity, and feeling, she thought of the innocence of childhood, and the train of events which had since occurred and changed her to that which she knew herself now to be.

When Emma ceased to speak, her cousin dismissed these remembrances of former days and subsequent events—she felt as if she would willingly be in union with the holiness of the beautiful object before her, and at the same time be its prop. All her better self filled her bosom and glowed in her countenance, as she exlaimed, "I will never ascribe any of my Emma's actions to an improper motive!" and she kissed the girl with enthusiasm, while tears of affection dimmed the lustre of her eyes—but the jewel, which nature has bestowed on all her children, shone with its native radiance through those healing tears.

"I don't know what is the matter with me this morning," said Mrs. Epsom. "I have not felt well since breakfast," and she went to a closet, and mixing something in a tumbler applied to it as a medicine.

Before the good lady had taken the emptied glass from her mouth, Spiffard entered—in that frame of mind which the reader may imagine to have been the result of the conversation and inuendos heard in the park, the ramble with Cooke, and the soliloquy which followed; all of which we have made the world duly acquainted with.

The first thing that caught his sight was the tumbler at the mouth of Mrs. Epsom. His eye was fixed upon it, and upon the old lady, with an expression, the description of which, words cannot convey. All the terrific images which he had been combatting rushed again triumphantly upon his imagination. His lips were compressed—he was fixed to the spot—and the eyes of his wife and her mother were fixed upon him.

The latter turned away, put by the tumbler, and resumed her seat with great and dignified composure.

Spiffard turned his eye to his wife with a look of inquiry.

"What's the matter, Mr. Spiffard?" she asked.

"The matter? nothing—I—I have had a long walk with Mr. Cooke—I—I am a little fatigued." And he sat down. His feelings approached to that sickness which occasions total prostration of bodily power—some times called heart-sickness.

"I hope," said Mrs. Spiffard, "that the old gentleman was gay and agreeable. He was not very clear at rehearsal, and cut it rather short, leaving the prompter to supply his place. I am afraid he has been busier with his bottle than his book." This was spoken in a forced manner, and to hide the feelings occasioned by the previous scene.

"What a pity it is," said Emma, who had now resumed her secluded seat by the window, "that a man of such talents should be a slave to such a debasing vice."

"It is a great pity," said the old lady, with a most hypocritical sigh, as she took a huge pinch of Irish blackguard.

"It is damnable," cried Spiffard, with a tone and look which was as new to his auditory as it was unaccountable from any thing that had occurred since his appearance among them.

It is thus that we bring into new scenes and companies the *feelings* acquired elsewhere—and which are discordant, and sometimes irritating, to those of the persons we approach; and thus we, by our ill temper, mar the social harmony of our friends. How is this to be avoided? By repressing our selfish sensations, and adapting ourselves to those we mingle with.

"Perfectly damnable," he continued. "How can rational creatures be reconciled to the infamy which must attend so loathsome a habit, even if they do not dread the misery that precedes the death they purchase by their folly? We do not sufficiently show our detestation of the practice in *men*, but even the most thoughtless are shocked when they see it in a woman:" and he looked at Mrs. Epsom, not unobserved by his wife.

"Indeed, Mr. Spiffard, you take the matter up too seriously, and speak too severely," she said. "A little stimulus is necessary, absolutely necessary after, and sometimes during the exertions our profession demands."

"I deny the necessity, madam. If it exists, the profession ought to be abandoned. This stimulating, when often repeated, becomes a habit. The practitioner from a little goes to more, until the stomach becomes vitiated, and the appetite depraved. Then the time inevitably comes, when to refrain appears worse

than death; worse than the worst of deaths; a death of madness and remorse! unless some friendly hand, or blessed circumstance, snatches the victim from destruction."

"I believe there is much truth in what you say," said his wife; "but I do not see what has occasioned your great warmth on the subject at this moment. Before you came in, we were engaged in a very interesting discussion—one in which you will take part; and I must make an appeal to you. What do you think? our little Emma has determined never to enter within the walls of the theatre; and I can assure you that she has delivered her determination with an emphasis and manner—not to say discretion—which has convinced me that she would be the ornament of any stage in the world. But she abjures playhouses in toto—at least all behind the curtain, if not both boxes and stage."

"She is right!" said Spiffard, emphatically; "the stage! no! she is right!"

"Right?" exclaimed the two actresses.

"Yes, right. She is innocent—she is pure—she is unsophisticated and uncontaminated: and to remain so let her hold to her determination."

"Thank you, sir," said his wife, and her eyes flashed their lightnings, and then were overclouded by the dark black descending brow; while her previously flushed cheek blanched.

"My mother and myself are indebted to you!"

"The husband was silent. His silence was not that of one who has said that which was wrong or untrue. He looked firmly in the eyes of his wife, as if to read his destiny there.

Emma felt as if she was the cause of this threatening silence—the stillness which precedes the thunder's crash—and she wished to conduct, harmless, the lightnings of the gathering storm. She lifted her sunny eyes as she spoke, and fixed them upon Mrs. Spiffard.

"Nay, cousin, Mr. Spiffard knows, as we all do, that many, very many ladies, exemplary for virtues, as well as conspicuous for talents and acquirements, have not only frequented the theatre, but trod the stage. Ladies, who have adorned real life by their good conduct, their prudence, and their charity, as splendidly as they did the stage by their accomplishments and genius. I need not go to a foreign land for examples, when I can name so many at home—and when I know and feel the purity and virtues of my kind and good cousin."

This was spoken by the charming girl with the full confidence of truth, for such was her conviction. But the words

entered the soul of Mrs. Spiffard like a two-edged sword. The blood rushed to her face—her cheeks burned—and from her lowering brow and dark eyes, flashed a glance upon Emma, such as only truth might bear unharmed. But it met the open eye and arched brow of innocence, unconscious of offending, and the glance of the conscience-stricken was cast on the floor, with an expression of troubled emotion, confused ideas, and wandering thoughts, almost too much for endurance.

Emma felt that she had failed to produce the good she wished; but could little conceive the cause of the failure. The gloomy silence continued. At length Spiffard spoke, mildly and in a subdued tone. "Mrs. Spiffard," said he, rising, and taking her hand, "I have something to communicate to you."

The lady rose gloomily to accompany her lord.

"I will finish this ruffle up stairs, and bring it to you in a minute or two," said Emma; and without waiting reply she left the room with an air as light and graceful as we may imagine the waving of an angel's plumes, when winged to the regions of bliss.

There was a pause of a few moments. Zeb seemed to think that as the young lady had left the room, the old lady might do the same; but old ladies do not always follow the example of young ones; and when they do, they do not always move upon angels' wings. She did not seem inclined to move at all. The husband sat down. His wife took her seat again in a dignified sullen silence. He revolved in his mind the communication he had to make. "Should he speak of the remarks of the young men?" He dismissed the thought. "How should he break the subject?" His reverie was interrupted by his wife's voice.

"Mamma, Mr. Spiffard, it appears, has some private communication to make to me. Shall we retire?" and she again moved from her seat.

"I am going, child." And the stately dame took a liberal pinch of snuff, gathered together her sewing materials, and her book, and with a swimming air and no very sweet expression of countenance, left her son and daughter to the matrimonial happiness which appeared to await them.

Mrs. Spiffard looked gloomily upon her spouse. He started up—walked—and then sat down again.

The importance of our subject—viz.—conjugal happiness, or the reverse, is so great, that we are compelled to commence another chapter before venturing upon it.

CHAPTER IV.

Explanations and Concealments.

"———will but join you together as they join wainscot; then one of you will prove a shrunk *pannel*, and like green timber, warp—warp!"

"Wooing, wedding, and repenting, is as a Scotch jig;****** the first—full as fantastical—the wedding mannerly-modest—then comes repentance and *** falls into a cinque-pace—till he sinks into his grave."—*Shakspeare.*

It is no trifling matter, gentle reader, for us to draw aside the veil of the matrimonial sanctuary—and expose to your gaze the mysteries of wedded life. Be assured it is not to gratify your idle curiosity that we do it, but to show you the inevitable consequences of ill-assorted unions—matches that smell of the brimstone—and to point out the blessings which as certainly flow from a marriage in which the parties are induced to make the important contract from a knowledge of each other's good qualities founded upon long continued observation, and a sense of their moral duties. To such, the quotations at the head of this chapter do not apply.

Neither will we exclude from the list of good qualities, in male or female, youth, health, or beauty. We would have you, madam (or miss,) to marry a man *a little* older than yourself, even ten years older if you should be foolish enough to think of a husband at fifteen. Now, our hero, Zebediah Spiffard, was five years younger than his wife, and this was not as it ought to be, though the experiment may succeed. But, my dear young ladies, as you value soul or body, do not marry an old man—or even an elderly gentleman of fifty—wig or no wig—however tempting his riches, his accomplishments, his knowledge of the world, or even his virtues. Nature has forbidden it; and she will be obeyed, or the pains and penalties must be inflicted for the breach of her laws. *She* does not bring those who break them into court, formally to arraign, try, condemn, and punish them—the crime, as in many other cases, "brings its own punishment." As to the old gentleman, or man of fifty, if he must have a wife, let him be content to marry *merit*, and waive pretensions to youth and beauty. But it is time we return to the man and wife of our story.

Mr. and Mrs. Spiffard, were left, by the departure of Emma Portland and Mrs. Epsom, to the full and free enjoyment of

the bitter cup which they had been preparing for themselves—each for the other—and each for self—by precipitation on one part, and deception on the other.

Spiffard still continued sitting, as if unconscious of the departure of the young lady or the old; or as if he had no part to play in the matrimonial scene. In truth he was at a loss how to begin.

Before he had arrived at the theatre of action, he thought he had resolved to tell his wife *how* evil tongues spoke of her;—and to question her bluntly; but now, that she was before him, he had not the heart to do it. In truth, his nature was such that he would not willingly inflict pain upon any human being, and much less upon one who loved him. We say he would not willingly, that is, when reason was unclouded by passion. But it had become necessary that their marriage should be announced—that his wife's *name*; that the words 'Mrs. Spiffard' should be in the play-bills. It had been at his request that the union had been kept private, meaning to announce it at the end of the theatrical season. The secrecy had originated in a fear, which he did not avow to himself, of the ridicule of these same young gentlemen, who had now, by commencing an attack upon him, forced him to avow his blissful state. And what reason should he give for the change of plan and opinion?

Spiffard was a lover of truth; a declaimer against disguise: he had deviated from the path of rectitude in concealing his marriage; he had acted under the influence of self-delusion, and contrary to sober conviction, in contracting it: he was punished by the consequences naturally flowing from the fault.

Mrs. Spiffard had resumed her uneasy seat, and sat looking at the livid countenance of her husband, and feeling *that* sickness of the heart which the consciousness of hidden acts, and the fear of detection, causes. At length, impatient of a suspense which became more dreadful each moment, and tortured by imaginings more harrowing than any reality, she started from her chair, and arousing all that whirlwind of passion which a bad education, and evil example from childhood, had made her own, and, as it were, engrafted upon her better nature, (and a display of which had never been made before her present husband, or even her cousin Emma,) she folded her beautiful arms, and with a step which is called theatrical, but which is the true indication of lofty feeling or great excitement, and belongs to the nature of passion, she walked the room, bending on her lord as threatening a look as ever Lady Macbeth bestowed upon her wavering would-be-king when he

hesitated to do that which he wished done; letting "I dare not wait upon I would, like the poor cat i'the adage." At length she ceased her walk, and stood before him; and, after a pause, assuming a tone of irony, she said, "I thought you had something of high import to propose, Mr. Spiffard!"

"Please to sit down, madam," said Zeb, who had been roused by his wife's tone and attitude; "please to be seated," and he led her to her chair. She resumed her seat with a scornful toss of the head. He slowly drew his chair near, and placed himself beside her.

"It has become necessary, Mrs. Spiffard, that our marriage should be announced."

A weight was lifted from the lady's bosom—she breathed freer—and replied, "the concealment was a plan of your own, Mr. Spiffard."

"It was, madam, and like all concealments, was foolish if not criminal, and rewarded accordingly."

Mrs. Spiffard felt the blood rush to her cheeks and forehead —again she breathed hard, as she said, "What has changed your view of the subject?—I mean—what—?"

Our hero felt unequal to the task of telling the truth, although thus questioned. He shrunk from inflicting pain on one who had committed her welfare to his keeping. He took refuge in a second concealment, while reprobating the first. This is weakness, but not uncommon. He hesitated, and then said, "concealment looks like fear of shame—or consciousness of wrong."

"The concealment was in compliance with your wish," replied his wife; but in a tone faltering and subdued.

"My intention was, as I then stated to you, that your name should remain unaltered in the bills until the end of your present engagement; when we would leave town, and announce our marriage at the time. But circumstances—impertinent—in short, it is best to tell the truth openly—and meet—" he hesitated.

Mrs. Spiffard again had been pale; now, the blood rushed to her face and neck. "Meet what, sir?"

"The consequences."

"The consequences!" she repeated. "The consequences!"

"At least," he continued, "when it is known that you are my wife, I shall not hear—or—if I do—I shall have a right to resent as insults to myself—" again he hesitated.

The haughty spirit of the unfortunate woman had been aroused. She had begun the conversation in a strain of high

feeling, and a tone of offended pride, and assumed superiority; but conscience now asserted its rights. We mean, by conscience, the memory of past transactions, which reason pronounces to be wrong. And the inward inquiry of, "What has he heard?" overpowered her.

"It is the misfortune of our profession—its curse—" at length, she said, "that the idle, the mischievous, and the malignant, feel at liberty to suggest any ill, or frame any report to our detriment, and the world is ready to credit any story that may be fabricated to the disadvantage of an actress."

"It is too true. But you can defy—?"

"I do defy, sir!"

Short as had been the time between the quailing of her lofty spirit and the last question, she had rallied the energies of her character, so far, at least, as to *act* the offended innocent, but it was in a style of unnatural exaggeration; which, although not satisfactory to her husband, gave an excuse and opportunity for self-delusion; and he resolved to believe, where it was so much his interest that the belief should be well founded. Much of the belief of this credulous world has the same species of foundation.

All the native kindly disposition of the water-drinker returned—or rather burst forth from the cloud which had obscured it—and taking his wife's hand, he said, "I have been urged to uneasiness, irritation, anxious thought, and almost to unjust suspicions, by the foolish babble of two or three gentlemen, who no doubt knew, by some means, of our marriage, and took this mode of punishing me for the concealment. They perhaps, for the moment, think themselves justifiable; though I cannot see how the term *quiz* or *hoax* can justify falsehood of any description. Truth is too sacred to be jested with; and its violation, in any shape, is a blot upon the character of man or woman; it is a fault that ought to be punished by the contempt of the world, as well as by self-disapprobation. I will immediately announce our marriage. I wronged both you and myself in the wish for a moment's concealment. Your name shall appear as Mrs. Spiffard in the next bills of the theatre. This will prevent any more *hoaxing*; and I hope you will forgive me for allowing the jests of these thoughtless young men to have a momentary effect upon me."

Mrs. Spiffard burst into tears. She was moved by conflicting thoughts; and, though tears were a relief, there was a portion of bitterness mingled in the stream from the overflowing cup of conscience.

The husband spoke soothingly. "Come, come, no more of this—I am going out for a short time—when I come back let me see that this cloud has left no trace behind it."

"Oh, God! oh, God! what a wretch am I!" exclaimed his wife, as soon as left alone.

Having thus introduced our readers (in that abrupt manner recommended by critics, and long practised by story-tellers in prose and verse,) to some of the prominent personages of our history, we will now go to the beginning, and, soberly and regularly, give an account of the birth, parentage, and education of Zebediah Spiffard; and perhaps show that he is of noble descent, and might bear heraldric honours on his coach, if he had one—that is as it may be.

We will speak of the water-drinker, showing how he passed through the states or *stages* of life—of a barefooted Green Mountain boy—a Boston lawyer's clerk—and a travelling yankee gentleman, to the *stage*, on which we found him, of the New-York Theatre. But in all this it will be our pleasant duty, more especially, to account for that morbid sensibility, which was woven into his very essence, on the subject of ebriety; that dread which he entertained of the effects of any approach to a habit of intemperance—a dread, which, with the species of fascination that every victim to the habit exerted over him, formed the basis of his character.

CHAPTER V.

Beginning of a Town—and a Man.

"For the table, sir, it shall be served in; for the meat, sir, it shall be covered; for your coming in to dinner, sir, let it be as humours and conceits shall govern."—*Shakspeare.*

"Fair laughs the morn, and soft the zephyr blows,
While proudly riding o'er the azure realm,
In gallant trim the gilded vessel goes;
Youth on the prow, and pleasure at the helm:
Regardless of the sweeping whirlwind's sway,
That hushed in grim repose, expects his evening prey."—*Gray.*

GENTLE and courteous reader, or rather readers, (for like Legion, ye are many that shall read these memoirs;) fair readers—for the life of Zebediah Spiffard will be read by every

female that can read, (and all read in this our happy land;) this book will be sought after by the fair sex, inasmuch as it treats of the gay and the grave—the good and bad—of ladies, and of those who, next to soldiers, are the delight of ladies; we mean players; those lively, happy, delightful children of the mimic world, who present to the minds of youth a picture of enchanting power, ever varying and ever bright. Kind readers, of both sexes, we sit down determined to write for your amusement, (far be it from us to attempt to instruct you,) a faithful narrative of adventures appertaining to the romance of real life, from the perusal of which you shall undoubtedly rise as tired in mind and body, owing to excessive excitement and long continued gratification, as ever you did from the representation of a play, or even of an Italian opera. But as we have promised to begin at the beginning, we must hasten to commence our story.

Zebediah Spiffard was born in the month of October, of the year 1786, in an obscure but very pleasant village, appertaining to the truly democratic state of Vermont. His father had been one of the first settlers, a pioneer, and the village, in accordance with self-complacency, which makes so great an item in the account of human happiness, was called "Spiffard Town."

Squire Spiffard, our hero's father, made the first clearing in the valley of Long-pond, where he arrived with all his worldly possessions, (an axe, a yoke of oxen, a wagon, and a wife,) before a tree had been "felled;" and where he, in a few years, saw a thriving village, the fruit of his enterprising industry, spread from his dwelling and surround him; the inhabitants of which were grateful to the man who had led them to the wilderness, pointing their way to a land flowing with milk and honey.

His first shelter, a log hut, now (that is, at this second beginning of our history, and the first beginning of the life of our hero in 1786,) appertained, or was appended to the neat and spacious white mansion that sheltered his numerous offspring, and served as a wash-house, having previously served as a kitchen, when the present kitchen was the mansion-house.

Such is the progress of a settler in the wilderness, and it is but a few years since Vermont was such. The log *hut* is at first "parlour, kitchen, and hall;" then is erected the log *house*, larger, better furnished, and more comfortably plastered with clay; then the hut becomes the kitchen, and shortly after, (a saw-mill having been erected on a neighbouring stream,) the framed and planked mansion arises, the house becomes, in its turn, the kitchen, while the original germ, the hut, is degraded to a wash-house or pig-sty.

Instead of looking, as he once did, from the door of his lowly dwelling, on a thick and almost impenetrable forest, his own clearing alone giving him a peep at the beautiful sheet of water he called a pond, Squire Spiffard now saw a long street of comfortable houses, each with its garden and orchard, while the spires of the Court-house, the school, and the church, marked the presence of justice, education, and religion. It is true that the squire's house, like those of most of his neighbours, was not finished. The upper story served, however, for bed-chambers and store-rooms; and below, or on the ground floor, all looked and was comfortable—including the best bed-chamber for the ever welcome guest.

So rapid is the progress of Yankee improvement, that by the time our hero was qualified to appreciate its beauties, the valley of Long-pond had become a little paradise. We do not mean a heavenly, but an earthly paradise, with all its concomitant imperfections, yet possessing that paradisaical feature, youth, with its bloom and growing perfection; and in spite of the diseases incident to youth, a total absence of every symptom of decay.

A row of neat white houses, separated from each other by cultivated enclosures, skirted the level road formed at the foot of one of those hills that encircled this valley. This road was on the margin of a lake, which, after the homely manner of our country, was called a pond; and which presented its sweet waters to the eye, limpid as those of Lake George, so well known to those for whom I write.

This lovely sheet of pure water extended for miles in front of the dwellings occupied by Yankee yeoman, (not farmers of the soil but proprietors,) serving and delighting their wives, and swarms of white-headed urchins. The pond gave to the villagers fish and wild fowl, and afforded the male children opportunities for exercise in swimming, rowing, sliding, and skaiting. Between the road and the lake, the cornfields and meadows spread in rich luxuriance; and as you ascended the hill behind the houses, you were cheered, in the spring, by the fragrance of the apple blossoms, and in autumn, by fruit of every tint and flavour. In winter, the hearths blazed with piles of hickory, and were made to resound with the shouts of gladness by the frequent husking frolic; when the yellow ears of maize are stript of their outward dusky covering, and the grain rasped from the cob, and poured into the basket or bin; while the rustic jest, or the tale of grandfather's wars with the Indians on Connecticut river—or father's adventures when opposed to Burgoyne, at old *Tye*, Bennington, or Saratoga, mingle with the cracking of

the *kisskatomasses*, the chesnuts, the butternuts, and walnuts, and are interrupted by draughts of the precious juice of the crab, the spitzbergen, and the red-streak, from the orchard—exhaustless source of innocent exhilaration—the gift of heaven, not yet converted to a curse by the poison-making still.

It is not our intention to enter into descriptions of the life of the pioneer on an American settlement; let the reader look to the pages of Flint, or the inimitable pictures of nature, character, and manners, in "The Pioneers" of Fennimore Cooper. We merely wish to give some notion of the place of our hero's birth, and of those scenes which surrounded his infancy and boyhood at Spiffard Town; for these scenes of early life are ever present to the adult, go where he will in after days, and the impressions from them make part of his character, and influence his actions, whether as a *Ledyard*, he explores the Pacific ocean and the deserts of Africa, or as a *Starke* or a *Greene* leads his brother yeomen to encounter the invader of home and the homestead. The scenery and scenes of the Valley of Long-pond, tended to form a part of the character of Zebediah Spiffard, and therefore appertain to his memoirs.

We have said, that behind the row of houses which formed the village, was a gently-rising hill, on which bloomed the health-giving orchard. A few gardens likewise decorated this beautiful hill, with here and there a grove of the undisturbed native growth of the soil, giving a touch of the picturesque to what would otherwise have been too uniform. Do not let it be supposed that we mean to insinuate that the gardens had too much regularity, or neatness, or uniformity; for, except the squire's and the parson's, they exhibited a sufficient portion of luxuriant negligence about them to avert that charge, and in truth were many of them more abundant in weeds than in worth. The church likewise ornamented this favoured hill (which in England would have been a mountain), and its rustic spire was a heart-soothing feature in the landscape, whether seen from the rock which towered above its vane, or from the lake in which its peace-inspiring image was reflected.

We have given some account of the Adam or first man of this paradise, by name Jeremiah Spiffard, and by title squire; but as there never was a paradise without an Eve, or a Zebediah without a mother, it is incumbent upon us to introduce the squire's lady, and Zeb's mamma, to the reader. The squire had brought with him to the wilderness, as we have said, and we do not like repetitions, but, at the same time, know that they are very useful to the memories of novel readers, or even the

readers of true histories like this; be that as it may, we have said, and we repeat, he brought with him to the wilderness a yoke of oxen, an axe, a wagon, and a wife. Before the thicket became a paradise—before the swamps on the borders of the lake became meadows, or the blessed sun had been permitted to shine upon the earth and dissipate the encumbent fogs and redundant moisture, poor Mrs. Spiffard died. The husband was left wifeless, childless, and disconsolate. He had loved his wife. She was his first love, and perhaps he never loved again. Marry again he certainly did, or we should never have written these memoirs of his oldest and lawfully-begotten son.

After bearing up manfully for a time without a help-mate—after seeing all clear around him—settlers coming in upon his land as fast as a land-owner could wish—a school-house, a tavern, and a church built, he paid a visit to Boston, where his elder brother resided, and in truth his principal business was to seek a wife. He felt it to be his duty to contribute to the school-house and church. Under such circumstances the object is soon found. Some of those who purchased his lands and brought families into the settlement, said "they thought Squire Spiffard might have found a wife among their daughters, as fit for a squire's lady at the Valley of Long-pond, as any he would be like to find among the fine ladies of Boston." Perhaps they were right. We shall see.

An Englishman, Mr. James Atherton, had recently arrived at the metropolis of Massachusetts, in search of what he had lost in London—fortune. He was what Shakspeare has called an "ebbing" man; and has said—

> "Ebbing men, indeed,
> Most often do so near the bottom run
> By fear or sloth."

He had run so near the bottom as to touch. He brought with him a wife and three daughters, two of whom, although, until the voyage of emigration, they had scarcely been out of the sound of Bow-bell, and never in the first, or perhaps second, circles of that country of circles, were nevertheless genteel, and what is called well-educated; the third was yet a child. A knowledge of the new world into which their father had brought them, had not been thought of, as a part of their education. Their father knew as little of it, except as a mart for merchandise and a nursery of rebellion. Europeans, then, disdained such knowledge. They have since been induced to inquire how it is, that a people of many millions manage to prosper

without the protection of kings or lords, or a national church, or a standing army; and by what contrivance they render harmless the hosts of paupers and criminals, which want and worthlessness drive from the shores of the old world, for refuge in the new.

The elder daughters of Mr. Atherton had the usual cockney contempt for all foreigners, especially Yankees; and although conscious of their father's humiliating necessities, felt themselves better than any thing in Boston. The oldest of these young ladies, who was about five-and-twenty, was what is called showy; nay, she was handsome. Fine, dark, glossy hair, fine teeth, fine complexion, brilliant eyes, tall person, fashionable dress, and an animated manner, fascinated the Vermont yeoman; who would have been despised by the second sister, a more decided beauty (though very like the first), and perhaps by Louisa, the oldest of the three, if the prudent father had not given her some hints which were not to be neglected. In short, Jeremiah Spiffard married the beautiful English fine lady, and took her to Spiffard-town, at that time consisting of five houses, a schoolhouse, tavern, church, and blacksmith's-shop.

What a change was here! From the metropolis of Great Britain, to a paltry village in Vermont. From a Lord mayor's ball to a husking frolic. To live in Boston was death to Louisa, (so she said), what, then, was life in Spiffard-town? Her husband's good sense and kind behaviour, with handsome furniture and garniture brought from Boston, made this death in life somewhat supportable. Then there was some satisfaction in showing off to the natives, and in being the great lady of the place. Besides that, during the first year of her residence, she experienced the fears, hopes, and joys, attending the birth of our hero. Then came a visit to Boston to see her family, who were preparing to return, disappointed, to England. They did return; and Mrs. Spiffard the second, returned to Spiffard-town, feeling that she was abandoned by all that she held most valuable in the world: for what, alas! to a London lady, is a Yankee husband, and a Yankee child, if she is doomed to live in a Yankee village?

Thus Squire Spiffard had not only got a town lady, but a foreign lady—a London lady—for a wife. Never let an American marry an Englishwoman, unless he is willing and resolved to abandon his country. We say English, because we know *more* of them, and think *higher* of them, than of any other Europeans. If an American marries in England, and brings his wife home, it is almost impossible but that domestic misery is

the consequence. No Englishman has a just notion of this country; and we must not expect better information in the better sex, who are accustomed to rely for that article too much upon the stronger. A woman, who, even under the influence of love, gives up parents and country, will find every disappointment doubled, and every sorrow aggravated, by the recollection of what she left behind; and disappointments and sorrows will come, do what we will. Spiffard had the consolation of knowing that he did not induce his wife to leave her country; but then he was the cause that she did not return to it. In short, he had made a very foolish choice of a wife. Mrs. Spiffard became a very discontented woman; and not the less so, for finding that her claims to superiority were resisted or laughed at by the wives and daughters of the settlers, who rapidly increased her husband's village; many of whom were, in all the better part of knowledge, better instructed than the squire's lady.

CHAPTER VI.

A Sporting Gentleman, and a Philosophic Lady.

"Alas! poor hurt fowl! Now will he creep in sedges."

"———————Tyrants,
To fright the animals, and kill them up
In their assigned and native place."

"———————A poor sequester'd stag
That from the hunter's aim had ta'en a hurt
Did come to languish."

Shakspeare.

ANOTHER year passed, and another child was given to the husband; and early in the third year of her residence at Spiffard-town, the arrival of an English gentleman of fortune, with his wife and two young children, gave a gleam of joy to the misplaced Louisa; but only to plunge her in deeper darkness.

The gentleman brought letters from Mrs. Spiffard's father; and having, as he thought, determined to make America the

place of his future residence, only inquired for a good sporting country; and being told that Spiffard-town and its vicinity abounded in game, and was destitute of game-laws, he never doubted that the pheasant of Asia (domesticated in his father's park), and the partridge of Europe, were natives of the Green Mountains; especially as he found "real English snipe" on the borders of the lake, woodcock on the upland, and deer, by the herd, "all along Champlain." He fixed, at once, on that sequestered spot, purchased land, and began to plan a mansion-house, park, gardens, and pleasure-grounds; but, in the meantime, found no difficulty in purchasing the house and "improvements" of a sturdy yeoman, who began to think he had too many neighbours, and turned his thoughts to the Genesee country. The lady of this gentleman had no apparent wish for introduction to those of her own sex and station in Boston (the port at which they landed), but seemed willing to seek romantic solitude among those, whom she called "the unsophisticated farmers of a new and innocent world."

This gentleman's name was Lovedog. This is not a coined name to express character, like Fielding's Allworthy, or the Lovegold, the Crackjaw, and the thousand others of Comedy, but a real family, English name; and that it should denote the bearer's character, is not our fault. It certainly did so: for Mr. Lovedog bestowed no small portion of his affections on some very fine pointers, setters, and terriers, who had accompanied him from England. Until he could determine on a site for his intended buildings and plantations, he endeavoured to content himself in the house recently built by a Connecticut settler, who, having got all comfortable about him, was very glad to sell his buildings and go west, leaving the rich Englishman to furnish his purchase by importations from Boston and New-York.

The sportsman was out with his gun and dogs every day and all day. Sometimes Spiffard accompanied, but generally he went alone—his dogs his only companions. Spiffard used to say, that it was very pleasant to him, to ramble over hills and dales, and that he felt great exultation when he attained sufficient skill to strike down a distant bird in its rapid flight, and to be as expert with a double-barreled fowling-piece, as he had from youth been with a musket and rifle; but when he saw that he wounded more birds than he killed—that he frequently, after having brought to the earth, with a broken wing, an innocent and a harmless fellow-creature, had to chase it before he could make prey of it, and while struggling in agony and terror, to

crush its head or dash it on a stone through mere mercy, he began to think that what was sport to him was worse than death to creatures endowed with life by the same Creator who blessed him with health and strength; creatures enjoying the same blessings in another degree;—this "gave him pause"—and reason told him that he was counteracting God's will. He frequently observed too that a bird though wounded escaped, and he knew that there was no surgeon to cure the wound, or nurse to attend the patient—for "misery doth part the flux of company"—the herd shun the wounded stag—the struck bird "seeks the rushes" and there pines and dies in solitude. One day Spiffard exultingly brought down a bird from its flight—the fowl was winged only, and ran. The triumphant *man* pursued—overtook, and placed his foot on his victim. He stooped to seize it—the bird turned up his eye and looked him full in the face with such an imploring, such a reproving glance, that his heart smote him; and his reason rebuked him as a convicted murderer—a murderer for sport. In times long after he has said, "I have seen that eye a thousand times." He never discharged a gun to kill for pleasure again.

At the proper season for the sport, for the time and season for hunting each species of game was observed by the rough Vermonters—Lovedog was shown, by a neighbour, the manner of hunting the deer in America. Here the free denizens of the forest were as free as the citizens of the republic who trespassed on their haunts, and sought their lives in sport. Lovedog had been only accustomed to see the beautiful animal in the parks of the lordly aristocrats of England, protected from commoners by laws which seemed to value their lives as if equal to the lives of men, but which only protected them from vulgar interference with the lord's pastimes, to be sacrificed to the luxury, the pleasures, and the pomp of the chosen few, the titled Nimrods, deriving what they call their rights from the conquering Norman, who desolated provinces to form privileged hunting forests for his own gratification. The English sportsman now saw the beautiful animal in a state of nature, free to rove his native woodlands. The novelty pleased the gentleman for a time, but he soon became weary of the change; and the deer hunt of Vermont suffered in comparison with the sports he had been used to, as much as the shooting of the partridges, snipe, and grouse of the country, appeared contemptible and laborious, compared with the same kind of bloody amusement, of which he had been a privileged participant in the enclosures devoted to the lordly game. He sighed for the park and the race-course

of England. If he had sighed for the intellectual pleasures of that favoured country, he might be pitied in his voluntary exile, but such pleasures were to him unknown.

Therefore while Lovedog continued in Vermont, his pointers and setters were almost exclusively his associates. Spiffard said, some time after, that his dogs were his only fit companions. In truth, it was hard to conceive that an English gentleman of fortune (and fortune he certainly had) could be so profoundly ignorant as Lovedog. Not so his wife. She was almost blue. She had not only read, but conversed with the Darwins, Hayleys, Sheridans, Moores, and Sewards. But she was as totally ignorant of the world she had come to, as she was of the world to come. She thought she was a philosopher, and was willing to be thought an atheist, rather than her philosophy should be doubted. Voltaire, Rousseau, Condorcet, Helvetius, Hume and Gibbon, were at her tongue's tip. She imagined that on coming to America she should find an Arcadia, such as she *imagined* Arcadia had been; and was determined to be the lawgiver, the female Solon of an Utopia, such as she thought an Utopia ought to be. She found herself in Spiffard-town, among practical pioneers, and was soon solicited for her contribution to the building a new church, and the support of a new clergyman who preached thorough-going Calvinism in the school house, until his pulpit and steeple should be erected.

Disappointed in not finding an Utopia, she imagined herself in a Botany bay. Mrs. Lovedog soon tired of, and became tiresome to her neighbours. The yeomen's wives, (simple souls!) were shocked at what they thought indecency, and she was disgusted by what she (enlightened creature!) termed *mauvaise honte*, false delicacy, and unphilosophical ignorance. Mrs. Spiffard was neither a blue, nor a Yankee, and therefore was treated with indulgent condescending politeness; a mode of treatment sometimes felt as insult: not so in this instance. Being countrywomen, there was a bond of union which continued unimpaired when the bonds were all broken which united Mrs. Lovedog and the other females of the village. Mrs. Spiffard, though she had conformed, by degrees, to the mode of those among whom she had been thrown, was pleased to find that bold—and as we think, indelicate style of conversation and choice of subject in Mrs. Lovedog, to which she had been accustomed at home. She was become, in most things, a disciple of the dashing female philosopher; but at length Spiffard became dissatisfied; for he found that the learned lady prescribed ether and laudanum to his wife as well as materialism and irreligion.

There are many, male and female, who, living in what are called christian countries, have no notion of the essence of christianity. Many think only, (when they think at all, on the subject) of abuses practised by nominal christians. They are taught to abhor the actions and teachings of wolves in sheep's clothing, and to cry "all is false." There are many again, who admit that the lessons and life of the author of christianity are truly admirable. If they would believe and imitate that life and teaching, we should not deny them a place among christians, whatever name they may assume. Mrs. Lovedog could talk of the beauty of that life and that teaching, as of an admirable fiction—she neither believed, nor felt. Her husband hated priests, because he had paid tithes. He had been taught something at school about Moses and Christ, but had forgotten whether they were racers or pointers.

The female philosopher having discovered that her neighbours were not unsophisticated shepherds and shepherdesses of an Utopian Arcadia, adopted an opinion on the other extreme, and concluded that they were all sharpers or thieves. This led to conduct which sometimes produced odd results, and often covered her with ridicule.

The servants she brought from England soon left her in pursuit of that independence which they saw others all around them enjoying, or anticipating. *Help* she could not tolerate, nor could the yeomen's daughters tolerate her manners or caprices; neither would they condescend to be servants. The name, and state of servitude had been made vile in America by the English traffic in African slaves, and the English policy in attempting to poison their colonies with the convicted thieves and other outcasts of their prisons. Mrs. Lovedog had been reduced to the pitiful establishment of an old negress as a cook, and a little girl from a neighbouring settlement, whose parents had on overflowing log-house; and were persuaded that the English lady would instruct the girl and treat her as a companion, or child of the family. Never were expectations less realized. Poor little Sophy was a perfect slave to this lover of Utopian liberty; and was taught little else, than to tremble in the presence of this fair disciple of universal benevolence.

Nothing went according to previous anticipation in this affluent family, who were following their own unshackled wishes in pursuit of happiness, but never suspected that the road to happiness was pointed out on a way-post in large letters, "Love God and your neighbour."

It happened one day that a sturdy yeoman, who had a territory

on the other side of the lake, much more extensive than that of many a German sovereign, having taken more fish in his net than he wanted for his family and immediate neighbours, crossed over to Spiffard-town to find a market for the surplus, and with the produce buy tea and sugar,—for although princely in territory, his treasury was not filled by the labour of slaves or subjects. He was directed to Lovedog's house; knocked: was refused entrance at the street door, and told to go round to the kitchen. Several messages and replies, reiterations, replications and rejoinders, through the medium of momo Dinah and Sophy, had passed and repassed between the Yankee and the lady, until at length little Sophy came to inquire, from the learned lady, "if the fish were salt-water fish?"

This question excited the loud laughter of both the farmer and the black cook.

"Who eber hear of such a ting in Varmount," said Dinah.

"O dang it, she's quizzing me," said the farmer. And he took his basket of salmon-trout, and half laughing, half offended, he trudged off, determined to give, or sell, or *dicker*, the fish at his friend Spiffard's.

"Well Sophy! What does he say? Are they from the ocean?"

"Ma'am?" said the timid girl, who had never heard the word before.

"Are they salt-water fish, child? What is his answer?"

"He said you were quizzing him."

"I do not treat such folks with that familiarity. Tell him to leave three or four with the cook, and call on Mr. Lovedog for the money."

"He's gone, Ma'am."

"Gone! He must have come with some sinister purpose!"

"He only come with the fish, Ma'am."

"Tell Diana to see that the spoons are all safe—and the silver forks—and the silver handled carving-knife that she took a few minutes ago from the knife-case."

Sophy went to the kitchen. The lady resumed her studies. She was reading Zimmerman on solitude. "Charming writer! what a soothing quiet he sheds over the soul! All perturbation ceases! And the stormy passions which assail us in the great world are put to rest forever!"

Sophy returned with a report which tested the power of Zimmerman. A report confirming former opinions of the dishonest propensities of the corrupted and debased population she had been enticed to trust herself among.

"O solitude! how tranquilizing thy influence to the lover of

unsophisticated nature! Well child! What have you to say?"

"Momo Dinah says she can't find the carving knife."

The old negress, wanting pot-herbs, had taken the knife as the first trenchant instrument she could lay her hand upon, and having accomplished her purpose, left it in the garden; she now looked for it in every *other place* she could think of.

"I thought as much! Sophy! run after the man! He's a thief! Tell him to bring back my carving-knife!—Why do you stand gazing like an idiot! Run! instantly! Where is there a constable? Why do you stop?—Run!—bring him back!"

The girl, who feared the lady more than she did any of her own country folk, after recovering from her surprise, darted off in pursuit, and soon overtook the heavy trudging yeoman, who was every now and then ejaculating, "Well!—after all! these old-country folk are more queer than cute. Salt water fish up here in the green mountains!"

"Mister!" shouted Sophy as she drew near. "I don't know your name, sir!"—

"No—I suppose not," and he put down his basket of fish. "My name's Bloodgood. Well, my child, and what would you havewith me?—Why you are out of breath with running. Does the fine lady want some lobsters? You are a nice little girl," he continued, as he smiled and patted her curly head, "are you from the old country too? I have half a dozen at home, and not one as pretty as you."

"Mrs. Lovedog—sir—" and the child stopped—partly from want of breath, and partly from shame and reluctance to deliver her message—for she would as soon have suspected the parson of stealing, as any other of the inhabitants of the neighbourhood.

"Ha ha ha! salt water fish for Mrs. Lovedog! If she wants the fish she must come arter um—fresh or salt!"

"She says, sir—she says—you must bring back—"

"Must! No, no I'll be dang'd if I do. I am not one of your brook trout to be played back and forth with a hair line as her husband catches um. I am not angry with you, my dear—but the fish won't bite again."

"She says, sir—you must bring back the carving-knife."

"The *what?*"

"The carving-knife, sir."

My American readers will understand the feelings of the Green Mountain yeoman, when the thought occurred that he was suspected of being a thief.—He repeated several times the words "carving-knife," before he formed any conception that he had been accused of stealing. When he understood the mes-

sage, the blood rushed to his face and he shouted in a voice of thunder, "What! Does she take me for a thief?"

Sophy frightened, answered, "Yes, sir," and made one of her best curtseys.

"Well, that's too good! Don't be frightened, child! If her husband!—Don't be scar't!—Go back and tell her, she may *go to*—England." And so saying, Bloodgood took up his basket, turned and trudged on again towards Spiffard's, rather sullenly—but soon began to laugh. "Well, I will be the first to tell squire Spiffard of this, *however*! A thief!—Steal! a carving-knife! Why the woman's mad!"

Poor Sophy returned with the message of, "He says, ma'am—"

"Where's the knife?"

"He says, Ma'am,—you may go to England."

Just then Lovedog with his pointers at his heels and his game bag full of woodcock, returned from the chase. He had come from an opposite direction to that yeoman Bloodgood had taken. He was tired—but there was no rest for him. He "must go," so said his wife, "to Spiffard's, and take measures to apprehend the thief of the carving-knife."

What would have been the result of the meeting under such circumstances, between the English sportsman and the Yankee yeoman, we will not pretend to say. May strife never again arm the son of Old England and the New England man against each other! The trial of valour was not now destined to be made, for happily, Dinah, wanting more pot-herbs for her cookery, took another knife, and, as Shakspeare says, "shooting another bolt the self-same way," she found the first. That is, carrying a second knife to the parsley bed, she found the first where she had left it.*

Such, sometimes, English men and English women appear amongst Yankees. So they torment themselves, and are laughed at by those around them—and then they go home, and the learned ladies write books, (Mrs. Lovedog published three volumes) to show, that men, where all men have equal rights, (and are not divided into the two European classes of the oppressors and the oppressed, the many and the few,) their manners and pursuits are not the same as in Europe; and to show, above all things, their own ignorance. Surely, every thinking mind must know that where none are exclusively the inheritors of riches;

* This incident is founded on fact.

where none are in consequence of birth exclusively the highly educated; but, where neither honours nor riches are hereditary, and the roads to wealth and the highest offices are open to all equally; the universal exertion for acquirement, whether of fortune, fame, or official station, must cause a greater equality on a higher level for the mass of the people; and must give to society a greater proportion of those who attain high intellectual powers and extensive knowledge, than in monarchies and aristocracies. It will be said, perhaps, that the inheritors of fortune have a fairer starting post for the race, either of intellectual improvement, or official rank—but can it be a question which state of society tends most to general improvement and national happiness?

"But what has all this to do with the memoirs of Zebediah Spiffard?" Reader, you must not only be gentle and courteous, but patient. If you are used to novel reading, you must know that you have waded through many a tedious introductory page in the hope that all the present prosing is necessary to, and will give clearness and additional zest to the future story. The plot must be made intricate to be interesting, and what appears dull now, will be bright as a sun-ray at the unravelling. We have our plot too. Trust us now; we will pay hereafter—if we can.

To conclude the history of the Lovedogs (who are rather exceptions to, than examples of, the characters of English gentlemen and ladies)—the sagacious reader will readily believe that they did not *settle* at Spiffard-town. The lady, as we have seen, had been disappointed in all her expectations; and the gentleman, who had at first been delighted with the free range of unlimited sporting ground, and the novelty presented by the game of another hemisphere, now began to sigh for the stubble fields enclosed by hedge rows, where his dogs were always in view, one backing the other on the scent of the covey—for the pheasant park, the fox hunt, the race-course, the cock-pit, the boxer's ring, and all the many joys of his youth,—in short, this happy pair sold off in disgust, removed to Connecticut—thence to New-York—and thence they returned home, the lady to write books on American manners, the gentleman to pay tithes and poor-rates, hunt, set up for parliament, and rail on republican institutions.

In the meantime, Zeb, our hero, grew; as is common with other heroes between the age of ten and twenty, and he received that common unheroic kind of education which resulted from his father's circumstances, and the circumstances of the country

at that time. He learned from Master McNorton, a teacher from the north of Ireland, to read without the eastern accentuation or orthoepy, and was prevented, by his out-o-door practice in language, from acquiring a slight touch of the brogue which adhered pertinaciously to his teacher's tongue. He was taught to write a decent hand (there were then no Wriffards or other doctors, native or foreign, travelling through the land to teach elegant penmanship). He was taught to cipher as far as the rule of three; and at the same time he learned to take care of the cattle, the horses and the sheep. He could run barefoot into the meadow and halter a horse, first enticing him within striking distance by holding out an ear of corn, he would then mount him by placing his toe on the joint of sorrel's hind leg—"making stepping stones," as Master McNorton said, "of the poor brute's bones to get a saddle-sate on his bare back"—and he could then, without saddle or bridle, ride as fearlessly through woods or over rocks, as a Virginia negro, or a wild Arab.

Such were the attainments of Zebediah Spiffard, and he might have gone on in the steps of his father, that is—stepped from Vermont to Ohio, or further; emigrating, and clearing, and settling, and pulling up stakes, and emigrating again; or he might have founded another Spiffard-town in the valley of the Mississippi, and filled the great house of the founder with little Zebs and Jerrys, never arriving at the prodigious honour of being the hero of a book, but for certain circumstances, which though still introductory, must be told before we can get at the marrow of our story.

CHAPTER VII.

We go from Home to Boston.

"A barefoot pilgrim on a flinty world."—*Unknown Play.*

"O that clear honour was purchased by the merit of the wearer!"

"I never knew so young a body with so old a head."—*Shakspeare.*

It is not a new observation that a man's destination for life is often fixed at an age when animal spirits are most abundant, and reason most powerless. Impressions then made are indelible, and habits are acquired which never, or at least not without great trouble and pain, can be counteracted or shaken off. At this perilous period of man's life our hero was sent from home.

A raw boy of sixteen, who had never been out of the precincts of Spiffard-town, or seen man greater than squire Spiffard, was suddenly transported to the famous metropolis of Massachusetts.

In the town of Boston, celebrated as the cradle, if not the birth-place, of American independence, lived the uncle of Zeb Spiff (as his schoolmates persisted in calling him, and as his intimates always called him) Mr. Abraham Spiffard, who having attained the mature age of sixty-eight in a state of single blessedness, and having made his property procreate as fast as Jacob's flocks or Shylock's ducats, now looked about him for an heir, and bethought him of his long-neglected brother, who had travelled to the wilderness of Vermont at his father's death on finding himself left nearly penniless by the will—according to the praiseworthy usage of the dear mother country, and the still more praiseworthy motive—a desire to support the name of Spiffard by devising his property to the elder born son. The brothers had not met since Jeremiah married the beautiful Louisa Atherton. Abraham had at this time a two-fold motive for thinking of one of his brother's children as an heir. He, too, wished to keep up the august family name: and he had a remaining *sense of justice*—a sense which is inherent with and strong in every man, if not stifled by worldliness—and that sense of justice told him, that every law or custom founded on a miscalled *right of primogeniture*, is contrary to the law of nature and of God; and consequently, that his younger brother had been wronged, and he himself had been living and thriving on the fruits of injustice. He therefore wrote to his brother, desiring him to send his eldest boy (for still the old leaven stuck to him, and the first-born must have preference) promising to educate and adopt him as his own. This was an opening not to be neglected, and Zeb was accordingly fitted out for a journey to the far-famed town of Boston.

We must, before taking our hero from home, mention one circumstance, which had affected the domestic happiness of Squire Spiffard's family, and made an impression upon little Zebediah that moulded his character into the form which our readers will find displayed, as we proceed with his story—fixing within him an image that was through his future life ever present to his mind, and was the moving cause of thought and action. The scenes he had witnessed in his father's household, mingled with all his ideas of his fellow-creatures, coloured all the future scenes of his existence, and were the springs which impelled him in his course through his journey, until they were obliterated by the hand of death.

We approach most unwillingly to this part of our subject. To draw aside the decent veil that hides domestic misery, though that misery proceeds from an accidental cause, is an irksome task; but to expose the failings of one of that lovely sex from which we have derived all the choice blessings of life, is inexpressibly painful. But we owe it to truth and to the world, for our hero's character and actions would be inexplicable if we did not give our readers this key to them.

It has been said that Mrs. Spiffard, the beautiful London lady, was discontented, although placed in the paradise of Spiffard town. She regretted her banishment from her dear native land. And who can blame her? She had there enjoyed luxuries of which she was here deprived, and she had there enjoyed youth, beauty and flattery. She could not but feel, that if she returned, she would find the same delightful articles —for in her mind they were associated with the place. In despite of reason or even of experience, the returning wanderer still expects to find *in home*, the home of his youth.

Mrs. Spiffard's health declined in proportion as she filled her husband's house with health and life in the shape of little Yankees. Her countrywoman, Mrs. Lovedog, had taught her that ether and opium were most pleasant, and she said innocent remedies for low spirits. In time other stimulants were resorted to, "for it was necessary," as has more than once been said in excuse for such acknowledged weakness, "to change the current of her ideas, or she would go mad." The current was changed; but it was only to increase, not remedy *ill*—to save her from the apprehension of that madness we pity and deplore, with sympathy in nature's frailty, and consign her to *that* which we despise and turn from with disgust.

Can any situation in life be so deplorable as that of a husband under such circumstances?—Yes. We shall see that *that* of a wife, whose husband is a victim to this vice, is even worse. Our business at present is with the first case. To see his neglected children gazing with expressions varied according to their respective ages on the idiotic countenance and inconsistent behaviour of their mother, to —— no, we will not enter into the disgusting detail. Spiffard behaved like a good and discreet—a humane and determined man. He did not invite (as was his wish) his friends or strangers to his house; his plea was his wife's indisposition. He did not take her abroad; for he dreaded to expose her. He did not pretend to excuse her, when notwithstanding his care she was exposed; nor did he by falsehoods outrage the good sense of his acquaintance. But it is

the effect which this disgraceful conduct in a mother had upon his eldest son, that is our only object in recording it; and that effect was seen, though not understood, in all he said or did to the end of his life.

As a child it was long before he could comprehend the nature of behaviour, in his mother, which was apparently causeless; and was so unlike that of other females. When the truth burst upon him, it produced a revolution in his feelings that seemed to transport him from infancy to intellectual manhood—made him observant and thoughtful, instead of joyous and careless—and in short, was quickly indicated by appearances inconsistent with his age and previous sprightly disposition. The further he advanced in life and became capable of appreciating his mother's degradation and his father's misery, the more intense were his feelings until they became almost insupportable. He thought as constantly upon the torturing subject as the nature of mind will permit; for happily we are so constructed that one unbroken chain of thought cannot be continued. One continuous chain or circle of thought is either the cause or the effect of insanity. Yet he strove to banish *other* thoughts, and avoided the sports and pursuits incident to his happy age. He could not speak of the subject of his meditations. There were none to whom the deep coloured and indefinable images which poured upon his mind could be communicated in conversation. He feared lest his father should see that he noticed and understood the cause of *his* woe. He became a recluse. Always devoted to books, although reading without plan and almost without improvement, he now appeared more than ever studious, and yet his mind was frequently far from the page over which his eyes wandered. He watched the behaviour of his father and mother anxiously, and as anxiously avoided the appearance of attending to their conduct. He seemed to become years older as months passed away, and to advance in knowledge as if by miracle—knowledge gained by thought—self-examination—not reading. It was a knowledge as bitter as that of our first parents—and without fault in him, it deprived him of his paradise, *the joys without care of childhood.* It is thus that by the undeviating chain of cause and effect, even the lot of the guiltless is not pure good, since we must partake of the good or ill of others.

Our hero's father and the neighbours thought that Zebediah's improvement was owing to his books, but it was the intense operation of a vigorous mind set in action by *one circumstance*, which affected him deeply and mysteriously; one spring, which

became the mainspring of his life and actions; and which caused observation, comparison and combination in the boy, far beyond his years—in the man, a state of mind nearly monomaniacal.

When he was told that his uncle had sent for him, the first sensation was joyous. He felt as if he should escape from what was ever present to his imagination; his mother's infirmity and his father's misery. But soon his heart sunk, and he could not bear the thought of leaving the object which, as if by a power of fascination, attracted his unceasing attention, and bound him to the spot—the object to which his eyes were constantly turned, as it is said the poor bird cannot be diverted from its gaze on the hateful serpent doomed to destroy it. These feelings however soon passed away, and the wish for change prevailed. He was scarce sixteen years of age, and at that time of life when all abroad is new, fresh and refreshing—when even the circulation of the blood is pleasure, and when it is impossible, if in health, to be long unhappy—at such an age, to see the wonders of the great city and become one in a new and loftier state of existence, raised hopes and images which, though undefined, made him impatient to obey the summons. The very consciousness of being alive—as youth is alive—is happiness; and though clouds and storms cross the morning of life, they must pass away quickly, and the sunny beams of hope and joy are sure to succeed.

Before we turn Zeb out upon the great world of Boston, we will describe his person, that the reader, who we feel assured will go with him, may have a clearer idea of his travelling companion. We have seen what his appearance was at five and twenty, but we cannot do him justice, or justice to our story, without a full description of his beauties at sixteen.

Zeb was not only the oldest but the ugliest of his father's children; and was formed as if in direct opposition to the received notions of Yankee proportion and symmetry. At the period of which we speak, he was exactly five feet two inches in height, and from the strong knitting of his joints, and the uncommon breadth as well as muscularity of his whole person, it might have been judged that he never would attain a greater altitude; but happily, a few years after, a hard fit of fever-and-ague shook him *so long*, that he became some inches longer. Although remarkably square built and powerful in muscle, he yet looked meagre. His knees were rather bowed outwards, always a mark of firmness on the feet; his joints were all large, but his limbs well proportioned to his body. His head was

large, his visage long, his nose thin, high and hooked (sometimes called Roman and sometimes parrot-billed). His eyes were dark hazel, the iris small, the balls very large and prominent, and the white of the eye disproportionably great; the upper lids covered the iris so as to give the idea of a West India turtle. His mouth was wide, and garnished with strong teeth, and his chin with the parts adjacent, assumed the appearance vulgarly called wapper-jaw'd. His beard in its incipient and downy state, promised to be what Shakspeare calls "cane-coloured." A shock of coarse unyielding hair capp'd this unpromising physiognomy with deviously diverging locks, in colours rather too red to be called carotty. With all this picturesque diversity—this variety of curve and line and angle, in feature and in figure, there was an archness, an audacity, and an expression of good nature in Zeb, that gained him a firmer footing in the good will of those he happened to be thrown among, than many a smoother form and face could boast. His was an attractive figure. It did not pass unnoticed in a crowd. The eye once fixed on such a face was not rapidly withdrawn; and when Zeb, in after times found the looks of beauty rivetted on his form and features, he enjoyed in return the privilege of gazing on sparkling eyes fixed unconsciously on his odd physiognomy—vermeil lips half opened by surprise—and the happy consciousness of being an object of admiration, for such he certainly was. A female feels ashamed to gaze at a pretty fellow; but no one thought it any harm to look at Zeb Spiff.

The aversion our hero felt to leaving home and his beloved brothers and sisters, and schoolfellows, all endeared by scenes of joy and, in years long past, by scenes of strife, was now exchanged for a desire to see the world. Curiosity and ambition triumphed so far over his tender feelings, that he became impatient for the time of departure to arrive. The evening previous to that important day which consigned our Zebediah Spiffard to the stage driver and the world, his father took him apart, and bestowed on him a roll of hard dollars, and a lecture, longer and quite as heavy, upon his future conduct in life. Zeb afterwards said that it was *considerable lengthy*; but we know that it was cut short by a loud snore unconsciously sounded from the open mouth and nostrils of the patient, who remembered nothing his father had said except that in great towns young men were likely to be beset by temptations of various kinds, especially in the form of beautiful young women, who might distract his attention from business and interrupt his

studies. Strange as it may appear, our hero felt no alarm in looking forward to the dangers that awaited him—nay he even became curious and anxious to know how these allurements would affect him, and to try his strength against temptation. Every enticement that the glass, however filled, could offer, he was amply prepared to repel; and he had a fund of good sense and sound morality to oppose to allurements which might war with duty.

We have nothing of importance to record of our pilgrim until he arrived at the end of his journey, and set foot in the famous town of Boston. As the scenes and objects connected with that image, the contemplation of which had formed as it were the key-stone of his character, and had cast a shade over all his joys—as these objects were left behind, other associations were created by the change, and his whole train of thought and feeling received a new impulse and a new direction. He still carried the arrow with him, but it ceased for a time to give pain, or control thought or action.

He passed through Charlestown without knowing that close at his left hand were the far-famed hills of Bunker and Breed's. He was rattled over the bridge, and plunged among the intricacies of "North-end," his senses almost overpowered by the awful delight which the rapid succession of new objects presented by a dim light on entering a great city for the first time, and the confused anticipations of the new life he was about to enter into: while in silent expectation he awaited the long delayed moment when the coach would stop and deposit him, he knew not where, to be received he knew not how. The coach did at length stop at an inn near the market. The passengers eagerly left the vehicle and each other, and Zeb found himself about seven o'clock in the evening of the seventh of November, in the bar room of the stage house. He knew no one—no one knew him—no one heeded him.

His trunk was thrown into the door. He looked around for some one of his fellow passengers of whom he might inquire his way to his uncle's; but all were already gone; each one his own way, unmindful of the other; and poor Zeb felt for a moment that he was alone in the world. This was but a transient feeling; his mind and body were endowed with an elasticity fitted to meet circumstances, and boldly confront them.

He saw a person busily dealing out liquor at the bar, and approached to make inquiry of him for direction to Mr. Abraham Spiffard's, but he was surrounded by a crowd boisterously demanding "bitters—brandy—gin"—and uttering coarse jests

or coarser oaths. The noise—the appearance of those around him, (principally draymen, porters, hostlers, and others of the roughest cast, the attendants upon the market and the stage house) with the smell of liquors and tobacco smoke, made the poor boy's heart sink a second time, and he retired, shrinking from the loathsome scene, and sat down on his trunk to collect his thoughts: his head was whirling and dancing, as if still feeling the motion of the stage-coach, and his heart sickened at the scene before and around him. He heard the coach drive from the door. Even this was like the departure of an acquaintance—the last link that united him to *home*. In addition to the disagreeable objects that offended his physical senses, his moral sense was pained by that which was *present*, and by the revival or awakening of the *spectre* that haunted him. He thought of his mother.

This situation, either of body or mind, could not endure long with a boy of sixteen. He knew he must not remain where he was, and now recollected, for the first time, that his father had given him a letter, with, of course, the address of his uncle. It was locked up carefully in his trunk. The first movement was to open his trunk and seek it: but the thought occurred, that in such a place and with such company, that would not be eligible; he had read of tricks upon travellers. He stood undetermined, looking at the depository of his worldly treasure with somewhat of lack-lustre eye.

The suspicion that ill could be intended him by any thing in human shape, had only entered his mind from books: and only experience can make the innocent mind suspicious. He had read of deceits and falsehoods, and in after life saw and suffered from them, as all must; but suspicion never, even in after life, made a part of his character. To utter any words but those of truth, would have appeared to the Green-mountain-boy as impolitic as it was absurd. This characteristic always remained with him. In despite of experience, he never could be brought to suspect his fellow-creatures of deceit; and in despite of the many inconveniences his frankness occasioned, he continued to love truth the more he suffered for truth's sake. As a man is induced to love his country the more in consequence of those miseries he encounters in her defence.

All the mental debate we have suggested, and much more, had passed in a moment of time, and the rumbling of the coach wheels had scarcely ceased in his ears, or the giddiness occasioned by riding, left his head, when once more looking around for some one to whom he might apply for that information he

had locked up in his trunk instead of his memory, he saw a person near him whose appearance did not discourage the address, and he asked this gentleman (for such he evidently was) who happened to be near him, where "Mr. Abraham Spiffard lived?"

The man was a tall, thin, upright figure, enveloped in an ample blue cloak, clasped under his chin with silver: above the collar of this cloak arose on each side of his parchment-coloured face, three formidable curls, such as belles sometimes think ornamental to the faces of girls of sixteen, but at that period, confined to the well-powdered wigs of gentlemen of sixty. This buckram-stiff pile was surmounted by a large cocked-hat, rather brown than black—not from any lack of brushing. Below the cloak could only be seen high-topp'd shoes and silver buckles; both showing that they were daily well cleaned, though now bespattered with mud from the low and filthy place in which the stage-house stood.

"I can tell you, my little man," was the old gentleman's reply, as he looked down upon Zeb's queer face, turned up towards his own, with a slight inclination to the right, and a twist of the mouth to the left, while the earnest protrusion of his dark sparkling eyes, and the honest confidence expressed by all his features in combination, rivetted the stranger's attention to the person of our hero, though at first overlooked in his examination of the travellers who had arrived in the stage. "And what may your business be with Mr. Abraham Spiffard?"

"I have been two days riding from Long-pond in the Green Mountains, to come and pay him a visit," said Zeb, "and I have got a letter from father to him, but it is in my trunk."

Mr. Abraham Spiffard, to whom these words were addressed, had come to await the arrival of the stage, kindly anticipating the wants of his adopted son. On finding that this strange figure was the object of his expectations, he stepped back and surveyed the odd and uncouth appearance of the boy with mingled sensations, in which pleasure did not predominate. He had, in imagination, seen a tall, florid lad, rustic to be sure, but looking as vigorous, towering, independent, and fresh as the country of his birth; and he in the reality, saw a creature of diminutive height, pallid complexion and *outrè* physiognomy; whose members appeared any thing rather than symmetrical, and whove movements under present circumstances, gave no indication of Green Mountain buoyancy, for though our hero was in truth both independent in mind and vigorous in body, his externals little denoted either; and these externals were now in their worst dress.

The uncle's good sense overpowered his feelings of chagrin; and telling Zebediah who he was, he welcomed him to Boston, and hastily called the porter of the inn to bear the trunk of the Green-mountain-boy to his future home. This done, he courteously led his protegee to his house, which was pleasantly situated near the summit of Fort-hill.

CHAPTER VIII.

An old Bachelor's house, a Lawyer's office, and a Play in Boston.

"The principal end why we are to get knowledge here, is to make use of it for the benefit of ourselves and others in this world."—*Locke.*

THE reader doubtless has found out before he arrives at the present chapter, that this book is not a romance, but a story of every-day life. A fiction, it is true, but copied from real life. Yet who does not know that the events of real life are more astounding—more difficult to reconcile to ordinary reason than any romance ever written—setting aside perhaps, the delightful Arabian Nights, and some other tales in which supernatural agency is introduced? What romancer would have dared to invent such stupendous events as history records of the early crusades? Who would have dared to tell of thousands of children flying from their parents and congregating to conquer Syria from the Mussulman:—marching unappalled by difficulties over a great part of Europe, without meeting a power, moral or physical, to stop their progress to destruction inevitable? What romancer, if he had conceived such an event as the western world "loosened from its foundations and precipitated upon the east," would have dared to describe what he had imagined? or could have imagined, that from centuries of war, during which rapine was accompanied by dissolute manners, and guided by ignorance—and where famine, disease, and the sword destroyed millions—the blessings of liberty, science and the arts would arise? But to recur to later times—to the days yet scarce gone by: could poet have thought in his wildest dreams of an adventurer rising up from obscurity and binding emperors and kings in his chains; then sinking, through overweening pride, to the state of an outcast

from society? Yet this we have seen. But setting history aside, it is sufficient for my purpose to refer the reader to the volumes of the *Causes Celebres.* Our story is a story of real life—and real life is sufficiently seasoned, by the wonderful, to make it interesting to those who look for the racy and the spicy in the pages of a novelist. Not that I promise to spread such high seasoned food before the reader of these pages.

Abraham Spiffard had commenced his career in this mutable state of existence as an attorney, and having inherited his father's estate (before our separation from Great Britain) by the English laws of primogeniture, he did not, as is usual, make it his business to dissipate it; but, on the contrary, feeling the comforts as well as consequence which property gave him among his neighbours, he determined to increase the sources of such enviable possessions. He at first proceeded slowly and in the way of his profession; but his industry and invariable attention to the interests of his clients, gained him practice of the best kind, which gave him an opportunity to make purchases of real estate in lands and houses, with advantages which none out of his profession could have. He was honest, frugal, thriving, and became a rich man of unimpeachable character.

His establishment was that of an old bachelor. A neat and well-furnished house, with a court yard before it, and a garden behind. One man servant, who was gardener, hostler, butler and footman; and one elderly female, who filled the station of housekeeper, and condescended to be cook and chambermaid —both natives of New England, and both white—constituted his household. Having long renounced his original profession, Mr. Abraham Spiffard thus lived a life of retirement, with most of the enjoyments which a mind of a philosophic inclination could desire.

As the uncle had expected our hero, an apartment was in readiness for him; and after the refreshment of tea and toast, by a cheerful hickory fire, he dismissed him to bed by remarking that he "was sure he must be tired,"—wisely determining not to enter into an examination of his unpromising adopted son until the morrow.

Being shown to his allotted apartment by his uncle, and left with an injunction to extinguish the candle before he got into bed, Zeb examined attentively every object about him, and in truth felt much less sleepy than before he was ushered into a domain of which he was told that he was the master, and before the restraint of a strange old gentleman's presence was

removed. He saw and felt, as soon as he entered, that the chamber had been prepared with a view to his permanent residence and future comfort; and that all around him had an aspect very superior to any thing he had seen at Spiffard-town. A narrow bed, much longer than necessary, with quilted calico coverlet well stuffed with cotton wool; surrounded by calico curtains, on which were depicted Lord Anson, his ship, his sailors, and the groves and fountains of the isles of those delightful climes, the thought of which made Rousseau exclaim, "O Tinian! O Juan Fernandez!"— Below this pictured enclosure was a resting place of down (or goose feathers) covered by sheets and pillow-case white as the driven snow. A table (over which hung a mahogany framed looking-glass; and, on which stood a neat writing desk completely furnished) was placed on the side of the room opposite the bed. Two mahogany chairs, solid and heavy, with calico covered bottoms were deemed sufficient for the boy—and here again Lord Anson, his ship, and his sailors, appeared in undiminished beauty. But what gave most delight to Zeb was a handsome chest of drawers (occupying part of the same side of the room with the door) surmounted by a book-case with glass doors, which showed rows of neatly arranged and well-bound volumes.

We feel assured, that our readers will be gratified, after travelling from Vermont with the Green-mountain-boy, to know, even to particulars, that he was set down in good quarters after his long journey.

Tired as Zeb was, he could not resist the temptation to examine the last-mentioned treasure. Delighted he took down volume after volume, almost all new to him. A collection of modern and ancient history. Pope's Translations; Milton's poems; Dryden's Virgil; Shakspeare's plays; and a rich store of voyages and travels; a bible and a prayer book, with his name printed in gold letters on the cover of each, completed the arrangement and filled the shelves of this well-chosen piece of furniture. All thoughts of sleep fled before intellectual excitement, and time passed insensibly, when a knocking at his chamber door aroused Zeb from his enchanting occupation. He opened the door. It was his uncle who had knocked and now presented himself. He saw with astonishment what had been the employment of the youth, and his eyes sparkled with pleasure at the discovery.

"I observed a light under the door," said the old gentleman, "and I was afraid you had gone to bed and forgot to put out the candle."

"I beg pardon, sir, but I could not help looking at them."

"You will have leisure enough, my son," said the old man. It was the first time he had used that appellation. "You will have leisure enough to examine them; they are intended for your use. They are your own. You are now fatigued, and ought to rest, mind and body. To-morrow look at and open the books, and *every day* after; and remember that it is for the truth they contain that you are to study them. You must learn to study fiction for truth's sake; and many a precious truth you will find in the guise of fiction. The fables of Milton and Shakspeare are mines of truth and knowledge. Knowledge will give you power; if in the acquisition you do not destroy your health; without health there is no power. Therefore diligently read the best authors; and I have made choice of some of those I think best; but do not deprive yourself of the rest necessary to health, otherwise the knowledge you attain by study will be as useless to others as its acquisition has been injurious to yourself. The fatigues of your journey and the excitement attendant upon a change of situation and prospects render sleep doubly necessary to you *now*. Put out the light and go to bed. I am pleased to see that you love books. Good night! Put out the light!"

"I will sir," said Zeb.

The uncle again wished him 'good night', and retired to rest, perfectly satisfied that the boy was such as he wished, notwithstanding first appearances.

Zeb replaced the books, threw off his clothes, put out the light, and as he laid his head on the pillow, thought he should never be able to sleep: but that sleep that comes to all who are healthy and guiltless, quickly came to the tired and delighted boy, nor left him until the rising sun shone into his window and on his bed.

He awoke only to renewed delight. He had sunk to forgetfulness amidst the images of his kind uncle and those who had been his companions during the journey, fading and changing into a moving chaos of the forms he had seen the last day, mingled with figures left behind at home; he opened his eyes upon Lord Anson in Juan Fernandes—his own happy situation flashed upon him as he looked at his book-case; and his soul was filled with happy realities and overflowing with bright anticipations. It was a November sun that shone upon our hero, but it was through the medium of a pure and elastic atmosphere; for the west wind had sprung up during the night and brought with it just enough of frost to harden the surface of the earth,

and make clean walks for the early pedestrian. The youth was quickly stationed at a window which gave him a view of the waters of the wide spreading bay. All impatient to see more of the wonders around and before him, it was but the business of a few minutes to find his way out of the house, although somewhat puzzled when encountering bolts and bars in his way, at the street door, things unthought of at Spiffard-town. The key was in the lock, and Zeb unlocked, unbolted and unbared with the dexterity of one used to bending both body and mind to the overcoming of difficulties; and nothing daunted by the strangeness of his situation, or the novelties of the place, he sallied forth, first observing the appearance of his uncle's place of residence, and of its bearings with surrounding houses, as he would the landmarks in the woods, and as he often had done when there was no other means to find his way home again while wandering on the hills of Vermont.

Soon he gained the top of Fort-hill. He had never before seen the salt-sea, or the huge machines which float on it. He looked enraptured and bewildered over the beautiful sheet of water, and its islands. He saw ships under sail intermingled with smaller vessels, all alive and glittering in the morning sun. He looked down upon the roofs and chimnies of houses below him, and the topmasts of merchant ships moored at the wharves. He had seen such things only in book-engravings. He had been instructed by books, and by his father, in the events of that war which made his country the greatest republic in the world, and he thought of the momentous events which took place in and near the town of which he had now become a resident. His gazing and his reveries were interrupted by a summons to breakfast. His uncle, from his chamber window, commanded a view of Fort-hill, and he had seen the boy as he stood wrapt in wonder, (gazing with delight at the many novel objects before him,) and in due time sent for him.

It is not our intention, or our interest, to weary the reader. We hope to engage his attention not only by the incidents of our history, or memoirs, but by those fascinating fancy-stirring changes of scene which delight the imagination, rouse it from any tendency to slumber when one set of objects have been too long before it, and make it subservient to the author's purposes. We will pass rapidly over the detail of those circumstances, which, more than books or teaching, formed the second part of our hero's education, and of course had their share in moulding his character, for we are as impatient as our readers can be to come to those great events which render him an ob-

ject worthy of their curiosity, and our labours. But let us never forget that the foundation of education and character was laid at Spiffard-town.

Mr. Abraham Spiffard soon saw in what points the artificial education of his adopted son were most deficient; and the youth was placed in the best school Boston afforded, and Boston has always had the best schools in the United States; the best teachers, the best systems; and is honoured accordingly.

Zeb improved rapidly, and was judged by his uncle, whose scholarship was not profound, to be fitted for commencing the reading of law in some counsellor's office, in rather less than a year from the time of his arrival at the great city of the east, modestly, (at the period of which we treat) called the "town of Boston." To be sure he had, as said of another great character, "little latin, and less greek;" but as Mr. Abraham Spiffard had never found himself much the worse, as far as he knew, for his lack of the same commodities, he recommended to his nephew, that he should continue his study of the dead languages in his leisure moments, for he had observed that a quotation which neither jurors nor auditors of any description understood, enhanced the character of the orator, and was worth ten times the quantity of English. And you, courteous reader, have thought more reverently of an author when you have met a passage from Homer, Euripides, or Sophocles, in the genuine Greek characters—although "all greek" to you. Thus fitted and advised, the prudent uncle placed the youth with a young lawyer of brilliant talents, but whose principal recommendation to the old gentleman, was, that he had long known him as the son of an old friend. Mr. Spiffard did not exert his usual shrewdness in selecting a teacher for Zeb, as will be seen in the sequel.

Thomas Treadwell, Esq., in whose office our hero now passed a great portion of his time, was the son of a *select man*, and had been carefully educated by his indulgent parent, who justly admired his quick parts, (as all parents are in duty bound to do,) and devoted him to the profession of the law, as the surest road to the Presidential chair; which he doubted not Tom would attain. He had the reputation of being a *belle-lettre* scholar; and he wrote verses with some skill, great spirit, and sufficient obscurity; unfortunately he was better versed in the works of verse-makers, than of jurists—*unfortunately* at least for his clients. No young man ever started in the race of life, under better auspices, than Tom Treadwell, but he never "took kindly" to labour, and he had Ranger's authority for law

being "a damned dry study," and Ranger was authority higher with him than Blackstone or Coke. He found the drama much more to his taste, and the Muses and actresses much more fascinating, than reports, records, or deeds. His *deeds*, and their *record*, will be found to agree with such taste and such conduct. In fact, just about the time our hero was placed under his tuition, to be instructed in the depth and subtleties of jurisprudence; the tutor had, in defiance of all prudence, privately married a very beautiful girl, without education, property, or decent connections, and was enamoured for the moment with his new situation, so much as to neglect—*the theatre*; his office had been deserted before. Of all this Mr. Spiffard knew nothing, he only knew the father of the man to whom he had entrusted his son. The consequence was, as may be supposed, that Zeb was left pretty much to his own choice in the course of reading he pursued at the office.

Blackstone is always at hand in a lawyer's office in case any one comes to seek the man of science for advice in law or equity; and except on such occasions the knight is little attended to, even in appearance, by some students we wot of. The love and practice of truth was never abandoned by our hero. But insensibly this paltry mode of deception was becoming seductive. He once placed a book of reports on his desk, open, while he read a novel. Happily he saw his error before it was too late—the first love prevailed—he blushed at the meanness of pretending to one thing and practising another, and ever after, truth marked his character almost undeviatingly.

Spiffard read history with delight. The translations of all the great poets, ancient and modern, became familiar to him. Milton's great poems and Shakspeare's plays he devoured. The novels of Smollet and Fielding added to his pleasures, and he was too ignorant of vice to be injured by them, *much*. His evenings were devoted to teachers of French, Italian, Spanish, and German; nor did he neglect the studies commenced at school; he likewise took lessons in dancing and fencing.

He had been permitted, accompanied by his uncle, to see some plays, immediately upon his arrival at Boston. The impression made upon him by the first exhibition of the kind that he witnessed, though by no means singular in its general effects must not be passed over in silence. All appeared as the work of enchantment. Seated in the pit, he could see before the play commenced the gayly decorated fronts of the boxes glittering with what was in his eyes gold and jewels. Beautiful women, with all the advantages of dress entered those boxes.

The gay company by degrees took their seats—tier above tier they sat, all happy, doubtless, for all smiled. Even the third tier, or upper boxes, appeared to him the abode of happiness and purity. To the pure, all is pure. To the ingenuous boy the smiles he saw were innocuous.

The music of the orchestra struck up, and although others did not appear to hear it, our hero's delight was increased almost to intoxication.

But however much his sense of hearing was captivated by the orchestra, or his eyes attracted to the brilliant company in the boxes, above all he looked at the green curtain with interest, for the hidden and unknown is far more attractive than the visible, however beautiful. After gazing with a wandering and restless pleasure on the many-coloured objects around and above, his eyes were fixed on the plain dull surface of the cloth before him, which told nothing, but was pregnant with mysterious meaning; for he knew that behind *that* lay the something that was to crown all—when *that* should be removed his felicity would be complete. *How* he knew not—but he was sure of it. A bell tinkled, and the front lamps rose as if by magic. Another bell rung louder. The curtain vanished. All was dazzling light and many-coloured brilliancy; the silence of breathless expectation succeeded. Then appeared beautiful men and women, with fine dresses, and sparkling eyes, and red cheeks! surely actors and actresses must be not only the most admired, but the best, most lovely, and happiest of mortals! In the course of Zeb's novel reading he had not yet read Gil Blas: and Wilhelm Meister was unknown to English readers.

The play was the Jealous Wife. The boy's delight was extreme, except during that scene in which Charles is exhibited in a state of ebriety. While others laughed, he was absorbed in a melancholy reverie. He felt sick. He wished himself at home, and sighed for the seclusion of his chamber. The remembrance of his mother's infirmity took such possession of him from that moment, that only the novelty of the enchanting spectacle, and his interest in the story, especially in the fate of Charles, would have made the general impression of the evening's entertainment, when recollected, pleasurable. The afterpiece (for he staid to the last, and wanted more,) the after-piece was Rosina, which gave him pure delight.

Such was his first impression of the theatre. Now, that he was with Treadwell, he had a full gratification of the desire created by the few plays he had seen before he became a stu-

dent of law; for his master gained him free admission to the pit and boxes, and thus led him to the study of the dramatic works of the French and English poets: of these he found that Mr. Treadwell's office contained an abundance. Among them was a complete old edition of Bell's British Theatre; all of which he greedily devoured; a dose sufficient to poison a regiment of Green-mountain boys! If such reading did not destroy all his moral and religious propensities, it was because his natural tendency to good—his love of truth—his ignorance of practical evil—his habits—and his abhorrence of ebriety, shielded him from the death-doing influence.

Before proceeding with the story, (notwithstanding the reader's impatience,) we will, with permission, go back to the second play our hero saw performed before his introduction to the mysteries behind the curtain and the scenes; this was Othello. He had read Shakspeare; yet did not know what to expect from a representation of characters so remote from any thing he had seen in real life. What ideas could a Green-mountain boy form of a Moor—a thick-lips—a negro—commanding an army of white men—of Italians? It is the player, the skilful artist, that gives reality to the pictures of the dramatic poet. The young or uninstructed mind forms confused images while reading, in proportion to its ignorance.

On Zeb's second visit to a play-house, the delight experienced from the proscenium and preliminaries, was not so vivid as at the first; but his impatience for the raising of the green curtain was full as intense. The music gave him little pleasure, and the beauties in the boxes had lost half their charms.

The effect of this representation of one of Shakspeare's most glorious productions upon our hero was such, that his reasoning powers seemingly gained an advance of years. His intellect grew almost perceptibly during the sitting; or while, as the French say, he assisted at the representation. His whole soul was alive to the story: the apothegms sunk upon his young and yielding mind with a thrilling sensation of approbation, that made them part of his moral being.

Again he was shocked by the representation of ebriety; and his detestation of Iago was more increased by his playing the part of a tempter, and subverting the reason of Cassio by wine, than even by his atrocious villany in deceiving the noble Moor, and destroying the wretched Desdemona. Cassio, deprived of reason, was, to Spiffard, a spectacle of horror. While others laughed, he experienced a sickness of the heart—a sinking of

every physical power—a confusion of his mental faculties—a loathing of existence; feelings that can only be conceived by those who have had their hopes blasted by the effects of this accursed vice. He gazed on the representative of Cassio, but he saw his own desolated home. When the virtuous and betrayed lieutenant recovers his reason, and with disgust, reprobates his folly in putting "an enemy into his mouth to steal away his brains," the tears rolled down the cheeks of the boy, and he sobbed aloud, until he found that he had become an object of derision to those around him.

Shakspeare has truly represented intemperance as a vice leading to certain degradation, crime, and self-reproach. He has, in other parts of his works, shown it as the habitual practice of the criminal, (as in Hamlet's uncle,) the murderer, the usurper, and fratricide. He has portrayed it as the vice of the weak-minded, and of the brutal and the vulgar ruffian; as in Sir Andrew Aguecheek and Sir Toby, in the Twelfth Night. But, generally, the stage has held up the drunkard merely as an object of amusement, to be laughed at, not pitied or detested; and has thus been deficient or negligent, if not criminal, when it ought to have exposed its deformity, and pointed out its inevitable consequences, misery, madness, death, and contempt.

His master's attachment to the theatre at length introduced our hero behind the scenes. What he there saw at first disgusted him. It appeared as if Ithuriel's spear had, by a touch, caused the angel form to vanish, and the fiend to appear; had changed beauty to deformity. That which had pleased the eye as the glow of health, was, in reality, a coarse white and red daubing, associated in his mind, from infancy, with disease or moral depravity. The modest mien assumed before the audience, was sometimes suddenly dismissed, after passing the side scene, and replaced by coarse mirth, or coarser rage. The devout or patient hero would instantly be converted into a fury, venting curses upon the prompter or call-boy. The brilliant dress, decorated with gold and jewels, was transformed to a flimsy rag, covered with tinsel, glass, and foil; the warrior's mail, into paste-board and spangles; all the order, harmony, and splendour of the scenes, into confusion, wrangling, the darkness of smoking lamps, and the jostling of dirty scene-shifters and vulgar supernumeraries. Yet all this is only an image of the masking and unmasking in every day scenes of life. To be sure, we do not see the mask lifted often; when we do, we are shocked as the boy was. Though shocked, yet the ugly

chaos was recommended, in some measure, by novelty; and, by degrees, (as to other ugly things,) he became reconciled or indifferent. In the green-room he found amusement; and sometimes, very rarely, was surprised by finding wit.

Treadwell's propensities induced a constant attendance, (after the honeymoon,) upon those scenes either before or behind the curtain, which his love of idleness had made habitual; and as he wrote prologues, epilogues, and puffs, for the managers, and performers, he was a free and welcome visiter. Spiffard, of course, made acquaintances among the players. He was found to be amusing; his voice was strong and flexible, and it was discovered that his ear was quick for music and mimicry. Thus he became transformed, by degrees, from the plain green-mountain rustic, to a knowing frequenter of the play-house; but still he shrunk from the contagion of the vice which too frequently congregates there. Two characteristics distinguished him from the mass of his companions, even more than talents; he never drank any thing but water, nor spoke any thing but truth. He had another singularity, he was as credulous as he was sincere. Time diminished this characteristic, but could not eradicate it.

In the mean time, although Squire Spiffard, of Spiffard-town, frequently wrote to his son, and mentioned his mother, as usual, as, "your mother sends her love, &c.;" yet the son was ignorant of what he most wished to know. He could not but hope that his father's patient and prudent conduct would produce the reformation he most desired. The father avoided the subject—how could he do otherwise? This one idea haunted the son, and he knew not how to gain the information he wished. He could only inquire after his mother's health; and the answer could only be "well," or "sick," "better," or "worse." At length, he accidentally met in the street one of his father's neighbours, who had come for the first time to Boston, and was gazing upon the wonders of the town open-mouthed.

Spiffard placed himself directly in his path, as he slowly moved, with head turned aside, and eyes fixed on the treasures of the shop-windows. The lord of an hundred acres, after almost stumbling over the young man, stared for a moment in his face, and then exclaimed, "Why, I'll be dang'd, if here is'n't little Zeb!" After scrutinizing him from head to foot, the yeoman exclaimed, "why, Zeb! why you're not the same; and yet you are the same, too. Taller and handsomer, and yet the same funny face. Well, Zeb, I seed your daddy and mam-

my, and all the boys and gals! And so here you be a fine town gentleman!"

After a hearty shake of the hand, our hero was glad to carry his friend to the solitude of his master's office; feeling a little prudent shyness, or false shame, in consequence of the loud and hearty greetings of his townsman.

Farmer Freeman, after examining the premises, expressed his admiration of Treadwell's book-cases. "Why, Zeb, what a power of books you've got! Arnt you afeerd, as the bible says, 'too much larning will make you mad?'"

"No fear of that, Mr. Freeman. And so—all the folks—come sit down; and so all is well at Spiffard-town?"

"Why, pretty middling; all stirrin."

"The town grows?"

"O aye, and the folks grow; but I don't know that they grow much better. Turner, the store-keeper, you know, jist there t'other side the church; why he has run off to Canada, they say, and took as many people in as he could: but there are two stores set up since. And would you believe it? Bill Tomkin's, your school-fellow, is married to Sally Bell; he's not nineteen yet, and she's sixteen next February; and his father is building a right smart house for him, not far from —."

"That's well! And how does *my* father look? Is he well?" Zeb did not dare to ask first after his mother's looks, though she was uppermost in his thoughts."

"Why the squire looks a little thinnish, I must say," was Freeman's reply. "He seems a little under the weather, somehow; and yet he's not sick. He looks as if he had been jaded like."

Zeb sighed. "And my mother?" hesitatingly he asked.

"Why she's more and more varysome:—one day pale, and another day red. I suppose its the natur of your old country complexions. And you know your mammy is changeful in her ways of acting and speaking too: sometimes mighty funny, and sometimes a little snappish, and grumlike. The neighbours do say—"

Zeb felt as if sinking through the floor. The farmer continued, "they think the squire's lady has never been herself since that old country chap with his dogs, and his fine lady wife lived among us."

Zeb lifted his head—breathed more freely—and Freeman went on with his gossip. "She looks a little queerlike, sometimes, and slamakin, and then her face grows fat, and her body grows thin, and then—"

"And the children?" asked the miserable son, hastily interrupting *that* of which he had heard but too much. "The children—they I hope are well?"

"Yes,—they are pretty so so—not hardy, though:—they don't look like my boys and gals; and the squire seems more and more fond of them; but somehow or another your mammy seems—" The yeoman paused, as if in want of a simile—and Zeb quickly changed the conversation, by abruptly inquiring what he had seen in Boston, giving him an invitation to his uncle's house, and making offers of service, with perfect sincerity and goodwill.

CHAPTER IX.

How to study Law.—A change of destination.

"It was about to speak when the cock crew,
And then it started like a guilty thing."—*Shakspeare.*

"To his trust grew stranger, being transported
And wrapt in secret studies.

"Der Mann muss hinaus
In's feindliche Leben,
Muss werken und streben—"—*Schiller.*

"By mine honour I will; and when I break that oath, let me turn monster."—*Shakspeare.*

Excerpts, as headings to chapters, have been sneered at. I am inclined to multiply them. If my reader passes them over, he will miss that which is worth more than the whole chapter following.

Mr. Thomas Treadwell abandoned his office so entirely, that after a time, no one thought of inquiring for him at that place; or at any other, on business connected with his profession: and Zeb mechanically opened the windows every morning, and habitually sat down to *his* books, without thought of courts, clients, or law. He was conscious that he was not in the path intended for him by his uncle, and consequently the course he was pursuing was wrong; but he was fascinated by the opportunity that was afforded him of gratifying his passion

for reading; and as long as no one interrupted it, he could not or would not, see the necessity for a change. His uncle had advised a course of history, and *belles lettres* reading, meaning, "when not employed in the study of legal science:"—Zeb followed his uncle's advice literally and industriously—neglecting the spirit and intent—and as no law reading was enjoined upon him by his master, he quieted his conscience by acting up to the letter of the instructions. He became a thorough historian and *belles lettres* scholar, as far as English and French authors could make him one. He partook of the Spanish, Italian, and German; and delighted to task himself in the Latin classics—his tasks becoming another source of mental improvement, another source of pleasure—for it is a law of the benevolent Creator, that perseverance in well-doing, although at first a task, shall become more and more a pleasure; knowledge increases the facilities of attaining knowledge, and "the appetite grows by that it feeds on."

Of all the authors read by Spiffard, no one was studied with so much pleasure as Shakspeare. The boy had early read him, (for Shakspeare was found at Spiffard town) but he now studied him and his commentators. His thoughts and language by degrees became in a measure imbued with the images and phraseology of the poet. It was only when in after time he was laughed at by his companions, that he was induced to relinquish a mode of expressing himself which appeared to some affected.

Mankind are not generally aware of the influence which one book, or one man, may have, and has had, on a nation or a world. Even those who cannot (or those who do not) read, hear the precepts of the author, sometimes quoted *as such*, oftentimes mingled unconsciously in ordinary conversation. The maxims of the Koran, the Vedah and the Shastah are mingled in the intercourse of every-day life, among their followers, as well as quoted from the desk or the pulpit; and the same or greater effect is produced by the Hebrew and Greek scriptures. So the popular poet or author sheds abroad a light upon society which in its effects is incalculable.

If the poet's precepts are poured forth year after year for ages from the stage, as are those of the "Swan of Avon," they make a part of the education of nations; they are mingled with the thoughts and words of all—influencing their passions and actions—they become instruments of illimitable power on the civilization and consequent well-being of man.

A shrewd and well educated person once said, "I went last

evening to see Othello, and I have been thinking ever since of the many beautiful passages which have been familiar to me from childhood, and which are to be found in that play."

Our hero became acquainted with all the beauties and defects of the mighty master. He read him, and heard him expounded. He studied him, and saw him illustrated. But of law—except the poetic law of the stagyrite—he was as ignorant as many other young gentlemen who read, or smoke, in lawyers' offices.

What was Uncle Abraham about all this time? Reading *his* favourite books, and indulging as much research into ancient literature, as a defective early education permitted. Still he entered into many speculative studies, and pursued them far beyond the reading of mere men of this world; and when he questioned his nephew on topics, little thought of by most young men, he was pleased to find him intelligent, inquiring, and in possession of knowledge uncommon for his age. At length, old Mr. Spiffard, the uncle, thought it time that Zeb should be prepared for his examination. He had passed nearly the number of years usual, and legally necessary, for reading law in the capital of Massachusetts. "I'll go to Mr. Treadwell's office, and talk the matter over with him, and with my nephew," said uncle Abraham. Accordingly, one day, as story-tellers have it, he appeared suddenly at the office, while Zeb was standing in the most approved attitude for delivering Marc Anthony's oration over the body of Julius Cæsar. The door had been left partly open, and his uncle entered, unperceived by the young orator, who was practising postures before a mirror; which, though only intended to aid Mr. Treadwell in adjusting a cravat, before making his appearance in court, or in the green-room, disclosed the graces of our hero's person and action, (imperfectly it is true,) and at the same time served to let him see that he had an admirer behind him. He was in circumstances similar to the ghost of Hamlet's father, about to speak "when the cock crew," but alas! he could not vanish. The uncle had been standing for a moment, before the young lawyer was aware that any other than his own eyes witnessed his *attitudemizing*. When he saw the reflection of Uncle Abraham, he dropt his outstretched arm, and looked like any thing rather than a hero.

"That's right," said the old gentleman; "I see that you are preparing yourself for public speaking. It is the sure road to wealth and honour in a republic."

The uncle certainly did not mean the same kind of public

speaking that occupied the mind of the nephew; but Zeb was relieved from his embarrassment by the train of thought which his preparation for enacting Marc Anthony had suggested; and his uncle proceeded to the business which had brought him to the office.

The result of Mr. Abraham Spiffard's inquiries was not so favourable to the belief of his nephew's progress in the acquisition of that knowledge, necessary for the orator of the Bar, the town-house, the general assembly, or hall of congress. His questions were answered with perfect frankness by Zeb, who through life never lost his relish for truth or pure water. The uncle was astonished that he had so long omitted those inquiries which now elicited the astounding fact that Treadwell had long neglected both his business and his pupil; who knew very little more of law, (particularly its practice,) than when he entered the office. The answer to one inquiry led to another, and the good old gentleman concluded his interrogatories by asking mildly, "Why, my son, did you not tell me all this?"

Zeb stood silent for some moments, before answering. Not that he wished to evade the question, but he wanted time to arrange his thoughts, like one of our Indians at a council-meeting; one of those men whom we call our red brethren, and shoot when they do not get out of our way, exactly at the time we wish to improve their lands for our profit, and plough up the bones of their forefathers, with as little ceremony as we do those of our own. Zeb was conscious that he had not been doing as his uncle intended; and that although he had not planned to deceive the worthy man, yet he had suffered him to deceive himself. After collecting his thoughts, Indian fashion, he replied with perfect ingenuousness:

"I take shame to myself, sir; I ought to have told you all this, and not waited till you questioned me. I have reasoned with myself repeatedly upon the subject, and my reason always told me that I was not employing my time as you intended that it should be employed. But this self-examination did not take place until in consequence of my teacher's neglect and the love I had imbibed for the study of general literature, a secret dislike—and afterwards to myself, an avowed determination had been formed not to devote myself to the profession of the law. To form such a resolution without consulting you, was wrong. Nay, I knew it to be wrong, at the time. But as every other study became more delightful to me, so, *that* for which I was placed here, became more and more disgusting. You appeared to be proud of my acquirements in languages

and literature, and I cheated myself into the belief, that, if I became a good scholar—a well informed man—and proved myself by my conduct a moral man, I might be permitted to choose some employment more congenial with my taste and feelings, than the dry and formal, or the uncertain, intricate, and oft-times disingenuous proceedings, connected with the transactions in our courts of justice. And I—I hoped—Yes, I will tell you all—that as you had avowed your determination to consider me in all things as your son, that you would permit me to travel, first in our country, and then in foreign lands, and thus to cultivate a knowledge of men, as well as of books, of manners, as well as science and literature—a knowledge which would enable me on my return to my dear native country, justly appreciating her institutions, to be an honour to you, a comfort and support to my parents, and to enter the lists as a candidate for office, with not only the desire, but the power to serve my countrymen—a power which should produce such effects as seemed to be the ultimate object you had in view for me—such effects as would meet your approbation, and justify the partiality you had evinced towards me."

The old gentleman was evidently agitated while his nephew poured forth this address. He took a chair, and sat down during its delivery with his eyes fixed on the floor, and his hat pulled over his brow: at its close he looked up, with some severity of aspect, and replied in a tone of unusual asperity, "So! knowing that by a life of industry I had accumulated a decent competency, you supposed that I would indulge you in a life of idleness?"

"O no, sir—"

The uncle would not be interrupted. "Your love of ingenuousness induced you to deceive me! You knew better, likewise, what my wishes were than I did myself! You thought it would be more to your advantage to visit France, Italy, and Germany, and be presented at the courts of foreign princes than to attend the courts of law in Massachusetts, and become familiar with the institutions of the country you are to reside in: now, I have served my country, and was supposed to be qualified to promote the happiness of those connected with me, or whose welfare had been entrusted to me; and *that* without foreign travelling or any other travelling. I have been content with this town—and this town has been content with me. I have lamented the deficiencies of my education, and hoped that by making you a scholar and a scientific lawyer, you would have been able to do more and better than I have done. I chose

a path for you, and supposed that you were following its course: but you have chosen another for yourself. Now, suppose I was to say, 'I have been deceived,—go! pursue your own course: I have done with you?' "

"I cannot suppose it, sir."

"Why not?"

"It is not like you. Besides, I did not plan to deceive you."

"You saw me cherishing an error, and did not undeceive me."

"I was wrong, sir—but I deceived myself. I believed that I was qualifying myself to become *that* which you most wished me to become. I would willingly believe it still. I have heard you complain of the drudgery you have gone through to acquire wealth, and lament that you had not devoted more time to the more ennobling studies. I never doubted that you wished me to profit by the means in your possession, to enter into a wider field of action and competition than you had necessarily been confined to—that you wished me to rise above the professional technicalities and every-day labour of the court and the office. I will believe still that my kind uncle—my more than father, will aid me in the path I shall choose, provided he shall be convinced that it is the path of honour."

"The path of the lawyer is a path of honour. He may build for himself a reputation which shall stand the assaults of envy or folly; but it must have its foundation in what you call the technicalities of the office, and the habit of every-day labour. That necessary habit you have not acquired. The foundation of honour is truth. If I should aid you to pursue the path you have preferred, and continue still to be a father to you, it will be after the conviction that you will not in future deceive another, or suffer another to deceive himself; and then make self-deception a plea, or an excuse for your conduct. I have confided in you—and I may say—" here the old man's voice faltered—"I have loved you, because I thought I discovered in you a rooted love of truth—I thought it was habitual in act as in word—I thought—"

The young man interrupted him, "Next to my love of the Author of all Good, is my love of truth. My fervent desire is to be habitually frank and sincere in all my intercourse with my fellow-creatures. I have now received a lesson never to be forgotten."

Mr. Spiffard was silent for a moment: his tone was changed, when he said: "I believe in the sincerity of your desire. The belief that such was ever your disposition, has made me a con-

fiding father to you. But the love of God, and of truth, must be shown by obedience to their laws in deed and word."

"Here, sir, before heaven—"

"No protestations, young man. Notwithstanding what has passed, and my bitter disappointment, I *will* confide in you—I *must* confide in you. If I thought that there had been a deliberate plan to deceive, confidence would have flown forever. We cannot believe at will. I intend that you shall be my heir: and as you have given me to know that you will not pursue the law as a profession, I will, inasmuch as you have arrived at an age beyond childhood, consult your wishes, and we will be determined as to the future by our cool consideration of the matter."

Zeb attempted to speak, but his voice failed him. Tears ran down his cheeks, and he sobbed aloud. Here ended this momentous conference. Uncle Spiffard soon after had an explanation with Mr. Thomas Treadwell, and Zeb was withdrawn from the *study of the law.*

CHAPTER X.

We return home.—Medicine and Theology in Vermont.

"Let us sit and mock the good housewife, Fortune, from her wheel, that her gifts may henceforth be bestowed equally."

"Fortune reigns in gifts of the world, not in the lineaments of nature."

"I never did repent of doing good, nor shall not now."
Shakspeare.

"One really does meet with characters that fiction would seem too bold in portraying. This original had an aversion to liquor, which amounted to abhorrence; being embittered by his regret at the mischiefs resulting from it to his friends."—*Mrs. Grant.*

Our hero had been between two and three years from under the paternal roof, and, strange as it may appear, had never visited the place of his nativity. One image, connected with home, haunted him. He saw it in the streets, in various shapes, and oft times followed its reeling and devious course, as the bewildered traveller follows the meteor which leads into the marsh or pool, its poisonous origin. This image banished

from his mind all pleasing associations belonging to the scenes of his childhood. It was an image of mourning and desolation. It amounted almost to a monomania, that literally grew with his growth, for he comprehended more and more the degradation of his mother, and the misery of his father, as his mind expanded. He shrunk from a nearer contemplation of the scenes his memory presented, or his imagination suggested. He dreaded the consequences of those too well remembered exhibitions in all their hideousness. A visit to his father's house when thought of, awakened an expectation of witnessing realities, which fancy conjured up to view, and reason forced him to anticipate. He even avoided speaking of home.

Zebediah Spiffard was now nearly nineteen years of age, and as tall as nature or circumstances permitted him ever to be. He had attained his growth sometime before, but had been shook somewhat nearer the common length of man by the fever and ague. His uncle in due time consented to his plan of travelling, and, the notion once adopted, the old man became anxious that his adopted son should be qualified to talk as loud of London and Paris, Vesuvius and Pompeii, Apollo and Venus, Raffaello and Corregio, and all the rest of it, as the sons of his neighbours; but recommended, however, a short delay, and a visit to his parents. Zeb felt and acknowledged the propriety of his uncle's recommendation, but assented with sad forebodings, and reluctantly prepared for a journey to Vermont, although his heart felt the yearnings of affection towards his unfortunate father.

Three winters and two summers had passed since leaving home, and now, in the month of May, (so bright and warm in Italy and Virginia, and so delightful in English poetry, although so cold and dreary in both old and new England) young Mr. Spiffard arrived safely at his native village of Spiffard-town, in the beautiful valley of Long-pond.

Spiffard-town had grown faster than our Zeb. Two new steeples decorated the hill, proving freedom, and, of course, diversity of opinion. No old church claiming infallibility and exclusive right of sway over the minds and actions of men, because it could trace its origin to the times of mental darkness, was here suffered to blast the seed or the growth of God's word, and man's happiness.

The melancholy thoughts which were suggested to the mind of our hero as he approached the place, were dissipated, by the air of improvement, and vigorous youth, that new houses, recently cleared fields, with all the signs of a thriving commu-

nity presented to his eyes as he rode to the stage-house, denominated the United States Hotel, and Spiffard-town Coffee House. Neither the house nor its master had ever been seen by him before, and unknowing and unknown he passed on to his father's residence, after seeing his baggage in the safe custody of the bar. As he approached the parental dwelling, he was struck by the external marks of premature decay. This strongly contrasted with the youthful freshness of the newly erected houses he had passed. They were neat and tastefully painted white, with green blinds. The neglect on his father's premises told a tale of sorrow. The white paint had not been renewed since he left the village, and the once cheerful face of home was spotted like an Indian with the leprosy, as if giving note of the diseased state of things within. The palings of the court-yard fence were broken, and the gate hung by one hinge. A pane of glass in one of the upper windows had been broken, and its place was supplied by an old white hat.

Every heart-sinking thought that had occurred to the sensitive youth during his journey, was revived, and rushed upon him with double force: the recollections of his boyhood came not as bright visions of past joy, but as images of loathsome realities—long detested, and oft banished—ever returning, and now mingled with misgivings increased at every step and by every object that met his view.

A cold rain added, (to the sufferings of his mind,) those physical achings, shiverings and chills, which must be taken into the account of the estimate of all mortal woe or weal, whether identified and specified or not; and as Spiffard-town was without pavements, the slippery rain-wet-clay, and occasional mud pits in his path, by no means cheered his walk or alleviated the gloom, within or without.

He passed through the disabled gate and pushed open the house-door, which had never been garnished by lock, and now had no latch. The old house-dog growled as he entered the street door, but the next moment wagged his tail, tried to look in his face with eyes covered by the film of old age, licked his hand, and whined a mournful note of recognition. But poor old Cato, like all that the youth had seen on his return to his native place, bore the marks of neglect and decay; and although his greetings were meant to be cordial, they took naught from the weight which oppressed the young man's heart. He turned into the well-known "keeping room," which appeared as if diminished to half its former size. Here he found the first human creature that had greeted him. In the first apart-

ment that he entered—the room where in days of yore he had mingled with the family in all domestic appliances, he saw a little girl, too young to be left unattended, who was sitting on the floor by the hearth, and near to the remains of a fire: she looked at him with a vacant stare, and said, whiningly, "Mama's in the bed-room."

This was his sister—his mother's youngest child. He bent down to kiss her, but was repulsed with an exclamation, "Go along! you are an ugly man! Don't come here again!"

"And where is your papa?"

"Gone for the doctor."

Poor Spiffard! he felt as though all his misgivings and surmises were realized. Hardly knowing what he did, the youth again attempted to kiss his sister, although her neglected appearance little tempted him to the act; he wanted to touch, in sympathy, some being to whom his blood had affinity—he could have wept upon the bosom of the child—but she turned from him with "Go along! You are ugly! Don't come here any more! They are all in the bed-room."

At this moment his father and the doctor entered. Spiffard saw that in less than three years his father had become an old man.

We will pass over the particulars of his reception by his unfortunate, kind-hearted father, and his interview with his wretched mother, who was sinking into the grave, mind and body exhausted, conscious of the cause of her own and her husband's misery—tortured by the fears of death, and an eternity for which she was little prepared. But a scene had passed in the young man's presence, previous to his meeting with the unhappy invalid, which we must briefly notice. Such scenes would be often repeated, if the medical men of our country towns, had, generally, the good sense and determined spirit of the physician who, as above mentioned, had been brought, by her husband, to visit Mrs. Spiffard.

The usual medical attendant upon the sick woman, was a young professor of the healing art, who dwelt in Spiffard-town, and had to establish himself in the world of Long-pond, by yielding to the whims of patients, nurses, and visiters, temporal and spiritual; but the person now introduced to the house, and not for the first time, was Dr. Woodward, a man of long established reputation for skill and knowledge, who lived near twenty miles off, and only came thus far when called on particular occasions. He had long attended the family of Spiffard, when the urgency of the case required his presence, and at all

times advised and directed the practice of the younger and resident physician.

Woodward was a rough-hewn yankee; a man of talents, study, and experience. Soon after entering the house, he had left the son and father together, and with the familiarity of an old acquaintance and veteran practitioner, licensed *so to do*, had gone into the chamber of the sick woman. Zeb and his father had scarcely exchanged those greetings the occasion required, and their feelings prompted; those inquiries on the son's part, respecting his father's and his mother's condition, had been but begun, (inquiries that were answered more fully by the son's presentiments than by the father's words,) before Woodward abruptly entered, and addressed Spiffard thus:

"I have told you, squire, before this, that those cursed varmint of croaking men and canting women are killing your wife. And now I tell you, once for all, that you needn't send for, or come for me again, unless you give me absolute power over the sick chamber and the patient."

"Why, what's the matter, Doctor?"

"Murder's the matter! murder! You promised me that no one should be allowed to disturb the poor critter. I told you that all the chance she had from my medicine was by keeping her mind quiet; and I told Dr. Chubs the same. But he's young, and thinks he musen't forbid that fellow coming with his bellows and furnace, because he has got a barn to preach in, and fools to groan with him. If she wants a clergyman, you have one at hand in Parson Wilford, who knows his duty to God and man, as far as I know."

"And have they taken advantage of my absence while going to call you? I ordered the nurse to admit no one."

"The room is full. That yellow-faced crow, Martin, who couldn't live by goose and cabbage, as a tailor, is howling like a wolf; and a wolf he is in sheep's clothing: and a dozen women are groaning and sobbing like a camp-meeting; while your wife lies frightened into hysterics, and will die—and quickly too, if not rescued from the philistines."

"I will be obeyed," said the husband; and was going—

"Stop!" said Woodward; "do you give me full powers?"

"Yes. Your orders *shall* be obeyed!"

"Then stay you here. I'll give them a touch of my practice."

Woodward again entered the sick woman's chamber. Spiffard stood like a statue, waiting the event. His father paced the room. A noise, like the confusion of a miniature Babel, as-

sailed their ears in every key (though not in every language,) that the human voice can be screwed to by passion. Woodward re-entered, literally dragging the yellow-faced crow—the preaching tailor, into the "keeping-room," by the collar of his coat, and followed by a mob of vociferous women. The physician, the captured crow, the nurse, and every female, young or old, protested, railed, exclaimed, squeaked, or shouted. Every voice was exerted to the utmost, and they were of every pitch and compass, from the commanding, deep-toned bass of the doctor, and the hoarse croaking of the crow, to the cracked treble of goody Stubs, the nurse. The tumult ceased a little, as some of the out-criers saw that a stranger was present.

"Have you no respect for my cloth?" said the tailor.

"Yes," said the physician, "when you are stitching it in the way of your vocation, and in your proper place, mounted on your shop-board; but none for you, or your cloth, when stuck up in a pulpit, you make it a covering for ignorance and knavery, or intrude your noisy fanaticism where peace and restare necessary to alleviate suffering."

"I give you warning!"

"And I again warn you not to interfere with my practice. When you spoiled my coat, I let it pass; but you shan't kill my patients."

"O, the blasphemous ruffian!" exclaimed a squeaking voice.

"I will save her precious soul!" cried the tailor.

"I'll maul your onprecious body, you croaking cormorant, if ever you intrude within my province again."

"I'll do my duty."

"And I'll do my duty, you carrion-crow, and prevent murder; which the sight of your yellow face, and the sound of your sepulchral voice has more than once caused, by terrifying the weak, and bringing despair to the convalescent. If you knew your duty, since you cannot cut the pattern of a pair of breeches without spoiling them, you would make yourself useful by cutting down trees, and ploughing up new land with a team of stout oxen; but you plough with other men's heifers, you philistine. You find it more pleasant to manage a flock of geese, whom you can pluck, than to wield one goose in the miserable garret you have exchanged for that barn, you call a tabernacle."

While speaking, Woodward kept fast hold of Martin's collar, and with a hand like a blacksmith's vice, and an arm of iron, had by this time dragged him from the keeping-room into the hall or entry; then thrusting him towards the street-door,

he continued, "When I give over my patients, which is no till death takes them out of my hands, then come and catterwaul over them if you like; but if I can prevent it, you shall not help to kill them—that's my business." He then returned, crying out to those who lagged, "Come! clear out, all of you! out! out with you!" he said, as he pushed the tailor's admirers to the door, "follow your leader!"

"Mr. Spiffard, do you suffer us to be turned out of your house?"

"Yes, neighbours, I desire you to leave the place for the present. You know that I have requested that—"

"No ceremony," said Woodward, "it is life or death. I go, or they go."

"You will repent this in fire and brimstone; in the bottomless"—

"Any where, Goody Crank, out of your company." The doctor having made a clear coast by putting the last of the visiters out, turned to the nurse, "Look ye, Mrs. Stubs, I gave you orders not to let that fellow and those women murder the person entrusted to your care, by frightening her into her coffin before you and I have done with her; and I now tell you, that if you permit any more of this infernal catterwauling where I have a patient, I will present you to the grand jury as a nuisance, if not an accessory in killing by torture—or murdering under false pretences."

"Mr. Doctor, I have too much feeling for the soul of—"

"Hold your tongue, woman! You are employed to take care of Mrs. Spiffard's body!—what do you know about people's souls? Ah! here comes one to whom I am willing to entrust my patients, body and soul."

At that moment a venerable man in a rusty black coat, over the collar of which descended his silver-white hair, was seen descending from one of those four-wheeled vehicles, since called dearborns. He entered without knocking, and with the courtesy of a gentleman, the bland air and cheerful countenance of an apostle of the religion of love, he saluted the Doctor and the elder Spiffard.

"You have had a numerous company I see by the many departing guests. Has any thing new occurred?"

"No, Mr. Wilford, the old story! Murdering my patients—taking my trade out of my hands. I am legally authorized to kill, and you have heaven's sanction and that of your own conscience, to preach peace to those I dismiss to a better world, if you find them fit for it; I am willing to practice with you, but

I am chafed when I see all I can do to help the sick, undone by ignorant impudent hypocrites."

"God only knows the heart, Doctor Woodward."

"But man can judge of the heart by the actions, Mr. Wilford. Now, there are no two critters on God's earth more dissimilar in most things, than you and I are: yet no man ever thought either of us a hypocrite. But whether that stay-tape-and-buckram-fellow, who has half the women of the country at his beck, is hypocrite or fanatic, he must not interfere with my patients. I can do my own business—ask the sexton, if you doubt it."

"You are severe upon neighbour Martin, Doctor. I fear you are intolerant in your religious creed."

"No, sir, I am in that, a disciple of Roger Williams and Harry Vane. Let every man worship his own way; I object not, provided he does not serve the devil. I call no one infidel or heretic for believing more or less than I believe; but I resist the despotism of man over the conscience, whether he be a tailor, a bishop, or a pope."

"May I let Mr. Wilford into Mrs. Spiffard's chamber, sir?" asked the nurse.

"Yes, Mrs. Stubs, he is a physician for the soul. However, remember, he don't want any female apothecaries to assist him. But first I will visit my patient, and do you attend me, and mind my directions."

Thus saying, the eccentric physician, attended by the nurse, retired, leaving the two Spiffards, father and son, with the venerable minister of the gospel of peace.

In the infinite variety of contrasts which the human family presents to view, no two characters can form a greater than we see in the enlightened and benevolent disciple of the christian religion, who sees in his God a father, and in his neighbour a brother, and one of those ignorant egotistical men who represent every one as an enemy to religion, and a child of perdition, who does not believe that the Author of all Good is in a state of eternal wrath with the creatures on whom he is showering every blessing. Mr. Wilford nursed the sick, (if his personal aid was needed,) soothed the suffering, instructed the ignorant, and engaged the wise in active plans of benevolence; not to promote an exclusive sect, or propagate exclusive doctrines, (for he opposed no doctrines but those which prohibited liberty of conscience,) but to spread that knowledge which teaches charity and forbearance towards others, with doubts of self, and confidence in God.

Happily truth must prevail. Those dangerous doctrines which enslave men politically under the mask of religion, are sinking into contempt and abhorrence with the tyrannies which supported them, and are supported by them. The struggle may yet be protracted, for with the tyrants of the earth, and their emissaries, it is a struggle for existence: but neither force nor art can prevail against knowledge which has gained the sanction of experience. Those monstrous errors which claim authority from an antiquity surrounded by the darkness of the middle ages, and stained with the crimes of murder, havoc, and massacre, inflicted upon those who saw a beam of light, and held fast to opinion for conscience sake—those errors, will be known hereafter only to raise the wonder of the hearer or reader, that such fatal absurdity could have existed.

CHAPTER XI.

We go to England, and what we did there.

"Reason and love keep little company together now a days."

"I can get no remedy against this consumption of the purse: borrowing only lingers and lingers it out; but the disease is incurable."

"Consent upon a sure foundation;
——— know our own estate,
How able such a work to undergo,
——— or else" we are
"Like one who draws the model of a house
Beyond his power to build it; who half through
Gives o'er, and leaves his part created cost
A naked subject to the weeping clouds,
And waste for churlish winter's tyranny."

"It is a figure in rhetoric, that drink being poured out of a cup into a glass, by filling the one, doth empty the other."

"Home-keeping youths have ever homely wits."

"Now worth this, and now worth nothing."

Shakspeare.

As we are writing the memoirs of Zebediah Spiffard, and not of his mother, we will be as brief as possible in all that remains to be said respecting this weak and unhappy woman.

It is generally acknowledged that there is considerable af-

finity between a man and his mother: and Zeb was not an exception to the rule—if rule it be. He was not only the son of his mother, but his mother's character and conduct propelled him through life—they were present to his imagination in every situation, to the day of his death.

The thoughts and images that passed through our hero's mind during the scene of his reception, were never erased. He found the state of his father's family worse than he could have imagined from any previous information that he had received. Of three sisters and a brother, the two elder girls (feeble and sickly) were at a distant school,—the boy was a cripple, and almost an idiot,—and the youngest girl was such as we have described above. During this visit, poor Spiffard received impressions, or rather renewed and strengthened those already received, which influenced his actions ever after.

Owing to the skill of Doctor Woodward, his mother became convalescent; but it was only a flattering ray of light on the darkness of her condition. Her constitution was undermined; her feeble body and feeble mind could not be sustained. There was no redeeming spring in either. However, it was during the season of hope and re-establishment, that the young man took leave of his father's house, and returned to Boston to make preparations for his European tour. His indulgent uncle furnished him with money and credit; and in due season, the green-mountain boy found himself in the great metropolis of the great nation which he claimed as the source from which himself and his ancestors issued. Relatives of his father, he knew of none. No trace of the noble family of Spiffards existed; but to his mother's father, residing in Lincolnshire, he bore letters; and after seeing the lions of London, he took the mail-coach for Stamford, and there found the house of his grandfather a scene of mourning and desolation.

His mother's second sister, Sophia, the beauty of the family, the pet and pride of her parents, had eloped with a titled libertine of fortune, one of the hereditary lawgivers of England, and was living in splendour in the great city her nephew had just left. In the lap of luxury, devoted to infamy, she was flattered by being the admired of depravity, though condemned to be the companion of libertinism and prostitution. Her fall and flight had murdered her mother. Her father, sinking to the grave, was supported in penurious gentility by the energy and industry of the youngest daughter, (who was a child when in America,) one who had been the neglected of her foolish pa-

rents, because plain in person, and retiring in manners; but who had cultivated a mind of quick perception so as to rear the fruit of filial piety; and was adorned by that knowledge and those virtues which shine brightest when the darkness of adversity falls on all around: like the good deed of the poet "in a naughty world." Such was Eliza Atherton.

Spiffard was not made acquainted with the fall of his aunt Sophia. He was told in such a manner, that they had lost Mrs. Atherton and Sophia, as to lead him to suppose both dead. Eliza said nothing on the subject; and her father was confined to a sick chamber. The young man felt that there was a mystery, but did not feel authorized to pry into it; he saw that his grandfather was in poverty; he admired his remaining aunt; and he did his duty.

The first thing our yankee water-drinker did, after leaving his grandfather and aunt, was to purchase a small annuity for the two lives, and transmit the necessary papers to them from London. This left him almost without funds, but he felt richer and happier for the transaction. Before visiting the European continent, he determined to await the answers he should receive from his uncle, to whom he communicated the particulars of his journey, and made him acquainted with the disposal of his funds, and the paucity of the trifle which yet remained to his credit, with the banker.

His passion for the theatre was indulged, and grew with indulgence. It was connected with his love of literature. It was a love for the drama, not for the playhouse. The desire to become an actor was revived. He had leisure to acquire those accomplishments so essential to the profession. He studied music, instrumental and vocal, assiduously; while the practice of the sword of every description, and of dancing, gave him that ease of deportment so necessary to those who aspire to please on the stage. Zeb's voice was powerful and of great compass. He became a first-rate burletta singer, and his accurate ear, by cultivation, led to taste and execution which few could rival. Always active and athletic, his skill in fencing and every sword exercise, was uncommon. Grace as a dancer he could not acquire, and nature had denied him stature for the heroic in tragedy, or beauty of form or face, to compensate the deficiency.

There was, at the time of which we are writing, and perhaps still is, a theatre for amateur performers, in the neighbourhood of Soho Square, to which Spiffard had been invited. Here he soon found a congenial spirit, in some respects, and became

intimate with him. This was Thomas Hilson, so well known in America for his histrionic talents. To Hilson, Spiffard communicated his desire to tread the stage for amusement, and Tom promised him a trial.

"What part shall it be?"

"Alexander the Great."

"Oh, no, no,—you are not up to that by a foot."

"Alexander was not tall."

"Always six feet on the stage. Suppose you try Scrub?"

Never was poor hero more cut down. By way of compromise, it was at length decided that he should play Young Norval, and appear as Caleb Quotem in the farce.

The important night came. Zeb exerted his heroics and pathetics manfully; he was very serious, and the audience very merry. At length he died, to the great relief of the company, who applauded long and loud. The mist which besets young actors on first appearances, and had enveloped Zeb's mental faculties, during the tragedy, was not fully dispelled, but he had an awkward kind of uncomfortable notion that all was not as it ought to be in his reception. Hilson assisted to prepare him for Caleb. The tragedians of the company complimented him on his success in Norval, with as much sincerity as if they belonged to a regular Theatre Royal. Hilson said nothing on the subject. The farce began, and if the audience laughed *at* the tragedy, they laughed ten times more *with* the comedy of the new performer. But when he gave the songs, the plaudits were so dissimilar from those Young Norval had received, that the mist was dispelled, and Zeb saw plainly that he was no tragedian—at least in the opinion of his auditors. He felt that his powers for creating merriment and delighting by song, were rapturously acknowledged by all. Hilson shook him by the hand, and without any of that paltry feeling which rivalry is supposed to generate among artists of all descriptions, welcomed the yankee as a brother, and true son of Thalia.

This was our hero's golden age—his days were *couleur de rose*, and the intoxication of applause rendered his nights, if not peaceful, yet pleasant. No other intoxication had charms for him. He drank water, to the astonishment of his male companions; and the ladies thought him utterly devoid of feeling. He never saw the preparations for riot or revelry, or witnessed its effects, without thinking of his father's house; or looked on the smiles which were meant to allure, but that the desolation he had witnessed at Stamford, was shadowed to his imagination. The egis of Minerva presented an image which

turned the beholder to stone. The images impressed upon Spiffard at home, and in Lincolnshire, made memory an ægis against the assaults of vice. The conduct of his grandfather and youngest aunt, in respect to the lost daughter and sister, had appeared mysterious to him, and although he had not pryed into that which they did not think fit to reveal, he, since, had recollected circumstances and words, which to his quick mind, told the tale of a sorrow worse than poverty or disease can inflict.

News from home was tardy in arriving. Spiffard's money was exhausted. His uncle's banker would advance no more. He found himself under the necessity of playing for bread, instead of playing for amusement. Once more he tried his tragic powers. He was permitted to appear at one of the great Theatres Royal, (not yet like all royals, shorn of their beams,) in Othello: but he was overwhelmed by an Iago of six feet. It was remembered that Garrick had declined Othello, for fear of being compared to a black pompey handing the tea-kettle, and that he had refused to play to Barry's Iago, thinking he might be said to bully the monument. Spiffard was condemned for want of height, by those who were in raptures at the physical and mental powers of the baby actors who wielded the broad-sword or bullied the towering Palmers, Popes, and Barrymores of the stage. Again the comic powers and the musical skill of our hero rescued him from utter failure, and he went down to the provincial theatres as a star, though not suffered to shine permanently in that heaven of the English theatrical system—London.

It is not my intention to follow our hero from Bath to Bristol, from Manchester to Liverpool. We are principally concerned in his adventures and his fate in America. We only wish to account for the uncommon success of a yankee green-mountain boy, on the metropolitan stage of New York, where we found him one of the principal low comedians, at the opening of our story, which we now hasten to pursue for the gratification of our impatient readers. But we shall have to show how his expected fortune vanished,—how he became permanently an actor, and the husband of the lady who made him as happy as he appeared to be at the commencement of our memoir, by the gift of her hand.

The first is a very short story, and the second not much longer. Most of my readers will remember how often hope has been disappointed; and many a Benedict will bear me out in the assertion that there are those who say they will live ba-

chelors, and only keep their promise—until they are married. Our hero feared the fate of his father: but no person on earth was less like his mother than Mrs. Trowbridge: the towering in person and thought, the high-minded, fire-eyed, black-browed Mrs. Trowbridge.

As to fortune, we Americans know that men become rich or poor as quickly as a scene changes at a theatre from a palace to a prison at the slap of a Harlequin's sword. Zeb's riches were only in expectancy; and such are of the least substantial kind. You, Mr. Broker, expected to make ten thousand dollars by the rise of stocks: they fell, and you lost what you never had. You, young gentleman, expected a fortune at the death of your father, and lo! he is a bankrupt. And you, Madam, the lovely mother of those two fine boys, though your husband possessed millions, you live to see them dependant—perhaps happily—on their own exertions for bread. Our heros' fortune was lost to him by the simple circumstance, that his good old uncle Abraham, who had deferred making that will which was to make his nephew rich, died unexpectedly, like a great many other old men, although every step he took might have warned him that he was tottering to the tomb. He died unexpectedly of apoplexy, though neither fat nor short-necked, and his property devolved on his brother. This would have been no source of grief to the right-minded Zebediah, if that brother (his father) could have been made happier thereby; but his mother, who had been partially restored to health by the skilful Doctor Woodward, and the benevolent Mr. Wilford, sunk under the loss of children who were the victims of her misconduct; and her husband lived but two weeks after her—just long enough to make him the legal heir of his brother, and thereby deprive his son of the inheritance. He had been induced to buy lands on credit, to a great amount, in a cold and barren northern region of the State of New York; he had borrowed money to a large amount on interest; his property had been so neglected of late years, that even the estate left by his brother was insufficient to satisfy his creditors; and his son, instead of being a man of independent fortune, was only an independent man. Independent he was, as he possessed youth, health, habits of temperance, and a profession for which he was well qualified.

When Mr. Thomas Apthorpe Cooper went to England in search of recruits for the New York theatre, his experienced eye and ear determined him to engage Spiffard, whom he found *starring it* at Liverpool. The success of the comedian was

great at New York, his love of tragedy led him to become an admirer of Mrs. Trowbridge. Her talents in her profession, her decided manner, her ready wit, added to her known approbation of his efforts as an actor, fixed him as a lover of the lady, and then,—but what need we say more, after saying that he was a lover? He was blind, and his blindness, added to a naturally confiding disposition, brought them to that precise situation in which we found them in the month of October, in the year eighteen hundred and eleven, when we introduced them to the reader.

Between the time of Spiffard's return to America, and his marriage, the manager of the New York theatre had sent out George Frederick Cooke, had come back to the United States himself, had enriched the theatrical world with Hilson—and many other events, in the real and mimic world, had occurred, of which we say nothing, and perhaps know as little as we say. We gladly return to the point at which we left the actors in our drama, and now pursue our story with as few deviations as the nature of the case (and the information necessary to be imparted to our readers) will permit.

CHAPTER XII.

We come back to the starting place—A scene behind the curtain.

"No epilogue, I pray you; for your play needs no excuse."

"This palpable-gross play hath well beguiled the heavy gait of night."

"As I do live by food, I met a fool."

"Call me not fool till heaven hath sent me fortune."

"Since the little wit that fools have, was silenced, the little foolery that wise men have, makes a great noise."

"O this learning, what a thing it is!"—*Shakspeare.*

A HOPELESS task is before us. We have a long tale to tell, and no chance, that we yet see, of introducing any duke, marquis, earl, baron, or even knight, into our pages. True, even princes have travelled through our republican land, and

other worthies, from dukes to M. P's. but we never fell in with them. We had no dinners to give, nor palaces to show. And in truth, we felt ashamed of our fellow-citizens, when we saw them running after, courting, and cringing, to creatures, merely because exalted by institutions whose injustice they, (as well as every other well-informed man,) abhor. We fear, gentle reader, that our story must depend upon its moral worth, and the interest it may create, without any showing-off of the higher orders of European society. We have not even a colonel or a captain to help us; that is, one who is a hireling in a monarch's service. As to an officer who only serves God and his country—pah! we might as well talk of a police officer. We shall speak of as many foreigners as natives, and represent them as we find them; good and bad, like ourselves; but all untitled. It is a curious fact, that the greatest and best foreigner that ever visited America, abjured the title inherited from his ancestors: keeping that, he had earned in defence of the rights of man.

It was in the evening of that same day, in October, 1811, which we have chosen as the time of commencing this history, and near upon the stroke of six, by the clock of St. Paul's chapel, that two inferior actors in life's drama (and ours,) sat earnestly conversing in the dressing-room appropriated to George Frederick Cooke, up the stairs formerly described, in the rear of the Park Theatre. These members of my dramatis personæ were, the one, a tall, raw-boned, pale, native of Massachusetts, who having been in London and Paris, and often speaking of his perils by land and water, was called by the inmates of the theatre, "the Yankee traveller"—by himself, Mr. Cooke's *valet de sham*. The other, a short, square, red-faced, Hibernian, who had found his way from Dublin to the new world, in the capacity of a hair-dresser, was at this time a naturalized citizen, and entertained no doubts but America would soon, as it ought, be governed by the "ould country folk" from Ireland.

We have slightly noticed these persons before, but they are deserving of a more formal introduction to the reader of this tragi-comic-historical-memoir: tragi-comic because natural; for unmingled mirth or sorrow is not of this world.

The "Yankee traveller" had made a successful voyage to the West Indies, and in the true spirit of enterprise, had followed up his success, by investing all the proceeds of his sales (of wooden ware,) in oranges; and shipping them, with himself as supercargo, for London. The "venture" failed. Trustworthy Davenport found himself, as he used to say, "tarnationly swampt." The oranges having proved more liable to the

wet-rot, than any wooden vessel is to the dry. The oranges were damaged irrecoverably—utterly spoiled—and Trusty, as we may call him for brevity, was left nearly pennyless in the great money-craving world of London.

Nothing daunted, he found his way to the American consul, where he fortunately met Thomas A. Cooper, the *then* American Roscius. Cooper hearing him tell his story with all the real straight-forwardness and apparent twistification of an unsophisticated Yankee, was pleased; and induced him to engage as his waiter. Trusty asserting that he would not call himself any man's *servant*, except "at the bottom of a letter."

The young tragedian was at this time negotiating with Cooke, the older hero of the buskin, who, by rare management, he sent out to America; and he attached the "Yankee traveller" to George Frederick, as a safe-guard to the eccentric histrion, and as an assistant in the plan of transporting him to a new stage, for the exhibition of his rare talents.

There was one stipulation insisted upon by Trusty, before closing his engagement with the manager, which caused some delay. The "Yankee traveller" proposed that he should be furnished with money in advance, and permitted to go to Paris, before returning home. To this the manager objected.

"Advance money to a stranger! no, no, Jonathan."

"If you can't trust me, you'd better not employ me. I don't want much. I'll walk all the way, after crossing the channel."

"What do you want to go there for?"

"To see Bonaparte."

To this Cooper raised many objections, but Trusty vowed and *swan'd* that he had not come so far for nothing; "and he might as well see nothing, as not see the man all the world was talking about."

The whimsical character of Trusty so pleased the manager, that after having examined, like a man of business, into the traveller's former trading affairs, and found his story correct to the letter, he struck the bargain, furnished him with money to travel on foot to Paris, and back to London, with a little stock "to trade on;" and, as Trusty was just now telling Dennis, he "made more by a speculation in teeth and hair, than he had lost by his rotten oranges.

Dennis O'Dogherty was as little like Trustworthy Davenport, as Ireland is to Massachusetts; but he had succeeded admirably in gaining for himself the snug and profitable occupation of dressing the hair of the male actors, and manufactur-

ing wigs for both sexes, (Trusty supplying the raw material;) besides furnishing soap, candles, and flour, for cleansing and fitting for public inspection, those important personages who represent the "reverend, grave, and potent signors," before whom Othello pleads his cause; the masters of the world, as Rome's senators; or the four and twenty champions of the red rose and the white, who decide the fate of kings on the bloody fields of Tewksbury, and Bosworth; those heroes on whose marchings and countermarchings, crowns and thrones and empires halt or hang.

Such were the two worthies who now occupied Mr. Cooke's dressing-room, and wondered that he did not make his appearance, as he had to *begin the play*, in the character of Penruddock, and the time of *ringing up* had almost arrived.

Spiffard, who played Weazle, occupied a dressing-room in common with Tyler, over that tenanted by Cooke, had just been down, ready drest for his part, to enquire if Mr. Cooke had come, or been heard from. The answer was in the negative; and Spiffard, after despatching a messenger for the manager, retired to his room, leaving the Yankee and Hibernian to resume their colloquy.

"I'm thinking," said Dennis, "there's about to be a bother to-night, Mr. Devilsport."

"Davenport—my name's Davenport, Mr. Doghearty."

"Sure, that's what I said: and I'm thinking there will be no play to-night, if they can't play the play widout Mister Cooke —for here lies his wig, and there hangs his coat. May be, they can play the play widout Penruddock?"

"That would be sufficiently difficult in my opinion. Something like enacting Richard the Third, without the Duke of Gloster."

"Why, what has the Duke of Gloster to do with it?"

"Mr. Doghearty, they are one and the same person. Richard is Duke of Gloster before he is King Richard the Third."

"You seem to understand these things, Mr. Devilsport?"

"Davenport, if you please. I have been but too much attached to the Dramma." Trustworthy had not studied Walker's orthoepy.

"That's jist my case; but fait it's a bad practice, any how. But suppose we send over the way for a little brandy; or as we are alone, we will toss up which shall send t'other."

"I never drink any thing stronger than switchel. I swan'd it with a bible oath."

"I thought you said you were fond of the dram?"

"Dram? O, the dramma! that's dramatic literature—plays and acting—poets and histrions."

"Sure I'm bother'd. I know nothing of history, only the history of St. Patrick, and Bryan O'Neil."

"You don't read much then?"

"It's not the fashion wid us. The priest reads for us, and that saves a mighty deal of trouble; but I'm still bother'd" said Dennis, "about your saying you loved the dram."

"The dramma, Dennis, the dramma,—the art dramatic and histrionic; histrion means player or actor. I have talent for the stage, myself,—I could act, but somehow or another I don't like to have such folks as I see in the gallery, or the pit sometimes, and *always* in the upper boxes, put in power to hiss or clap me, when I can't get at them to give them my hand in return, if I think them saucy. But to please a friend, I can enact a tragedy-part to the life. Did you ever hear me take off Mr. Cooke? Just give me his wig, and I'll put on his coat, and give you Penruddock to a T. I'll show you that I could be his substitute."

Dennis assisted the actor. "By the powers, but the wig is the thing, after all!"

"The wig fits very well, but the coat is not long enough, especially in the sleeves. Now for one of his grand croaks."

While the yankee traveller was exerting himself, to the great edification of Dennis, braying in discordant tones, which he thought an imitation of Cooke, Spiffard again descended from his dressing-room, to inquire for the veteran tragedian, and met Cooper ascending from the green-room, on the same quest.

"Has he come?"

"I think I hear him;—yes, he is rehearsing. Let us go in and see what state the old man is in."

"Bad enough, by the sound of his voice," said the manager.

They entered, much to the discomfiture of the traveller and his hibernian admirer. Davenport stood towering, six feet two inches, at his utmost height, with his enormous long arms outstretched, his bony wrists, as well as fists, thrust several inches beyond the cuffs of Penruddock's coat, which was ludicrously projecting, its square skirts; not much below his hips the wig but partly covering his stubborn bristly hair, gave as grotesque an appearance to his sallow face, as the coat imparted to his gigantic figure. The expression of the detected hero's countenance, between surprise, shame, and archness, was so comi-

cally equivocal, that it produced an effect on Spiffard more allied to mirth, than any sensation he had felt for some days past. The Manager's disappointment at not finding Cooke, and his chagrin at the consequences which his imagination presented as likely to occur from the absence of the veteran at this critical moment, caused a burst of angry words on the traveller, whose change from the heroic action, was a sheepish attempt to crouch his long figure behind the short, square form, of the Irishman.

"What are you about, you awkward booby?"

Trusty made no answer, but Dennis undertook his excuse.

"O, Mister Cooper, sir, don't be angry with Mister Devilsport, he's only preparing himself to be Mister Cooke's prostitute."

The ludicrous now prevailed. With another exclamation, which was more than half smothered by a laugh, the Manager abruptly turned from the place to go in search of the incorrigible truant. We need not say that the travelling yankee soon doffed his borrowed feathers. Cooper found Cooke at Hodgkinson's public house, with an empty decanter before him, and was received with, "Ah, Tom!—let's have another bottle."

With great difficulty, the intended representative of Penruddock was removed to the theatre, and prevailed upon to suffer Dennis and Davenport to array him for the character which he was utterly incompetent to perform. Cooper determined to let him begin the play, as the time of commencement was already past, and retired to his room to dress for the part, and wait the determination of the audience.

The play had been long delayed, the gallery had long been uproarious, and the pit had become noisy. All the time-out-of-mind overtures had been played, and apologies offered, until the house would hear no more. Cooke was conducted to the scene of action, and mounted, by the aid of Trusty, Dennis, and Concklin, the head-carpenter, upon a platform behind the "cottage scene," through the window of which he was first to speak to Weazle.

"Is all ready behind?" asked Oliff, the unintelligible prompter.

"No, sir!" shouted Cooke. "What do you mean by placing me here, with my back to the audience?"

"The audience are there, sir," said Concklin.

"There, sir! Where, sir?"

"There, Mr. Cooke, in front."

"In front, you yankee scoundrel, I know they are in front, but the front is there, sir," pointing to Theatre Alley. "Do you pretend to tell me where the front is! Me! George Frederick Cooke,—tell me, sir! that have fronted the audience of the British metropolis, and the Majesty of Britain;—would you tell me when and where to face an audience? Change the scene, sir, put it here!" and he turned his back upon the prosc enium.

"But, Mr. Cooke—"

"Don't speak to me, sir!"

"Mr. Cooke is right!" said Trustworthy Davenport.

"Ha! are you there, little goodfellow?"

"Mr. Cooke is right!" repeated Davenport.

"To be sure I am! Am I to be taught my O. P.'s and P. S.'s by a block of a carpenter?"

"I'll change the scene, Mr. Concklin," said Trusty; "please, sir, to stand still, as the platform is unsteady—steady, sir." And suddenly seizing Cooke in his long arms, he lifted him from his feet, and whirling him round with the velocity of a *teetotum*, replaced him on the platform as he was before; at the same time shaking the scene, Trusty cried, "There, sir, now all is changed, the audience are where they ought to be. Don't you hear them, sir?"

"To be sure I do. Very well, my good fellow,—I knew they were there. Prompter! all's ready."

The curtain rose. The first scene passed off without any disclosure of the grave Penruddock's most unsteady state, as he spoke through a window, and was supported by his *aids* on the platform; but as the play proceeded, Penruddock "stuck." Mr. Cooke's old complaint was pleaded, and the manager being ready, was joyfully received by the audience as the *substitute*, instead of Trustworthy Davenport.

In the course of this evening's entertainment at the theatre, Spiffard, on going to the door of the dressing-room occupied by his wife, and her mother, with intent to speak through the key-hole to Mrs. Spiffard, (for such was the etiquette of the house, and is, of course, the custom of all well-regulated theatres,) as he approached the door, saw the female dresser coming up stairs bearing something of most suspicious appearance. The woman knocked at the door, and before she could be answered, he asked "Who is that for?" "Mrs. Spiffard, sir."

This moment was decisive of his future peace. The first

impulse was to dash the hated object to the floor. The next moment caused hesitation; and reason came to his aid. He turned, sorrowing from the door, before the knock of the dresser could be answered, and supporting himself by the balusters, he slowly gained his room, and sunk in a chair, hopeless and tortured by images, to him, of the most distressing nature. We will not attempt to depict the misery of this ill-fated young man, who felt himself the doomed victim of that vice in another, which of all vices, he most abhorred.

He had previously engaged himself for the next day to a dining party at Cato's, and had agreed to be the companion of Cooke to the spot appointed. He willingly fulfilled the engagement—it took him from home. In the next chapter we will accompany them.

CHAPTER XIII.

A walk out of town.

"I can easier teach twenty what were good to be done, than to be one of the twenty to follow mine own teaching."—*Shakspeare.*

"Twenty more, kill them too."—*Ben. Johnson.*

"These lies are like the father that begets them.'

"I'll after him, and see the event of this."

"Wit, and't be thy will, put me into good fooling."

"I knew ye, as well as he that made ye."

"Sack, two gallons, 5s. 8d.—Bread, a halfpenny."—*Shakspeare.*

"Bring forth the amreeta cup! * * *
Thus have I triumph'd over death and fate! * * *
And to his lips he rais'd the fatal bowl. * * *
The dreadful liquor works the will of fate."—*Southey.*

Spiffard found the veteran waiting for him, in full spirits, and seemingly none the worse, at least to a casual observer, for the excesses of yesterday. The colour of his cheeks was

a little heightened, but his skin, otherwise gave no indication of intemperance. There was, however, a something in the expression of his eye, that rivetted Spiffard's attention. He had noted it before, and it brought to him recollections of his childhood, but not of its joys. To-day, there was a brilliancy, a sparkling lustre in the dark grey iris, (almost converted to black by the expansion of the pupil,) that arrested the eye of Spiffard, and although it brought the sharpest pain to his breast, by the mournful images recalled of what he had seen at home, without understanding then the meaning of the appearance; yet, even this pain and these reminiscences, attached him the more to his aged companion by a species of fascination.

Cooke had slept a death-like sleep after the excess of the preceding day, and the exertions of the evening at the theatre; and although he awoke with feverish symptoms, they were only such as seemed, to him, to require drink, and that of no feeble character. He had taken a bottle of brown-stout with his breakfast, or rather for his breakfast, it being in the toper's creed both meat and drink, and bread was as little in demand with him as with Falstaff.

Remembering his engagement to dine at Cato's, he had been in good time dressed for the occasion, and then taking a glass of *stiff* brandy and water, he awaited his young companion with all the gaiety of renewed youth. Thus is the path to ruin strewed with seeming flowers.

It may be observed, of the unhappy subjects to habitual ebriety, that they have intervals free from delusion, during which rational conduct is continued, for a longer or shorter period, according to the circumstances in which the person is placed. When the desire for the unnatural excitement occurs, and is yielded to, it grows by what it feeds on, for a time, and the victim of depraved appetite, glorying in his shame, goes on from one stage of disease to another, each one rising above the preceding, in symptoms of madness;—madness, hailed as health, until nature fails, and the degraded being sinks, crying for aid to the physician or the friend, to save him from the yawning grave he suddenly sees open before him; or the racking pains which awakened reason, tells him are the fruits of misconduct, and the precursors of death. Then comes that pitiful repentance which knows not amendment, and that forced abstinence, in which is no merit. Cooke was at this time approaching the pitiable state above described, and had attained its immediate fore-runner, that stage of the self-inflicted dis-

ease, when the physical powers are screwed up to an unnatural height, and the victim, notwithstanding repeated experience, seems to feel assured that the poisoned cup contains the draught that secures bliss and immortality—the "ambrosia cup" of eternal happiness.

"Ha, my boy! Here I am! ready and waiting for you."

"Have you sent for a coach, sir?"

"A coach! No. We will walk. I delight in walking. Many a time have I left my lodgings, and rambled down to Wapping, enjoying the scenes of that lower world, and then along the Thames to Greenwich, and back again on that side of the river."

"But do you know, sir, that it is four or five miles to Cato's?"

"That's nothing! Ha! Some of my pleasantest days have been passed in walking from morning till night in the environs of London, when I could escape from the accursed enchanted castle of Covent Garden and its keeper, the giant 'Black Jack.' O, how I have enjoyed myself in a solitary walk up Oxford street to Tyburn, through the Parks, or to Richmond Hill! At other times, it has been my whim to ramble among the sailors and watermen down the river, either holding myself aloof, and scanning the creatures I passed or mingling with the motley head, and enjoying my obscurity. We great men," he added, "relish an incognito."

Thus commenced the walk to Cato's. The reader will hold in mind, that at the time of which we write, this great city of New York had no claim to that title from its size. None of those magnificent streets, called avenues, existed. And excepting the great commercial highways of river and ocean, there were but two outlets from the town. One of these, and the most frequented, our pedestrians followed, passing up Broadway, then turning into the Bowery, and taking the old Boston road where it diverges to the right at what was then the United States arsenal, now the House of Refuge, a blessed institution! where a system of education and reform, for children of both sexes, is in successful operation, by which hundreds are restored to society as useful members, who had been abandoned by ill fortune or bad parents, to vice and beggary. A more touching exhibition than three hundred pretty and well-dressed children rescued from destruction, and joining in hymns of thankfulness to their Creator, seldom falls to the lot of any one to see.

Without a cessation of interesting conversation or lively chat, kept up by artificial excitement on one part, and on the

other by the animation which exercise in the open air imparts to youth and health, they were passing Kip's Bay, when Spiffard called the attention of his companion to the scenery on their right,—to Long Island and the waters dividing it from Manhattan,—alluding to the history connected with the spot.

"Kip's Bay," said the veteran. "Ah! here we landed after crossing from yonder shore. Ha! how the Yankee-doodles scampered when they saw our boats approach. They remembered the day before, when they attempted to make a stand upon the heights of Brooklyn. If Sir William Howe had followed up, as he ought, where would have been your republic now? *I!* I myself, was in full pursuit of Washington when a retreat was sounded. I should have *had* him, and then the war would have been at an end! I should have been gazetted, 'Lieutenant Cooke, of the 55th, has put an end to the American rebellion, by seizing with his own hand, that arch rebel, George Washington.' George—named by his loyal father, after the royal house of Hanover. All the jacobites of England called their sons Charles, and Charles Edward: the adherents to the Hanoverian dynasty, named theirs George, and George Frederick. My father, a captain of dragoons in the service of his sacred majesty, George the Second, bestowed on me, unworthy, the glorious appellation of George Frederick; and I have served my royal master, George the Third, faithfully. Accursed be General Sir William Howe, that I did not send the traitor Washington to London, to be dealt with according to his deserts, and the will of my gracious sovereign."

Thus did the excited romancer pour forth a stream of words at the suggestion of his heated imagination.

The reader who is acquainted with the ground in the vicinity of New-York, and the shores of that water which divides the lesser island and its city, from the greater and more fertile, stretching south to the ocean, and north to the land of steady habits, will perhaps recollect that at the period of which we speak, most of the houses standing between the old road and the east river were not in existence. Still, as the road runs through a hollow, the water was scarcely discernible from it. "Let us leave the road, and ascend those higher grounds," said Cooke. Spiffard willingly assented, as he wished the internal exciting causes, which existed with his companion, diminished by time and exercise, before they should join the company with whom they had engaged to dine.

They accordingly turned from the road toward the river; passing into a meadow through a gap in the fence. After

crossing several enclosures, as they approached the water, they gained an eminence crowned by a flat rock. From this point they looked down upon the bay or cove, which takes its name from the former owner of the land surrounding it—"Kip's Bay."

A more lovely landscape of the half marine kind is seldom seen, than that our pedestrians might now enjoy. On their left, the eye passing over a portion of a pleasure-ground, (whose foliage glittered in all the colours of the rainbow,) fell on the calm water of the river, scarcely moved but by the eddies of a tide-propelled current, and divided in the midst, between the two larger islands, by the point of the islet called Blackwell's, and the rocks in which it terminates; black dots on the surface of the stream, marking the division of the main channel to the pilots, whose white sails were seen on either side. To the right might be seen a portion of the city, (not as now encroaching on the great bay; not as now stretching eastward beyond the Navy Yard, with its towering masts and close-housed line of battle-ships,) and the opposite fast growing town (now city) of Brooklyn. Immediately opposite to the wayfarers, two *reaches* or bends of a small serpentine river were visible, dividing the meadows and groves of Long Island, and flowing to the sea-water of the bay. The swelling hills with their gardens, orchards, and cultivated fields, terminated the view.

"Aha!" cried Cooke, when he had mounted the rock; "Aha!" I see the whole of it now. Yes, sirr, down there to the right, beyond the rocky and precipitous shore, is the bottom of the bay where we landed. The wharf which you see was not there then. But that rock, further south, afforded us a fine shelter, if we had wanted shelter; but your Yankees did not even wait until we were with within gun-shot distance: and see that causey—that, too, is recent; we had to charge through that marsh, knee-deep in mud and water."

Thus, combining images which were before his eyes, with historical recollections from his reading, and the creations of his excited imagination, the old man indulged his romancing vein, to the astonishment of his almost bewildered companion; who, finding that he paused, remarked, "It has always been granted that General Washington displayed great skill in bringing off his undisciplined, discouraged, and defeated troops from the opposite shore, and with so little loss landing them on this island in the presence of a superior enemy—an enemy boasting the proud title of the mistress of the sea."

"Yes, sirr! he showed as great alacrity in running as Fat

Jack did in sinking. Sir, I shot his horse, and was advancing to seize him, but to my surprise he sprung on his feet, and with his long legs he soon distanced me. Long legs are the distinguishing marks of a Yankee."

"And long arms," added a voice close to the ear of the actor. They turned, and saw a man of towering stature, who had come from a field (by the side of, and below the rock on which they stood,) where he had been digging potatoes. He had approached unnoticed, with a well-filled basket hanging on his arm, and his spade musket-wise on his right shoulder. It is probable this personage would have passed on below the stand our pedestrians had taken; but attracted by Cooke's loud harsh voice, and without being kept aloof by any repelling sense of decency, (or perhaps thinking that what was uttered aloud in so public a place, belonged to, or was intended for the public,) he heard the words without stopping to listen, and felt disposed to retort when the disparaging description of the distinguishing marks of a Yankee struck his ear.

This interloper was as much above the Englishman's height as Spiffard was below it, and stood at least six feet two inches, as erect as a hemlock tree. His age was about fifty-five; his iron-grey locks peeped from under a slouched hat that had once been white. He wore no coat. His cloth waistcoat was open in front, and showed a clean coarse white homespun shirt, which, tucked up at the sleeves, and open at the collar, displayed arms and neck that might vie with a Grecian Hercules or an Irish hod-carrier. His lower extremities were furnished forth with woollen pantaloons and clumsy shoes, tied with strings of black worsted. His whole appearance was that of an independent American yeoman.

There can be no doubt that our countrymen are a taller race than the European family from which they sprung. They have a national physiognomy, more resembling the English than any other people, yet marked by a distinct character. This man's face was long; the muscles full and strongly marked. His eyes were small, and expressive of humour: his nose broad and straight; his mouth large; his lips thick; teeth irregular, and chin full. His complexion was a brown yellow, which only glowed faintly with red when he laughed, and that was not unfrequent.

Cooke eyed this giant from top to toe, and then said—"But at the battle of Brooklyn, if battle it may be called, they made better use of their legs than their arms."

"We had to learn how to use our arms then; our legs had been taught their exercise before."

"Were you among the rabble-rout who fled at the sight of the Union flag of Britain, and scarlet livery of your king?"

Spiffard, who although amused by the rhapsodies of his companion, was pained by the consciousness of the cause, and had constrainedly kept up his part in the colloquy, was glad to find that he might now become merely a listener to a dialogue between two characters so opposite as the loyal representative of Richard and Iago, on one part; and a rough republican tiller of Indian corn and buckwheat, on the other.

"I'll tell you what," said the yeoman, "we found that the red coats were getting between us and the town, and that our Lord Sterling as they called him,—what had we to do with Lords?—knew no more of manœuvering than we did; so we thought we had better save ourselves for another opportunity, and learn to handle our tools before we commenced the business of fighting."

"'The better part of valour is discretion.' You were right to run when you were over *there*, at Brooklyn, but here at Kip's Bay, you had nothing to do but stand fast and shoot our men as they approached, cooped up in their boats, and exposed where every shot must have told. What did you run for, then? There was no manœuvering here. Your hero, your Washington, got you out of the scrape the night before, and very cleverly, to give the devil his due,—though, if Sir William Howe had done his duty, you would all have been prisoners, and sent home to be hanged as rebels; but your commander saved you during the night, while Howe kept aloof, *why*, no one knows."

"Perhaps discretion kept him at a distance;—that 'better part of valour' you talked of."

"What should have taught him that discretion, with regular troops at his back, and raw yankees in front?"

"Mayhap he remembered that he and *them* same rig'lars had been at Bunker's Hill a short time before."

"Why, there is something in that," whispered Cooke, looking over his shoulder at Spiffard, who enjoyed the farmer's retort. "But," he continued, raising his voice, "we showed no discretion when we crossed here in open boats, huddled together, so that you might have shot us like black birds, or pigeons, or any other defenceless animals, who congregate in crowds, and sit still to be murdered; but you trusted to your legs again, and again Washington (and running) saved you."

"My friend, you seem to know a considerable of that time; where might you have been?"

"Lieutenant Cooke, of the fifty-fifth was in the foremost boat, and the first to land. I am the man!"

"I never heard of you before; but you are not the only hero who has been obliged to sound his own trumpet; and I don't like you the less for having been one of the niggiars of that day, especially as it's all over a long time, and as I know that though you landed in the summer of seventy-six, those that were left of you, embarked from the same little island in the fall of eighty-three. So, if you, and this little quiet gentleman, will just turn in here," and he threw open the gate of a fence a little below the height on which they had been parleying, "and go to my house, we'll fight over all our battles again, while we wash down enmity with either cider or whiskey, or brandy, as you like best,—I don't keep wine, only currant, home-made."

"That I will, with all my heart!" said the tragedian, and down from the rock he hastened, by the side of the hospitable farmer. Spiffard followed, mournfully, for he foresaw in the invitation, an increase of mischief.

They entered a neat two-story wooden house, which fronted the water, and had the hill as a shelter from the northern blasts. All was comfortable within. The good woman sat knitting yarn stockings for her long-legged husband; and two pretty girls, her daughters, were busied in preparing habiliments of finer material, and more urbanity, for themselves. The matron was portly, and the household duties of the morning having been performed, she was dressed, as if she expected company, in the seemly sort befitting her age and station. Her round, good-natured face was bordered by a neat cap, which was tied under her chin. Her gown of calico, and apron of white linen, pure as snow, new fallen, corresponded with the well-starched kerchief that rose from the shoulder to the cheek. She looked like the fitting wife of the substantial yeoman. The girls had more pretension in dress and appearance, as might be expected from their youth and the encroachments of the city. In fact, they emulated the style of young ladies, and would, if they dared, have protested against the rough guise, the basket, spade, and naked arms of their father, who shouted on entering, "Mother! I have brought these gentlemen in, to take a drink after a long walk."

"I'm glad to see them. Chairs, girls! From town, gentlemen?"

"Yes, madam."

"Come, stir your stumps, girls!" said the father. "Some cool water from the well; put down your trinkum trankums, and take the pitcher, bring tumblers, and mother, turn out the cider, the brandy, the whiskey, and your oldest currant wine."

All was soon before them. Cooke took his grog, nothing loth, and Spiffard a glass of water. The farmer was pouring out for himself, and without taking his eye from the glass, "Wife," said he, "what do you think? This old gentleman says he made me run in the year seventy-six, when I was sodgering over there at Brooklyn."

"Like enough," said the dame, laughing, "I never believed half the stories you have told me of your fights with the red coats."

"Thank you for that, mistress."

"Was this gentleman among the British then?"

"Yes. He was a gay young officer when I carried a musket in Sterling's brigade. He says we run like heroes."

"Ay, that ye did," shouted Cooke, who had already swallowed a second glass of the stiffest brandy and water, "that ye did, and your General with you, your Washington, I was close upon him, I had nearly caught him—"

"But you *didn't*."

"No, he was too quick at retreat."

"You should have sprinkled some salt on him—fresh salt, the boys say. When you would catch an old bird, sprinkle some fresh salt on his tail. My sarvice to you."

Cooke looked astounded. He drew himself up with all the assumption of offended dignity, while he shot from his overhanging eyelids glances that were intended to awe the rustic. "Sir!" he began, but the ludicrous image suggested by his blunt host, with the consciousness that he was playing the braggart, overcame his acting and the desire to continue it; he suddenly changed from the heroic scowl to a look of arch good humour, and stretching his hand out to the yeoman, "You have beat me," he said, "give me your hand. I shall never be able to fight the battle of Brooklyn again. That salt has preserved Washington."

The yankee shook the outstretched hand with a hearty laugh, and a grasp that made lieutenant Cooke flinch from the encounter. "Wife," said the farmer, "you can give these friends a dinner of bacon, eggs, and potatoes, can't you?"

"Yes, and chickens and greens, and a good apple dumpling, with a hearty welcome."

"I wish," said Cooke, "we were not engaged. This is new. This is fresh. This would not be believed t'other side the water." Then in full apparent possession of his gentlemanly manner, which was eminently prepossessing, he seemed by an effort to regain the entire command of his rational faculties, explained the object of their walk, and took leave with thanks for American hospitality, adding, "Your fresh-salt shall preserve the memory of the master, the mistress, and the beauties of Kip's Bay as long as George Frederick Cooke lives to tell a story of 'yankee land.'"

He bowed, and followed by the laughing girls, and smiling matron to the door, the Thespians departed. The farmer accompanied his guests until he saw them, by a shorter route, gain the high road to Cato's; and then returned home, saying as he left them, "I shall be glad to fight the battle of Kip's Bay over again with you any day you have a mind for it."

CHAPTER XIV.

The difference between a tavern and horse-shed.

"The beasts of the field know when to return home from their pasture, but the appetite of man is insatiable."—*Eddic poem.*

"But that the poor monster's in drink, an abominable monster."

"This can sack and drinking do."

"I told you, sir, they were red hot with drinking;
So full of valour that they smote the air
For breathing in their faces."

"This drinking and quaffing will be the ruin of you."

"He will lie, sir, with such volubility that you would think truth were a fool: drunkenness is his best virtue."—*Shakspeare.*

"Hell always weaves its strongest web, not out of the conflict of passions themselves, but out of the powerless exhaustion which follows upon it."—*Enk.*

WHO has not heard of Cato Alexander's? Not to know "Cato's," is not to know the world. At least so it was thought twenty-five or thirty years ago. But as all our readers are not supposed to be acquainted with the world, we must

point out the situation, and describe the localities of—*Cato's*—that our tale may be duly understood, and its incidents appreciated.

Between four and five miles north-east from the building called in New-York the City Hall, in front of which we first met our readers, and introduced them to our hero, and other personages of note, yet to be made more intimately known—between four and five miles from this building, on the west side of the old Boston-road, stands this celebrated tavern, owned and kept by Cato Alexander, and called, from the landlord, "*Cato's.*"

Cato, the keeper of a road tavern! Alexander the bearer of gin-toddy to a whiskered shop-boy on a Sunday! Cato—Alexander—what awful names! How full of associations! each singly denoting the conqueror of self, or the conqueror of the world; now united to designate a servant of vicious and pampered appetites!

Do not let us be mistaken. Cato of Cato's was no worse a man than the tens of thousands with whiter faces, who administer to the pride, passions, and vices of the multitude. He was neither more nor less than the keeper of an eating and drinking house; one whose *lawful* trade is to tempt to excess, and who may legally live by administering poison.

It would puzzle any but a philosopher to find a reason for that preference "Cato's" has enjoyed for many years over all the many receptacles of idleness and intemperance which stand invitingly open on the roads and avenues leading to and from our moral and religious city. *We*, being a philosopher, have found it, and can communicate. It is preferred to other houses of refuge from temperance, that are known under the appellation of *retreats*, (such as "Citizen's Retreat," "Fireman's Retreat," "Mechanic's Retreat," "Old Countryman's Retreat," and a hundred other retreats from public notice, or domestic duties,) not because its situation has more of rural retirement—for it stands full in view of the traveller or wayfarer. It is not a retreat from noise, for *that* resounds within; nor from dust, for *that* it invites and receives from every wheel and hoof that passes. It is not preferred because it enjoys or gives its visiters better or more extensive prospects than its rivals, for it commands no view but of the dirty high-road, a cabbage-garden, a horse-shed, and a sign-post; nor is it chosen for that, the breezes of either land or sea bear health or refreshment to its admirers; for the land rises on every side, barring every wind that blows from visiting it too roughly. Neither is it the spacious apartments or elegant furniture that gives it preference, for its inmates are cabined cribbed, and con-

lined in cells like acorn-cups, compared with the halls and saloons of the town hotels and gambling-houses. But, Mrs. Cato is a notable cook. The "cabin is convenient." There are none but black faces belonging to the establishment. We feel that we are "right worshipful." All around is subserviency. Desdemona saw Othello's visage in his mind; it is to *some*, pleasing to see the badge of subserviency in the visage.

To this convenient court of conviviality our pedestrians approached, somewhat fatigued, but more heated, by the long walk under a clear October sun. The breezes from the magnificent sheet of water which ebbs and flows between the islands of the city, and the harbour, would have been welcome to the glowing faces of the veteran, and his young companion; but they never visited "Cato's." Iced punch was seized, to supply the deficiency by *one*, water from the pump refreshed the other.

"Why, Spiffard, what put it into your head to make Mr. Cooke walk this infernal distance?" Such was the salutation from a fat and heavy figure who had approached to meet them.

"He chose to walk, and I chose to please him. By-the-by, I thought he would be the better for it. It has dissipated some alcohol." This Spiffard spoke in a low tone, while Cooke took another draught from the hands of Cato.

"Master Cato! neither Rome nor Utica ever could boast such a bowl of iced punch as this! You are the Cato of Cato's! 'Blush not, thou flower of modesty.' What do you laugh at? A flower may be dingy. Who calls you black? See how the red blood mantles in his cheeks! The orange-tawny and the crimson streaks, shine through the glossy ebony like northern lights through the darkness of a polar-sky, cheering a six months night. Cato of Utica! thou pride of Africa! Give me the bowl again. 'I'm a horse, if I have wet my lips these three hours.'"

"'These lies are like the father that bogot them.'"

"Ah! Tom!—hah, are you there. Take away the temptation, Satan. Well, lads! what's the sport?"

"Sport? We waited for you."

"True, there is no sport till I come; as the thief said on his way to Tyburn."

"We have waited dinner for you. What put it into your heads to walk?"

"Lusty youth, vigorous limbs, active minds, hot blood, ha-h! Was it not so, comrade?"

"More of the last than the first," said Spiffard.

"Envy, by the gods! thou water drinker!—if I could find epithet of more contempt, I would bestow it on thee,—in thy abject taste, thou likest thyself to the beasts of the field."

"Who are guided by unerring instinct to avoid poison." said Spiffard. "Water drinker! it is my title of honour."

"So be it then. Spiffard, the water-drinker!"

"Dinner, gentlemen!"

"Hold to the practice," said Cooke to Spiffard, as he took his arm and walked to the dining-room. "Hold fast the practice, my young friend, and deserve the title. Long may you keep it, and you may laugh when you see us make wry faces as we hobble and limp with gouty limbs, or pant for lack of breath, our livers like sieves or gridirons, and our noses like hot pokers. Sieves and gridirons, hot coals and pokers,—I am a Cook, you know, and here's dinner!"

Leave we the company of thought-drowners, and meet them again by-and-by. Some hours had passed. Spiffard had tired of the noise of the table, wearied with flashes of merriment not inspired by wit, but by wine; not the genuine and healthy progeny of the reasoning faculty when indulging in sportive recreation, but the mere empty ebullition of excited animal spirits, without the guidance or control of reason. He had walked up and down the road in search of a pleasant place for retirement, but finding none, seated himself upon a bench under a building erected for the reception of water-drinkers,—it was the horse-shed in front of the house. The tavern has a piazza, but the noise of the revellers made it almost as disagreeable as the smoke-incumbered dining-room. The tumult increased so as to reach the place of refuge he had chosen. Discordant sounds commingled in confusion, the monotomy of which was broken by the high, harsh, screeching and croaking of Cooke's notes of inebriation.

"I'm your man, sir!—a dead shot, sirr! George Frederick is the name to *cow* a yankee!"

The whole party now issued to the piazza, and after a preliminary discussion of the mode in which wounded honour was to be cured by the *duello*, (a discussion of which Spiffard only heard pieces or snatches of sentences, as "ten paces—five paces,—yankee actor,—dead shot," they descended, and took a station between the tavern and the horse-shed.

It now appeared that Cooke and Cooper were to be *pitted*, not as actors, but as duellists. The seconds were busy loading the pistols, (an implement of death or amusement always kept in readiness at Cato's.) Cooke became silent and digni-

fied, only showing by increased energy in his step, (not always properly applied,) and increased colour in his face, the increase of his ebriety. His antagonist was all politeness—the established etiquette with those who meet to murder. The seconds and witnesses displayed to the eye of the water-drinker, or any other rational animal, that they were all so far blinded themselves, that they could not see how plainly they were exposing their supposedly deep-hidden hóax, to any clear-sighted spectator.

The word was given. The two tragedians fired at the same moment, or nearly so. Cooke's second took advantage of the smoke and noise to thrust a stick through his principal's coat, to produce a bullet-hole, at the same time he threw his left arm around him, as if for support, crying, "He has hit you, sir."

But Cooke was in one of those half-mad, half-cunning paroxysms, which enabled him to act as the subject of the hoax, while he in reality hoaxed the hoaxers; and enjoyed all the pleasure of acting the part of the dupe, with the assurance of duping those who thought they were playing upon him. He was assuming the madman, and sufficiently mad to enjoy all the pleasure which "only madmen know." Pretending to believe that he was hit by his opponent's ball, he, with a force which only madness could give, threw out his left arm, and hurled his officiously designing second several paces from him, reeling until the cow-yard (the court-yard of the establishment) received him at full length. As the smoke evaporated, Cooper was seen extended in mock agonies; his second and others of the party, leaning over him in pretended mourning.

"Mr. Cooke, your ball has passed through the lungs of poor Cooper, I'm afraid. The surgeon is examining the wound. There is little hope—"

"None, sirr! I never miss. He is the tenth. I am sorry for him." He stalked up to the pretended hurt man with due gravity. This was a precious opportunity, for the veteran to mingle sarcasm and mock regrets, and to pay the hoaxers in their own coin, stampt anew in the mint of his brains, and he did not let it escape him.

"Poor Tom, poor 'Tom's acold!' I'm sorry for him. I'm sorry that his farthing-candle-life was extinguished by my hand, although he deserved death from none more. 'This even-handed justice commends the ingredients of' our murderous pistols to our own breasts. I warned him of my unerring aim; but the 'thief will seek the halter.' How do you find his wound sirr?"

"I am examining it, sir; I am torturing him."

"It is no more than he has done to hundreds of hearers."

"I am afraid, sirr, he will never play again."

"Then by murdering him honourably, I have prevented many dishonourable murders. Shade of Shakspeare, applaud me! He will never again murder Macbeth instead of Duncan, or throttle Othello instead of Desdemona. I am a second Mahomet overthrowing idolatry! The wooden god of the Yankee-doodles lies prostrate! Fie, George Frederick to triumph over a block. Farewell, poor Tom! poor enough." This was said over his shoulder. "I could have better spared a better actor—but let that pass, while we pass to our pious meditations. Who takes order for the funeral? Bear the body in!" When sober none did more justice to his rival's merit, although now so scurrilously unjust.

"He revives, sir. There is hope yet," said the surgeon.

"Then may the poets mourn."

While the pretended dead duellist was removed into the house, Cooke's second approached him, exclaiming, "The horses are ready, sir; we must fly."

"*We*, sirr! when I fly or creep, I choose my company. George Frederick Cooke never flies from danger. Fly, sirr, if the idol of Yankee-land lives, there is nothing to apprehend from his worshippers, nothing to fly from, except when he acts; and if he dies, and by *my* hand, I have honoured *him*, and benefited the world." So saying, the hero strutted most sturdily to the steps of the piazza, where, feeling the difficulty of ascent, he recollected his wound, called for assistance, and was supported to the table, at which sat, like another Banquo, the man whose fall he triumphed over.

Spiffard had looked on unmoved at this farce: unmoved except by feelings peculiarly his own. He had been spell-bound. Although suffering, he had been unable to move or turn his eyes from the objects that caused his pain. He was fascinated. He gazed upon the scene as the bird fixes her eyes on the serpent who approaches to destroy her young; and like the bird, he could not fly or withdraw his attention from that which distressed him. His eyes followed the retiring company, until they were again within the walls accustomed to revelry, riot, and brawling. He then turned his head, and perceived for the first time, that he had a companion.

Sitting on the same bench, under the horse-shed, and within a few feet of him, he saw an old gentlemen in a brown suit of clothes, coat, waistcoat, and breeches, (an article of clothing even then rarely seen,) his cotton stockings, and well

polished shoes, only soiled by recent dust, denoted him a pedestrian. He supported both hands on his silver mounted cane, and his eyes were fixed on his young companion. "You appeared to be interested in the scene that has just passed. Do you know any of the sportive gentlemen who have been playing such strange gambols?"

"I know them all. I am one of the party."

"But you have not joined in their frolicsome foolery."

"Perhaps because I did not partake of the exciting cause."

"I understand," was the stranger's brief reply.

Spiffard was pleased with both the appearance and the address of the senior, whose manner, and a something independent of dress, indicated good breeding and philanthropy, mingled with eccentricity. Is it too much to say that all this may be seen at a glance? If not seen, it may be imagined. Imagination is rapid in conclusions.

This person had walked into the horse-shed, and seated himself, while Spiffard's attention had been so occupied that he was unconscious of his approach. The old gentleman had marked both the scene, and the absorbing interest the young man took in it.

There was a pause in the conversation of these chance-connected and dissimilar interlocutors, during which, Spiffard took note of the figure, dress, and attitude of the person to whom he felt himself attracted by something stronger than mere curiosity. In his sitting posture, the tall, thin person of the stranger was supported, as he bent forward, by a cane, with a plain round silver head, on which both hands, ungloved, rested, and a mourning ring was displayed upon a finger of one. As his head was projected, his gray locks, not time-thinned, fell on either side of a face, pale, and marked by the furrows of at least fifty years. His eyes were black as jet, and as brilliant as the most vigorous intellect, or the most robust health and youth could display. They were piercing; but the bland tranquillity of the surrounding features prevented the appearance of severity.

"You are one of the party," said the stranger; "but you give as a reason for not joining in their antics, that you had not partaken of the exciting cause; that is, as I understand—"

"Drinking madeira and champagne."

"And you?"

"Never drink any liquor but water."

"Is it possible!"

Here followed another pause. The old man seemed sur-

prised. He repeated his last words several times, in a low tone, as to himself.

The reader must recollect that I record events of five and twenty years ago. There were then no *temperance societies.* Gentlemen—yes, *gentlemen*, did not think themselves degraded by drunkenness.

At length the stranger resumed, "You dislike wine or spirituous liquors, perhaps?"

"No, on the contrary, I remember, as a child, being delighted by the taste, and eagerly desiring wine."

"And you deny yourself the gratification! Why?"

"I have seen the misery caused by indulgence."

"Have you, so young, seen enough to produce such a resolution; such a determined abstinence? If you had seen what I have seen—felt what I have felt! you would curse the poison that scatters shame and sorrow among so many victims of intemperance, and their unhappy relatives!"

The colour had rushed to the old man's cheeks, and his eyes, before bright, now shone with a brilliancy almost supernatural.

If I have made myself understood in the previous delineation of Spiffard's character, and the circumstances which had formed it, I need not say that the words and looks of the stranger had on him the effect of magic. Those chords of the memory, feeling, imagination, which, too strongly touched, tended to intellectual derangement, were violently assailed. His excitement rose with the old man's voice, and the fire of his eyes maddened him. "My curses join with yours; I have seen and felt all you speak of."

"Oh, no! you have not looked on a face beloved, and seen it distorted."

"I have!"

"You have not seen one justly beloved, flying from the proud eminence his virtues had gained; the beloved shepherd of a Christian flock driven to despondency by admitting doubts; a despondency, the result of severe application upon a delicate frame; doubts, the effects of disease; and beheld the victim of overstrained research seeking a refuge from doubt in certain destruction, until his only asylum was in a mad-house!"

Spiffard's feelings had so long been pushed beyond the healthful medium, that his monomaniacal propensities had gained full power over him. The images of his father and mother rushed before his imagination so vividly, that he appeared to see them with his bodily eyes; and the form and

lamentations of the latter were strangely commingled with those of his own wife: he uttered an exclamation that attracted the attention of the old gentleman, and his feelings were no longer absorbed in self.

Admiration, produced by the conduct of a youth who appeared so strongly to sympathize with him in a sorrow happily not common, took possession of the stranger, and changed his expressive countenance from its wildness, to a softer and calmer appearance. His voice faltered as he attempted to utter words intended to soothe the agitation he had so unaccountably caused. At this moment the noisy bacchanalian rout issued from the house, and the imaginary gave place to reality. The shades of evening were closing in. Carriages and saddled horses were brought to the door, and several voices shouted "Spiffard! Skulker! Where are you? Where is the water-drinker?"

Cooke insisted upon having his pedestrian companion as an attendant in the carriage into which he was lifted; for now, in consequence of the additional cups taken in token of reconciliation with his late antagonist, (who had miraculously recovered from his mortal wound,) and a parting glass, or stirrup-cup, drank with Cato, who had been dubbed Emperor of Morocco, and king of Utopia, instead of Utica, he could no longer obtain command over any member but his tongue, which incessantly demanded Spiffard.

But Spiffard had, for the present, a stronger attraction in the aged stranger; who, refusing to take a place in one of the hacks had turned his steps to the road, as if determining to walk to the city.

The young man resolved not to leave him, and seeing that his former pedestrian companion was safely stowed in a carriage with one of the youngest of the revellers, who promised to deposite him at his lodgings and with trusty Trustworthy, the water drinker followed his new-made acquaintance, and soon overtook him, although he was walking with strides and vigour unpromised by his grey hairs and attenuated form.

Joining the old gentleman, Spiffard asked permission to accompany him, which was readily granted, with an expression of gratification that one so young should prefer walking with him to the easier mode of accomplishing the journey. There was a sympathetic attraction felt by these two dissimilar individuals not commonly experienced by two of the male sex at first sight.

"You pay me a compliment by preferring my company to that of your friends."

After a silence of a moment, Spiffard ejaculated, "friends."

"Perhaps companions would have been a more suitable word."

"For most of them, sir: but there are some even in that riotous company, who, I have reason to believe, are my friends."

"Not any engaged in the farce of the duel?"

"Yes, both the principal actors in that farce; one intended by the authors as the *butt*—even the long-erring eccentric George Frederick Cooke: the other, the frank and liberal minded Cooper."

"Can such a man as Mr. Cooke be the friend of any one?"

"Yes, sir, if that one has shown an interest in his welfare that could not be suspected to arise from selfishness. I may be mistaken; but I think he is attached to me because I have opposed his mad career, and have rejected firmly his excuses while I endeavored to strengthen his (hitherto fruitless) resolves to amend, and to give effect to his penitence. O, how truly, in one of his comedies, Holcroft has called repentance a sneaking, snivelling fellow, when not accompanied by amendment. I don't quote his words."

"The words of a play are seldom worth quoting."

"The words of truth are as acceptable from a play as from a homily—from a stage as from a pulpit—falsehood is always detestable and truth always to be reverenced."

"I spoke hastily—I was occupied by my feelings respecting that grey-haired actor whose folly I had been witnessing. I felt that plays were worthless, viewing the conduct of players. I was wrong."

"You do injustice now to players, as then to plays. You forget that men of every profession play the fool. Even in the fools-play which you have witnessed, and which boys might be ashamed of, there were only two players to ten men of other denominations; men with more fixed occupations and connexions; more generally esteemed in society; but all as eager in the childish game and as deeply involved in the guilt of intemperance, as the man you stigmatize as the grey-haired-actor."

"Folly is doubly despicable connected with grey hairs."

"True, sir, but not more in an actor than in a merchant, physician or lawyer."

"Your remark is just. But *you* have excited my curiosity. What could have induced one so young and so firmly attached

to habits of temperance, to seek the company of an old inveterate, irreclaimable debauchee?"

"Old, inveterate, but perhaps not irreclaimable. While life remains, there is hope. We do not despair of returning reason for the lunatic or the maniac."

"True,—true,—thank God! thank God!"

The pedestrians were by this time walking in that imperfect, though oft times pleasant, light, which the stars alone shed over an American landscape in autumn; and Spiffard did not observe the change his words had produced upon his companion; the convulsive expression of feature with which he uttered the few last words.

"Such being the nature of man," the youth proceeded, "and the power of truth, persuasively employed, being great beyond our knowledge, surely we ought not to abandon as irreclaimable any of our fellow-creatures who are not *permanently* deprived of reason. Mr. Cooke has a powerful mind, and although perverted and debased by the *second nature* of habit, perhaps the inclinations implanted in the *first*, may be restored, and the patient saved. I am influenced by motives flowing from circumstances touching me nearly, as has been already hinted."

"Yes!" said the old man. "Yes, I can understand. You have witnessed the mental alienation of some one dear to you. You are a stranger to me, and I have already spoken to you as men of the world do not often speak to strangers, but it is evident that we, however dissimilar in other respects, are alike sufferers from the same cause, and *that* is a source of sympathy with minds under the governance of reason. The loss of reason in one dear to me has caused the greatest suffering I have ever experienced. I have to-day, within a few hours, witnessed his deplorable condition; and seeing, as I did in your presence, such voluntary relinquishment of the greatest blessing bestowed on man, I lose my self-command, and utter that which had better, perhaps, have been locked in the breast, and guarded with close lips."

There was a long pause in the colloquy of the two pedestrians. We will not continue to report in detail any more of the conversation touching this subject. Our hero's return walk from Cato's was a perfect contrast to that which carried him thither. His companion was equally an opposite, in all but age, and in an alacrity for walking. The old gentleman was an habitual pedestrian, and could talk, although walking at a good round pace. His feelings had been excited

by circumstances; his confidence was gained by the open manner, and the truth-stamped physiognomy of our homely hero.

They reciprocally imparted their names, and Mr. Littlejohn (such was the stranger's appellation) made known many circumstances relative to his domestic griefs, which were drawn from him by the conversation we have related. He said that he was returning from a visit to his unhappy son, (who was confined in the lunatic asylum,) when he stopped at Cato's, attracted by the scene he had there witnessed.

We will dedicate another chapter to the character and conversation of Mr. Littlejohn and his companion, by which the reader will find, or may suspect, that the old gentleman will perform no unimportant part in our drama.

CHAPTER XV.

The walk back to town.

"I could wish courtesy would invent some other custom of entertainment."

"One draught above heat, makes him a fool; the second mads him, and the third drowns him."

"I * * * never was forsworn;
Scarcely have coveted what was mine own;
At no time broke my faith; * * * and delight
No less in truth than life."—*Shakspeare.*

"A dramatic exhibition is a book recited with concomitants that increase or diminish its effect."

"It was said of Euripides, that every verse was a precept, and it may be said of Shakspeare, that from his works may be collected a system of civil and economical prudence."—*Johnson.*

"He (Shakspeare) needed not the spectacles of books to read nature; he looked inwards, and found her there."—*Dryden.*

Spiffard had a predilection for aged companions. Old age is reverenced for its supposed concomitants; as, perhaps, Doctor Johnson would have said. If they are absent, old age is poor, indeed. Our hero generally found age enriched by experience, and sometimes by a well-stored memory, whose

characters and events are recorded, that had escaped the historian or biographer; and he found that the old, for the most part, were pleased by his attentions, and rewarded them by confidence. Age is garrulous; but this, if the memory is perfect and the love of truth strong, may be a source of great profit to youth. A selfish, dogmatical, egotistical old man is a nuisance,—he is always, regardless of truth. Such was not the character of Spiffards present companion.

James Littlejohn was a merchant, and a successful one. He had imbibed a taste for books before he was confined to the counting-house, and his knowledge was not limited to the accumulation of dollars and cents, or his conversation to "the market," or the value of stock. He was a rich and prosperous merchant. A good man off and on 'change: beloved by his friends, and trusted to any extent on the Rialto of Wall-street. Was he happy? No. He had lost his wife. He loved her more than rupees. She left him two sons; the oldest a severe student, lost health in seeking knowledge, and died at his desk; the youngest likewise an ardent student, had devoted himself to theology, and had been admitted to sacerdotal power, by ordination. The fair promise of his usefulness had been blasted by an unhappy attachment to a beautiful girl, who, after encouraging his addresses, threw herself away upon a worthless foreigner, an impostor, with an assumed title, who deserted her to mortified pride, fruitless repentance, and early death. The young man was changed, he shunned society, devoted himself to abstruse metaphysical reading, and after a short career as a preacher, admitted doubts and opinions which he honestly expressed, and in consequence was obliged to retire from the pulpit. The conflicts in his mind, with the disappointments ambition and love had received, ended in his becoming a desponding maniac, and as such he was now an inmate of the lunatic asylum. During the earlier progress of this disease of the mind, he, for a short time, sought refuge from his perturbed thoughts, his doubts and misgivings, in stimulants; but his better feelings caused him to reject this miserable resource, which only hastened the prostration of intellect, and he sunk into hopeless melancholy, with occasional paroxysms of violence; during which he cursed existence, and accused the justice of heaven. Many of these circumstances were imparted by the afflicted father during this evening walk, and Spiffard frankly made known the history of his brief life, and explained the cause of his abhorrence of that particular vice, the con-

temptation of whose effects had temporarily united him and his companion, and seemed to indicate further intimacy.

Various topics were discussed, in a walk of several miles; and Mr. Littlejohn was struck with surprise at the clearness with which Spiffard spoke on many subjects not usually made familiar to young men. He could not likewise but observe the confidence Spiffard evinced in the kindly disposition of his fellow-creatures, an absence of suspicion which bordered on infantile simplicity. He had no "art to find the mind's construction in the face." The seeming good, were, to his eyes, truly good.

After one of those pauses, which must occur even when dialogists are prone to communicativeness, Mr. Littlejohn broke silence by saying, "I was surprised when you told me that you are a player by profession, for it is long since I have thought of the theatre, or noticed a play-house placard. Your appearance, manner, conversation, are all at variance with my former knowledge of actors, and with my preconceived opinions of that class of men. I must consider you as an exception to a general rule. You have more acquaintance with literature, more knowledge of history, and of the relative situations and interests of the nations of Europe: you are better acquainted with the laws and institutions of this country than belongs to one whose pursuits are those necessarily connected with a profession so superficial."

"The profession does not deserve the epithet, sir, and as to my knowledge of American affairs, you must suppose that as an American I am bound to know more of them than foreigners do: I certainly should be ashamed of myself if I did not. A good actor must make himself acquainted with so many things, that he can hardly be considered a superficial man, at least when compared with the generality of mankind. The old gentleman whose mock duel and bacchanalian behaviour attracted your attention, is no superficial man. He has read much, thought much."

"Not to much purpose, or he would not pervert the gifts of God in the manner he does. But in *that* he is not singular. I do not charge this vice on your profession exclusively, but I fear that those who are devoted to the stage are more in the way of temptation than most men."

"Then sir," said the actor, "the stage must be an evil."

"As it has been, and is conducted in most countries, and especially in England and America, I believe it is," rejoined the merchant.

"Yet, sir," said Spiffard, "good men have advocated theatrical establishments."

"In the abstract. The theory is beautiful. Moral lessons, rendered as indelible as they are delightful. But if the manager or director aims at pleasing rather than instructing, at filling his purse rather than other men's minds, he seeks that which will please the idle and profligate, because they are the majority of mankind."

"Garrick has said, sir, 'those who live to please, must please to live.'"

"So the unhappy victim of seduction may excuse her flaunting finery and painted face. It is the plea of the meretricious. If it is necessary to flatter vice, and encourage folly for the support of an institution, *that institution is wrong*, and must be abandoned. I can conceive of a theatre which would be a school of morality, but it must be directed by a wise government, or academical institution, and not by those who live to please, and 'must please to live.' Temperance has not hitherto been encouraged by theatrical institutions. Intemperance and its attendant vices prevail within and around theatres; and the lessons of dramatists are little calculated to eradicate the evil. Sheridan exhibits his hero and his companions revelling in bacchanalian licentiousness, and makes vice glory in her deformity. Who can calculate the mischief produced and propagated by that one scene of revelry in the School for Scandal, or of the one song, 'let the toast pass?'"

"Or of any other drinking song, sir, of which we have so many not connected with the drama."

"True, but from the stage it is conveyed to thousands, in its thousand-times repetition, who would otherwise never have heard of it. Besides, sir, it comes recommended by the wit of the author personified in the profligate Charles, who is held up as the object of admiration and imitation. It is recommended to assembled thousands, who thoughtlessly applaud while poisoned by the cup they commend to the lips of others. Who shall say that this very song did not cause its author to live a scoffer at prudence, and die a bloated pauper?"

"But, sir, the stage presents many of the finest lessons in favour of temperance, and in the most impressive language."

"Its lessons are rendered of no avail by the frequency of exhibiting ebriety merely as a venial vice, and its subjects as pardonable objects, to be laughed at merely, if not commended. Whereas the dramatist who should do his duty, would

show the vice as leading to all evil, and its subject such as he truly is, disgusting, loathsome, and a cowardly suicide."

"You forget, sir, that men will not congregate to see the disgusting and the loathsome," said Spiffard.

The merchant replied.—"The skilful dramatist has shown the misery consequent upon the practice of gaming, and might exhibit the sufferings which flow from the disgusting and destructive vice of which we speak; and he should contrast them with the strength, health, cheerfulness, and power of doing good, which are the result of temperance."

"And so he has. The passages are numberless to that effect, especially in Shakspeare's plays. How beautiful is the picture of the faithful old servant in 'As You Like It,' whose temperance has given him the power to protect the oppressed son of his deceased master!"

"Beautiful!—but I fear that the picture of the guzzling, bragging, lying, contemptible (yet favourite) Falstaff, is longer remembered, and more often copied, than that of good old Adam."

"Then the lesson given by the evils Cassio experiences in consequence of yielding to temptation. His deep sense of his own degradation. His bitter exclamation, that he is 'hurt past all surgery.'"

"I remember the scene well, and have often meditated on it; but common auditors see in Cassio's fall from duty, only a subject for laughter; while Iago's 'wine is a good creature,' makes a more lasting impression than Cassio's disgrace and repentance. Why cannot some dramatist show the wife weeping over her children the live-long night, heart-sick at the anticipation, from experience, of a husband and father, returning to his home brutalized, to insult her he had sworn to love and cherish; to mislead those who look to him for precept and example."

"The public would not receive the piece," said the actor.

"I will not believe so meanly of the public."

"Why, sir," persisted Spiffard, "even a novelist would not dare to make so low and despicable a vice the theme of his story."

"Then," resumed Littlejohn, "the momentous moral lesson must not be given for fear of shocking the ears or eyes of the polite? Or, perhaps the poor author might write in vain, as no publisher could be found to *patronize* his work."

"Then I think, sir, it must be because the publisher thought it would not sell," said Spiffard.

"True," said the old gentleman, "I believe that is the only criterion, for I have known publishers who made the strongest professions of religion and morality, giving to the world the seducing scenes of 'Tom Jones,' without scruple; scenes in which obscenity is only veiled sufficiently to be made more dangerous."

"I think, sir, you can scarcely say it is veiled."

While thus conversing, an incident occurred which was a commentary on the subject of discussion. Our pedestrians had left at Cato's a set of revellers who were distinct from those they had seen and moralized upon. And their conversation was interrupted by shouts, cracking of whips, clattering of hoofs, and the rushing sound of wheels. Two gigs rapidly passed them, and the same moment, while striving for the glory of precedence, came in collision. While yet the air resounded with riotous shouts, one of the youths who had uttered them, lay senseless and mangled by a rock which had received him upon the overturning of the carriage. His skull was fractured. The reasoning faculty which had been bestowed by the Creator, to preserve life, with life had fled, after having been driven from its post by the enemy of life and reason. The pedestrians hastened to the spot, and found the youth dead. That frame which a minute before was rioting in pulsation, and spurred to madness by wine, was senseless;—irretrievably self-murdered. His immediate companion lay groaning at a short distance, unable to rise, but reserved, perhaps, to profit by the dreadful lesson. The hack horse had gladly stopped by the overturned gig. The votaries of reason and temperance busied themselves with endeavours to remedy the ills produced by the folly they detested.

And where were the companions of the dead, the rivals in the race?

On they went, shouting in triumph! With the recklessness of irrational beings. On they passed, either careless of their late associates in revelry, (for nothing hardens the heart so much as the practice of what is called goodfellowship,) or thinking lightly of the overturn, as of a frequent occurrence, in which they had no part.

One of the youths was dead, the other stunned by the fall. When assisted and led to the spot where the first lay a mangled corse; the full sense of his situation rushed with returning consciousness upon the survivor. The fumes of wine were dissipated, he recollected the past, saw the horrors of the present, and anticipated the scene that must ensue when the

parents should see a son brought into their presence a corpse, who had last been seen in all the pride of opening manhood. When the unhappy youth was thus suddenly restored to reason, he uttered with a cry of agony, "My brother!" and fell on the corse, senseless.

We pass over particulars. The brothers were placed in the carriage, late so triumphantly mounted and impelled. One brother supported the inanimate body of the other, while Mr. Littlejohn walked by the side of the gig, and Spiffard led the horse. They stopped at the first house on the road, and were received with kindness, but no assistance could be rendered, and in the same order they proceeded to town.

Our pedestrians left their charge at the house of the parents. It was not for them to intrude, and they retired unnoticed during a scene of confusion and misery too profound for us to attempt a description of.

Late in the evening, Mr. Littlejohn and his young friend, now united in intimacy by these chance circumstances, separated for their several places of rest. The rich merchant, after giving his card, and a hearty shake of the hand, to his young companion, wended his way to a towering house, (at a distance from his store-houses and compting-room,) where he found every comfort and luxury but those of domestic society: the poor player directed his steps to an humble dwelling, not far from the theatre which he enriched by his talents. He found society, but not such as was suited to him. That portion most immediately connected with his happiness had undergone a change in his eyes, and was daily deteriorating from that alluring appearance which had caused him to become one of the household.

CHAPTER XVI.

The Lunatic Asylum.

"There's rue for you, and here's some for me."

"As the morning steals upon the night
Melting the darkness, so their rising senses
Begin to chase the ignorant fumes that mantle
Their clear reason."—*Shakspeare.*

"The praise of those who sleep in earth,
The pleasant memory of their worth,
The hope to meet when life is past,
Shall heal the tortured mind at last.
But ye, who for the living lost
That agony in secret bear,
Who shall with soothing words accost
The strength of your despair?"—*Bryant.*

"One sees more devils than all hell can hold,
That is the madman."

"Prithee, nuncle, tell me, whether a madman be a gentleman or yeoman."—*Shakspeare.*

THE attachment felt by the two individuals who had been thrown together by what is called chance, at Cato's, was increased during their walk home, and each felt the desire to know more of the other. They were drawn to this first meeting by an inscrutable succession of links, (a chain unknown to themselves,) and although in most respects dissimilar, there was one point which, after being brought in contact united them; and caused a determination in both, although separated by diverse occupations and the numerous bars that society places between the rich and poor, to seek each other; and to commune freely on that subject which occupied their secret thoughts. A subject on which they could not—would not—speak to the crowds with whom they mingled in common worldly intercourse.

Spiffard had his feelings strongly interested in all that concerned Mr. Littlejohn; but particularly in the fate of his son. The father was habitually a visiter to the asylum. He had treasures on the sea and on the land; on every sea and every shore; but, where his greatest treasure was, there was his heart also; and that was in a small room surrounded by keepers, and bolts, locks and bars, the maniac's shriek, the idiot's

laugh, and the unmeaning gabble of unfortunate creatures, once rational. It was not difficult for Mr. Littlejohn to induce Spiffard, who cultivated the intimacy so strangely commenced, to accompany him on a visit to the place where the (not yet hopeless) wreck of his hopes—the ruins not irretrievable, as he thought, of his beloved son, were deposited.

They met the amiable physician of the institution at the door.

"How is he to-day?"

"Perfectly composed."

They found the unfortunate man reading his bible. He appeared between thirty and forty years of age. He looked up, but scarce noticed their presence, resuming his studies as if no one had entered the apartment. His fine features were colourless. His black, strait, thin hair, was smoothed on his forehead, and he repeatedly passed his hand over it, from the crown of the head nearly to the eyes, seemingly unconscious of the action. His left hand supported his head, or occasionally turned a leaf, as he appeared to seek a text. His tall and finely formed frame was clothed in sables. His bright, jet-black eyes had rested a moment on his father, and then glanced vacantly at Spiffard. No other motion indicated his knowledge of their presence.

They unasked, took chairs; and had been seated several minutes, (the father's eye fixed on the son, and Spiffard earnestly observing both) when Mr. Littlejohn drew his chair nearer to the student—but the approach was not heeded.

"My son,—"

"I do not wish to be interrupted, sir."

"Is that all you have to say to your father?"

"By no means, *all*. But I do not wish to discuss the subject now. I have been earnestly engaged for some time past in this particular study; and have been examining many texts. But although I do not feel that I owe any thing to you as a father, I owe to myself, to you, and to society, the attentions due from one gentleman to another."

So saying he paused and shut the book. He then fixed his penetrating eyes on the eyes of Spiffard for a moment; after which they wandered restlessly, and he burst forth wildly—

"You have brought a stranger with you to witness the havoc that you and I have made upon one of God's creatures. Why is it? You have caged me here like a wild-beast, and now bring the idle or curious to see the monster. Fine sport! Fine sport!"

"This gentleman, my son—"

"I want no apologies sir. *He* is excusable—let him go home and triumph in his own superior intellect—let him thank Heaven that *he* is not like others.—I am aware of the cause which *did* render it expedient to restrain me by bolts, and bars, and keepers—*did?* Perhaps *does*. But I am, as I think, capable of judging for myself, and have determined how long that restraint shall last. You have exerted an authority founded upon the supposed rights of a father: I have been inquiring into those rights and find them null, and the authority an usurpation. I owe you no obedience. I renounce what is miscalled filial duty. You are the cause of my existing in this world of folly and misery—I do not thank you for it."

This was said with more calm bitterness than might have been expected from his state, or than the words indicate. He had ceased the action of his right hand at the time that with his left, he closed the book; and clasping both, he now rested them on the Bible, and looked full in his father's face.

"The book on which you lean, bodily, and I hope mentally, bids you honour your father and your mother."

"'That my days may be long in the land.' True. The promised reward is earthly. All the promises to the Jews were so. Warburton is right in that. That my days may be long. Is that a blessing?—or a curse?"

"That depends upon ourselves," said Spiffard, seeing that the afflicted father remained silent.

"No sir! 'it is the cause my soul—it is the cause'—it is the hidden cause that controls all. I sought not this existence—I sought not any existence—here, I am—and—miserable!"

"My son, the book on which you rest, and on which our hopes rest, has not inspired thoughts like these. They are suggested by that which would lead to thanklessness towards your God, as well as undutiful thoughts of your father and your mother."

"My poor mother!"

"Happily she has been spared—" The father checked himself, and the son proceeded.

"I did love her. Surely not because she was my mother. That was no more her choice than mine. I loved her because she was good, kind, affectionate—as I ought to love all my fellow-creatures—all—all—all—God's creatures placed here by his will, not their own: enjoying and suffering—all—all filled with life, and doomed to death by an unavoidable sentence, passed upon them before birth. A death they must as

certainly undergo as though they had been arraigned before an earthly judge, convicted of the most deadly crimes, and assigned to the tender mercies of the jailer and the hangman. They are reprieved from day to day, only to be told by-and-by, 'to night you must surely die.' " His father interrupted him.

" After the free gift of life, health, enjoyment—"

The insane man continued—" All! yes, all! before the moment in which they breathe, are doomed to sickness, sorrow, death, the grave and the worm; 'to lie in cold obstruction and to rot.' "

" And rise to light and life and immortality!"

" The death is certain; but—"

" Hold! I command you. Your father commands you to forbear such language, and dismiss such thoughts."

Here there was a long pause. The agitated father sat erect, and with a flushed countenance, darted a look of authority upon his son, who momentarily quailed under it. He lifted his arms from the bible on which he had been leaning, and, as if surprised, threw himself back in his chair, opening his large and brilliant eyes with a confused expression; but another train of thought and feeling soon came over his mind, and his face assumed an expression of irony, bordering on contempt.

" Command! That's well enough said. Command! As if one man could control the thoughts of another. Thought, that is set in motion by circumstances unforseen and uncontrollable. Words may be commanded; that it is which makes hypocrisy so easy—damnable hypocrisy! Words ought to be controlled, so as not to injure the hearer. I will be silent if my words offend you, but for my thoughts they are uncontrollable. You have come hither unbidden by me; contrary to my wish or will have you come hither and broken in upon my studies, as, without wish or will of mine, you were an agent in bringing me into existence; for both, or either, I owe you neither thanks nor ill-will. My good will towards you is founded on my knowledge that you are a creature like myself, with like passions, like sufferings, and doomed to a like end."

" And is that all, my son?"

" No, no, not all. We have been thrown together so intimately, that the joys and sorrows of life have appeared to flow from one to the other, sometimes; and sometimes to both from the same source. Remembrance of the past, gives more power to your will, than to the wishes of another—so far, so far, and no farther, no farther. I can see no farther, no farther—so—you have confused me, sir. I wish you would depart."

He arose to his utmost height, and frowned.

"God bless you, my son. I will see you soon again."

"Well, well, well; good by! Come *alone*. Good by!" He looked scowlingly on Spiffard; and as his visiters withdrew, resumed his seat. His eyes were fixed upon the door, until it closed after them.

Mr. Littlejohn was sometime silent as they descended the stairs, and his companion felt no disposition to intrude upon his thoughts. At length the afflicted father exclaimed—"It is awful to witness the aberration of intellect; but cheering to see that reason is making advances to her throne."

"It is a blessed hope. You see amendment, sir?"

"I do."

The worthy physician of the institution now met them, and confirmed the father's hopes. It happened that the committee of directors who, in turn, visited the institution, to see that the benevolent intentions of the founders were duly carried into effect, at this moment arrived; and the physician politely invited Mr. Littlejohn and his companion, to join them in their progress through the various departments. The merchant was but too well acquainted with every thing relative to the place; but to Spiffard all was new, and intensely interesting.

Their first visit was paid to that part of the building which is assigned to the most outrageous, or the most hopeless cases of insanity. Spiffard here found a few whose deranged intellects and enfeebled bodies were the consequences of intemperance; and these were of course the most attractive subjects of his curiosity. The physician told him that in the apartments appropriated to convalescents, more of this class were to be found; for generally, when debarred this fatal indulgence, (the unnatural cause of their malady,) health and reason were restored.

How interesting! how humiliating! is the spectacle which a mad-house presents. Our fellow-creatures, in form like ourselves, deprived of the portion of man which distinguishes him from the brute creation. The senses, those inlets of ideas to the mind, so diseased or perverted as to give false impressions; or the mental faculty itself so disordered, as to combine all impressions and recollections erroneously. The varied forms and degrees of the malady; its suspended operation and renewed action; its various causes, and the varied effect of those causes; what constitution of body, what mode of life, most tends to produce mental alienation: what subjects are these for inquiry! All these and their remedies were familiar to the urbane physician who accompanied the visiters, and who was accosted by

the patients in a manner that proved their confidence in his humanity, and reliance upon his skill. He appeared among them as an acknowledged friend. Have we, when deprived of reason, an instinct that acknowledges worth?

Yells, more dreadful than ever struck the ear of traveller in desert or wilderness, from wolf or hyena; sounds more heart-rending, because, though not resembling any thing human, they were known to proceed from human organs; shrieks, unlike the cries of man or woman, were heard from one of the apartments, and a keeper, at the bidding of the superior, unlocked the door. The naked wretch within ceased his yells, turned his eyes on the intruders, then quickly averted them, and pulled the straw on which he lay partly over his body, covering his nakedness, as if conscious of his degraded condition.

Strange as it may appear, the physician addressed him as if speaking to one possessed of reason, and kindly inquired, "How do you feel to-day, Burford?"

"Better, better," was the answer.

"If you will keep your clothes on, you may come out to-morrow."

The spectators turned away. The door was locked and the most heart-piercing yells succeeded instantly on turning the key.

"During these paroxysms, he will neither suffer bed, bed-clothes, or clothing to touch him, but rends every thing to pieces."

"Such are the changes in this unhappy young man's disease," remarked Mr. Littlejohn, "that a few days past I saw and conversed with him in the visiters' parlour, quietly and cheerfully. I found him there, well-dressed, and looking in health; he was in attendance upon a female relative, who had come to see him."

"Were there no symptoms of derangement about him?" inquired Spiffard.

"To an observer, there *were*. His attentions to the lady were over-done. But I have seen an awkward youth, many miles from a mad-house, behave in much the same manner. Then, when excited by conversation, he began to talk of purchasing large tracts of waste lands, and laying out towns in the wilderness; but that being the common talk of our country, I should have thought nothing of it, if I had not heard it within these walls. What we know to be madness here, passes elsewhere for common sense; and when we hear wisdom among worldlings, we say 'surely the man's mad.'"

Although this gallery, and its suite of neat, airy, and com-

fortable apartments, was but too well filled with the most ungovernable patients of the institution, there was but one other who appeared to be under restraint. This was a man of middle age, and vulgar appearance. He had the liberty of the gallery in common with others; but his arms were secured by a leathern belt, passed around his body, which left the hands only a partial and circumscribed liberty. This person appeared ashamed of the addition to his equipage, and followed the doctor with importunities, uttered in whispers.

"When you are better your arms shall be liberated. You know that you attempted to strike your friend. You will soon be well, and then you will go home."

"I am very well, very well." But he averted his eyes from the steadfast examination of the physician, and silently turned away.

A few of the inmates of this hall or gallery, were silent, dejected, melancholy. One was sunk into perfect idiocy, a more hopeless state, a more humiliating spectacle to the sane, than even the raving maniac. Generally, the patients were lively and talkative. A genteel appearing man addressed Spiffard; and with a manner little denoting insanity, requested him to note the physiognomy of a person at a little distance from them. Spiffard, who was deceived by the manner and appearance of the lunatic, and thought him either a visiter, like himself, or perhaps, an assistant to the physician, followed where he led. "You will say he has the finest face in the world, and a head like an antique statue."

They stopt before a figure who stood to be gazed at, with an unmeaning smile; and whose countenance, head, or person, had neither expression, form, nor proportion, but of the most ordinary description.

"Behold that face; what a contour! what symmetry! there's a head of intellectual indications!" and the sprightly lunatic placed his hand on the head of his silent brother; treating it as familiarly as a phrenologist does a skull or a block, submitted to his fingers. "He's an Indian to be sure, or a half-breed, but Greece nor Rome never produced such a forehead:" putting back the coarse black hair of the tall, swarthy, stupidly-passive subject. "There's a face! It is more than human! The countenance of a god, rather than of a man!" Spiffard had, before this, perceived his mistake, and notwithstanding the morbid melancholy which all appearance of intellectual aberration caused in him, he could not but smile, as he bowed assent, and hastened to join his companions. He soon

after saw this lively admirer of beauty showing a small japaned tin box to the visiters, and expatiating upon the form, brilliancy, and immense value of a collection of pebbles, which it contained. "Jewels of the first water."

Perhaps the most extraordinary character in this portion of the building, was an insane man, who had been tried for murder, and found guilty; but as insanity as well as murder had been proved by the trial, he was sentenced to perpetual confinement, instead of the mosaic penalty which still holds a place in modern codes of justice. This person appeared to be about fifty years of age, and was indulged in the whim of wearing his beard uncut, which floated in waves of iron-grey over his breast. His scanty hair corresponded in hue, but was trimmed short. His figure was athletic, of moderate height, and his dress a grey suit of coarse texture, furnished by the institution, well suited to his condition, but by no means corresponding with the oriental condition of his beard. He appeared to recognize the directors, and to be pleased by their salutations. He answered some ordinary questions rationally, but soon commenced talking with a volubility, rapidity, and wildness, that were astonishing to Spiffard.

The wretched man we have attempted to describe, imagined himself to be gifted with power more than human; and to be likewise one of the crowned and anointed rulers over the earth. He consequently appeared to delight in the destruction of life. But, unlike his brethren of the sceptre, he made no pretence of shedding blood for the sake of religion, peace, mercy, charity, or even honour; he seemed content to have it thought that he destroyed, to show his power to destroy. A murderer, he was, like other sanctioned murderers, inclined to talk of death inflicted, and atrocities committed by his orders; although he di not pretend that his murders were perpetrated for the good of the human race.

One of the visiting directors asked if he would be glad to see the governor.

"No. He is my enemy; and you are my enemy."

"Would you know him, if he should be present?"

"How should I know him, when I never saw him?"

"Is this gentleman the governor?" pointing to Spiffard.

"No. How do you do, sir?" shaking hands with the comedian, without any assumption of regal dignity; or, as appeared by his subsequent words, without having the idea of his royal worth suggested, until that of blood had preceded it.

"Do you live in New-York?"

"Yes."

"You have but just come here. Are you mad?"

"Not more than most folks."

"That's what most people think. I like your looks. But you are mad. You do not know me; but I have a power which enables me to see; a power—you must have heard that a man was shot at Claverick yesterday. I shot him. I killed that man. My orders are obeyed promptly—on the instant. I say shoot that man, and it is done. They fire when I give the word of command, as a regiment obeys the order of its colonel. I say it, and they are dead. When the powder-mill blew up in Rhode-Island, and all the workmen were torn to pieces, scattered limb from limb, tossed in the clouds and smoke, mangled by the beams and rafters, I did it! Talk of power! There's the Emperor of China, and the Emperor of Russia. Talk of holy alliance! There's an alliance more than holy. The Emperor of Morocco's sister is to be married to the Emperor of Austria, and the Autocrat of all the Russias, whose present wife, you know, is sister to the Grand Turk—but the pope will absolve Prince Metternich, and then ——"

His "bald, disjointed" talk, became each moment more incoherent; but occasionally reverted to his own destructive power, and his delight in human misery; always connecting these with his kingly condition, which, very naturally, sanctioned his desires. He was, in fancy, an Emperor; and doubtless, as such, an appointed scourge of the human race. Yet his imperial majesty very submissively filled the station of scullion in the kitchen of the hospital; and while his *will* dealt destruction as a king or an autocrat, his hands very mechanically washed dishes.

After an examination of the comforts which enlightened benevolence bestows upon the afflicted, the visiters were conducted to an open place, or enclosure, where, the day being fine, the convalescent or tractable patients, took exercise. Some were amusing themselves, or basking in the rays of the sun. Some walking or lounging under a long shed, or covered way, erected for their accommodation. They had all dined, for the insane dine at mid-day, the reasoning and refined at night.

A young gentleman was walking under the shed, and intently engaged with a book. One of the directors asked, "What are you reading?"

"Freneau's poems. There is much good in them."

"Poor Phillip! He is almost forgotten, like some other of our literary pioneers," said the director.

"Sir, he deserves better of Americans," was the reply.

This patient entered freely into conversation, in a connected, but rather hurried manner. He appeared cheerful, inquiring after friends in the city, but did not appear to regret his confinement, though he indirectly alluded to it. The director, to whom he spoke to as a friend, he was well acquainted with, asking him if he was not coming to town.

"No."

"Mrs. Tourberville and her daughters often inquire after you."

"Do they live in Pearl-street still?"

"In the same place. One of the daughters is lately married."

"Which?" He was told, smiled, and resumed his reading and walking, as one content with his condition.

Several of the patients importuned the physician for permission to go home; assuring him that they were perfectly well. He, with great address and amenity, evaded their requests, and they gave up the point, seemingly impressed with the idea of complete restraint upon their will. One man very sportively invited each person who approached him to play at tossing coppers or cents.

"Come doctor! head or tail? I want to win some silver."

"What do you want with silver?"

"To buy cigars."

"There are none to be bought here."

"I'll toss, heads or tails for a box, and send to town for them. Here goes! I cry head, no, tail. I've won, I've won!"

"You must win if you take both sides."

"Ha! ha! ha! well said. But I'm staunch for Jefferson! No Jay's treaty for me."

The doctor told Spiffard that electioneering and drinking, so fatally common at the houses in which the polls were held, had brought this person to the state in which he saw him. This touched our hero's sympathetic string, and he eagerly inquired into his case, and the probabilities of cure."

"He is recovering; and if he refrains from ardent spirits after his return home, as he is obliged to do here, he will be again a sane and useful citizen." They left him shouting, "Jefferson forever! Ten to one on our candidate."

Returned to the house, they passed through several galleries, looked in upon the convenient and airy sleeping apartments, and visited a room where there was a small library.

At a table several of the inmates were reading. One was writing. His letter he willingly exhibited, requesting that it might be put in the post office. It was filled with offers to purchase vast tracts of soil, and addressed to a well known land-speculator, who had rested upon a very small territory in the church-yard some years before. This patient had lost both fortune and reason in schemes, which still with delusive hope bewildered him.

"Without the aid of alcohol?" asked Spiffard.

"Yes. Cupidity—the inordinate desire to possess, is sufficient of itself to turn the brain—and the madness is incurable."

Among these patients, Spiffard recognised a man of the name of Knox, whose insanity had been produced by extreme intemperance. He was subject to outbreakings even here, although debarred from alcohol in any shape. He was at this time calm and appeared well; indeed much better than when he was at liberty, and engaged at the theatre, (for he was an English actor,) where he was seldom free from the tyranny of the appetite he served. His great desire was to obtain his discharge. This is the same person of whom it is recorded in Cooke's memoirs, that being as usual imperfect in his part, and playing Gloster to Cooke's Lear, when he uttered the words "Ye gods, give Gloster his discharge;" the old tragedian said in an under tone, "wait till Saturday, and the manager will give you your discharge, you black-guard." He was discharged; and Cooke in pity for a time supported him.

Their last visit was to the gallery, and to its adjoining apartments, appropriated to the female patients. As they approached, a confused, but not discordant, sound of many voices was heard. Loud but cheerful and silver tones, mingled with playful laughter. As the attendant opened the door of the gallery while the inmates, (owing to their own merriment,) were unconscious of the approach of intruders, several of the ladies were surprised in the midst of their unrestrained, infantile playfulness. The mask was off. For the insane carry the social mask even into the madhouse.

One lady—for such her dress and manners spoke her—was sitting on the floor, as if at a game of romps with her companions who stood laughing near. On the entrance of the visiters, she jumped up—smiled—blushed—and as though ashamed of being caught romping, ran into a side apartment: she soon however returned, and addressing Littlejohn by the appellation of "Grand-papa," asked him to take a walk with

her, at the same time placing her arm within his. Before he could answer, one of her companions cried "Fy, fy! Mary Ann," and the playful challenger looking at the doctor, who shook his head, withdrew her white and slender arm, laughed, and again vanished.

One of these apartments was devoted to female occupation of a graver kind; reading and needle-work; and several well dressed women were happily employed, patients and their attendants, in orderly work and cheerful conversation.

On the return of the visiters from this quiet scene, some objects presented themselves that were more or less distressing to their feelings. A very pretty, delicately formed and tastefully dressed lady, who had been conversing with one of the visiting committee, approached gracefully to Spiffard, and accosted him.

"I am told sir, that you are the celebrated actor, Mr. Spiffard."

"Spiffard is my name, madam."

"You don't look like an actor."

"How so, madam?"

"I hardly know. I thought you were old."

"Actors assume all ages—take all shapes."

"So do all men. But you look very serious as well as very young. I declare I should almost think you had been crying, and that I saw tears still in your eyes."

Such had been and was the fact, although unobserved by Spiffard's sane companions. He smiled and said, "I am a poor actor, madam."

"Don't say so: I have heard of you. Do you think I should make a figure on the stage?"

"A most interesting one."

"Pshaw! I don't mean so—but you men are ever ready to flatter. But I do think I could play Ophelia. 'There's rue for you'—O, no! not for you—for you, naughty man," and she turned playfully to the doctor. "You are the king, you know."

"But not a murderer."

"I don't know that." Then addressing Spiffard again she added "Ophelia must be played by a singer and I can sing," and with wild and sweet expression, and a voice such as Mrs. Merry possessed, she sung

"He is dead and gone, lady,
He is dead and gone;
At his head a grass-green turf,
At his heels a stone."

But I won't sing if it makes you sad. I thought actors were always merry."

Spiffard turned away to hide his emotion; and the physician led the songstress off, whispering in her ear, "You see it makes him weep."

Their inspection of this noble building terminated with a view from the roof, which presented one of the most magnificent panoramic pictures the eye of man is ever permitted to behold. Cheerful, thriving villages, fields rich in culture, roads thronged with carriages, cities, and their glittering pinacles, *only* divided from each other by the waters and ships that enriched them. The greater of these cities, like the proud mistress of the east, projects a garden, (unpolluted by the crimes of a seraglio,) into her own Bosphorus and Marmora; and receives in her golden horn, the flags and the wealth of every land and sea, while she smiles on a Galata and Pera, where the same laws and interests prevail among the same free and happy people. From these sublime prospects, our friends descended, to be reminded of what immediately surrounded them, and of their own personal and physical wants.

By invitation, Mr. Littlejohn and his companion partook of the dinner provided for the visiting committee. Spiffard remarked that the philanthropic physician had, previous to taking his place at the board, employed himself in persuading a gentleman, who paced up and down the hall, to join the company. He succeeded in placing the melancholy man at the table, and induced him to eat, and even to take one glass of wine; for wine was not banished from the temperate board of the asylum; neither was it ever abused.

This person, who now attracted Spiffard's special attention, was a patient whose malady permitted that he should have the freedom of the house and garden. After dinner, Spiffard learned that this gentleman's insanity is what is called a religious madness! He had been a merchant—became a preacher—and finally, under the oppression of bodily disease, came to the maniacal conclusion, that he was selected from all mankind to suffer a state of hopeless reprobation; that no redemption availed, nor repentance could save him.

While talking with his informant, the unhappy gentleman approached, and Spiffard had an opportunity of hearing him on the subject of his misery.

"You are better, Mr. Treffil, for joining us, and taking a glass of wine."

"Yes; for an instant. But the sense of my condition returns with redoubled force the next moment."

"Sir, instead of avoiding cheerful company, you must seek it. You are labouring under a mistake; and when restored to bodily health, you will be convinced of the falacy of these tormenting phantasies."

The sufferer shook his head. "It is vain for me to tell you of the communications I have had with the world of spirits. I know you cannot conceive of them, or believe me. My doom is fixed irretrievably."

"God is good beyond our conception, and infinitely merciful."

"I know what you would say; I have, myself, talked thus to others. To others the words may apply. I have heard reasons for my condemnation that are incontrovertible. My sins are unpardonable. I know that there is *no hope* for me. I have heard it proclaimed to all the worlds of the universe. I have been transported from planet to planet bodily. I know that you do not believe it. From star to star, through the immensity of space, filled with—. What I have seen and heard, I am forbid to tell."

"Before Spiffard and his friend left the asylum, the latter paid another visit to his son. He went unaccompanied. On his re-appearance, Spiffard asked, "How did you find him sir?"

"In tears. He seemed to be conscious that his former reception of me had been harsh. He took my hand, and tenderly pressed it at my departure, begging me to see him soon."

As the evening approached, our pedestrians, notwithstanding kind invitations to ride, returned as they came, on foot; musing and conversing on the scenes they had witnessed, this being to Spiffard, a most instructive day.

CHAPTER XVII.

The result of intemperance, and a sick chamber.

"Show not thy valiantness in wine, for wine hath destroyed many.—*Ecclesiasticus.*

"Is man no more than this?"

"They are as sick that surfeit with too much, as they that slave with nothing."—*Shakspeare.*

"Honour a physician with the honours due unto him, for the uses which ye may have of him."—*Ecclesiasticus.*

"'*Bardolph.*—Why, sir, for my part, I say the gentleman had drunk himself out of his five sentences.'"
"'*Slender.*—I'll ne'er be drunk whilst I live again, but in honest, civil, godly company.'"—*Shakspeare.*

"A wise sentence shall be rejected when it comes out of a fool's mouth, for he will not speak it in due season."—*Ecclesiasticus.*

"I would rather have a fool to make me merry, than experience to make me sad."

"Our remedies oft in ourselves do lie.

"Cease to lament for that thou canst not help;
And study help for that which thou lamentest."—*Shakspeare.*

We will now return to George Frederick Cooke. Among the many who have placed themselves aloft, as beacons on the hill-top, to warn mankind of the evils that threaten them; or who serve as buoys, to mark the hidden rocks and sands, where the gallant argosei of life, (freighted with youth and health, and all the ingredients of happiness, and onward borne, her bellying sails filled with the gales of hope,) must sink if not avoided: among these warnings, buoys, and beacons, few have been more conspicuous than this highly-gifted man.

While Spiffard and Littlejohn pursued their walk from Cato's, as we have seen, Cooke, under the care of one of the younger revellers, who was either more prudent or more hard-headed than his companions, returned to town in a hack coach, which had been in attendance on the party. The young man, who although but too conversant with scenes of dissipation, had never been confined with such a companion, was occasionally

amused by his extravagance, shocked at his profane vulgarity, and puzzled by his loud demands to be set down, and orders to the coachman to stop.

It seemed as if every vile image or word which had been presented to the eye or ear of the unhappy man during a long life, (a life partly passed among the licentious and frequently among the vilest of the vile) were called into existence and action by the demon who possessed him. The young man tired out by insolent repetitions, finally thought of governing by force, or at least threats. He had fallen on the remedy. For the tragic hero was never so far lost as to forget what was due to self-preservation when danger appeared. He could distinguish real from mock threatenings; and although he braved, as in the recent duel, the one, he shrunk from the other "upon instinct."

Tedious the ride to the young man, ere they arrived at the Tontine Coffee Hquse: but arrive they did, and found Trustworthy Davenport ready to receive the man he faithfully served, and even deigned to call master. Cooke, who had been for some time in a quiescent state, was roused by the stopping of the carriage and the ceasing of the rumbling noise which seemed to soothe him. He now vociferated his orders to the coachman to drive on, as loudly as he before commanded him to stop. His young companion gladly made his escape, resigning his charge to Trusty, who, presenting himself at the coach-door, solicited his patron to take his arm and alight.

"Coachman! Drive on! Stand out of the way and shut the door, you thrice three times elongated yankee son of a puritan praise-god-bare-bones! Coachman! Drive on!"

"This coachman says he can go no further, but I'll find a carriage for you in a jiffy, or I'll be swampt. Where shall I order your carrier to go?"

"To church, sirr! To church!"

"Jist git out of *this* coach, sir, and I'll see that you go, where you ought to go—where you want to go—I mean—so, sir, softly!"

The "yankee traveller" needed not to have changed his phraseology, for his patron was incapable of making nice distinctions. He made an effort to leave the carriage, but fell headlong into the grasp of his long-limbed valet, who in less than five minutes deposited him in the easy-chair by his bed side.

Nature, abused, and struggling against the abuse, notwithstanding uncommon physical powers, at length gave way. A

helpless, senseless mass, the admired of thousands, was deposited in that bed where he could only awake to regrets for the past, loathings of the present, and dread of the future.

Before morning, Davenport, who slumbered in the chair by the bedside, was awakened by the groans of the tortured man. He found him almost suffocated. By changing his position he saved him from immediate death, and then hastened for one of his physicians. The nearest of the many who gladly endeavoured to prolong the life of this infatuated man, was doctor McLean; and happily he was brought in time to afford relief.

Such was the termination of the excesses at Cato's—or rather of that series of excesses, which had been rising from stage to stage, until the fabric which supported them broke down. With some constitutions this termination is a hopeless state of despair, madness and death. With Cooke it brought on severe pains, difficulty of breathing, which if relieved by blood-letting, left him a miserable penitent as long as weakness and sickness continued—and no longer.

The symptoms which at this time marked his disease were the same that ultimately in a more aggravated form, preceded immediate dissolution. Two of the best physicians of the city attended him; and although restored to comparative ease, he was confined to his bed for several days.

During this state of pain and sober reflection, he was attended by Spiffard with the assiduity of an affectionate son. Occasionally he brought Mr. Littlejohn with him, at that gentleman's request, and when the tragedian was sufficiently recovered to converse, both his guests were delighted with his stores of anecdote, sketches of character, and sallies of humour.

One day that Cooke and Spiffard were alone, the old man expressed his desire to know by what train of extraordinary circumstances his young yankee friend had become a member —and a distinguished member of the profession to which he had devoted his own extraordinary powers.

"You are the strangest young man that ever I met with—*young* man?—young or old, you are unlike any thing that ever fell in my way. You tell me that you are a yankee from Vermont, yet you are a finished English actor, fit for Drury or Covent Garden. You are a very young man, yet you attach yourself to an old worn out fellow like me: you are a tea-sot and a water-drinker, yet you delight in the company of a veteran—known—proclaimed—shameless votary of the bottle!

Why is this? Come tell me what induced you to try the profession you have chosen—how you obtained your knowledge and skill in it, and how you have escaped the vices that hang about it."

Spiffard recounted his story, omitting some circumstances with which we have made the reader acquainted, and dwelling upon many theatrical adventures and characters with anecdotes more interesting to an actor than to any other person. He gave his reasons for embarking in an English ship for Quebec rather than the direct route and better sailors to New-York. He had no inducement to be in that city until late in the theatrical season, as such suited the manager's arrangements, and the desire to visit the British provinces whose history is so intimately connected with that of his own country, caused him gladly to seize the opportunity. Besides that, he wished to linger on the shores of Lake Champlain, and visit the Green Mountain spot where his father had flourished, decayed and died.

"I will not recount," he said, "the events of a passage across the Atlantic, though I might speak of clouds and winds, and dolphins, and whales, and the hopes and fears in meeting another storm-tossed bundle of planks and ropes on the ocean, and all the other pretty occurrences, from the common-place book, which occupy so many pages of modern prose namby pamby. Three times the number of days were wasted on the voyage that are sufficient to waft one of our passenger-packet-ships from Liverpool to this port. We escaped the hazards of the gulf, and in November were gladdened by the sight of the stupendous banks of the St. Lawrence, that majestic stream pouring the waters of so many inland seas into the fathomless ocean. As we approached Quebec and I saw the towering battlements of the upper town and castle, bristling with cannon, tier above tier, overhanging the houses and shipping which lay dim and dark in the shades of evening, while the sun yet played on the glittering spires and waving colours floating over them, I felt repaid for all the tedious hours I had passed on the weary weary sea. As I gazed, the eventful struggles of the brave men who fought and fell on this once important spot, rushed upon my mind with a pleasing soul-elevating melancholy. Early the next morning I landed, and found my way to the plains of Abraham. I sat on the stone which pillowed the head of the dying conqueror. I stood on the spot where one master-spirit decided the fate of the western world. I thought of Wolfe and the glorious day of his triumph and death. That day which broke the power of despotic France in the west, over-

threw at a blow her mighty plans of empire, and secured to the sons of English republicans the immense region from the Atlantic to the Pacific oceans,—from the north pole to the table-land of Mexico—a region destined for the propagation of innumerable free states, bound together by the same institutions, the same languages, the same interests—and a religious freedom, as dear as all—which rejects the dogmas of any usurping hierarchy."

As the young man spoke, his tone had become elevated, his cheeks were flushed, his eyes sparkled, and Cooke, who had raised himself in his bed, could scarcely believe that it was the low comedian who talked of states and empires in terms so lofty, and so little suited to his usual style. Spiffard observed the veteran's surprise, and said, "I have ever been an enthusiastic admirer of the institutions of my country, Mr. Cooke, and feel the attachment of a grateful heart to your native land, from which they are partly derived. I am proud that my forefathers sprung from England, that I can claim part with Englishmen in the glories of Shakspeare and Milton, Locke, Bacon, Newton, Hampden, Sydney, Pym, and Vane, and hundreds more, whose minds have enlighted the world, and continue, to this day, to roll off the clouds with which tyranny and superstition would envelope us. I am proud that my ancestors were among the puritans of New-England, who abandoned their lovely country, that they might be free to live as republicans, and worship their Creator as their consciences dictated; and I am happy that my grandfather served with Shirley at Louisburg, and bled with Wolfe on the plains of Abraham, by the side of gallant Englishmen, in opposition to those powers who then, and now, would enslave the souls and bodies of mankind."

"I see you are a thorough Yankee; and I suppose as you travel this way from Quebec, you will treat me to a dissertation on Saratoga and Bunker hill."

"No. The sympathetic chord that made Englishmen and Americans *one*, was severed before the seventeenth of June, seventeen hundred and seventy-five; and you are an Englishman."

Cooke looked up with his peculiar side-long glance, and said, "Thank you, thank you! Do you know that I have been thinking, while you were speaking, that if your head, by any chance, had been raised twelve inches higher, it might have been a head of eminence, and looked down on little men with the frown, or the condescension, of a hero—a leader of senates or armies—at least on the stage."

This touched a string in our hero's composition, which totally changed, not alone the current of his ideas, but the very nature of them.

"Yes, sir," he replied, (with that simplicity which rendered him so remarkable, and so obnoxious to be played upon by those of inferior intellect or acquirement.) "Yes, sir, I have thought that my face might, with the aid of histrionic art, represent a mimic hero, however unfit I may be to lead real senates or armies. My features are as boldly marked as John Kembles; my nose as prominent; my eye as capable of expressing passion. I have as great power over my countenance. I have studied the dramatic authors as assiduously, though not for so long a time as he has. But because, according to certain arbitrary rules, it is found that my face is too long for the height of my person, it is concluded that I cannot rise to the pitch of tragic dignity required for the stage, or give effect to the precepts or pathos of the poet."

"Did you ever try?"

"Yes."

"What was the result; how did the audience receive you?"

"The fools laughed."

"Well, well, never mind; punish them as you have done ever since, by making them laugh whenever you show your tragic phiz on the stage; leave strutting, roaring, and scowling to me and black Jack."

So saying, the old man laid his head on his pillow with a good-humoured laugh, in which Spiffard could not but join, though at his own expense."

"I had got no further in the story of my homeward travel—" Spiffard recommenced, and might probably have given a tolerably correct picture of Canadian manners, customs, costumes, rivalries, jealousies, and contrasts; and the conflicting interests of a conquered province, where ignorance and superstition is cherished as the precious reserved rights of the conquered; but at this moment his rival traveller and actor, Trustworthy Davenport, ushered Dr. Hosack into the apartment.

After the first salutations, the physician inquired if Cadwallader, McLean, or Francis, his coadjutors in the task of repairing the injuries nature had received, had visited the patient, and then remarked that he looked better.

"I always feel better, Doctor, when this tea-sot, this water-drinker, is with me; but I am puzzled to know what he can find attractive in the bed-side conversation of an old worn-out winebibber like me."

"His admiration of your talents as an actor, is sufficient to account for Mr. Spiffard preferring your company to that of men of less experience and knowledge."

"No, no, that's not it. He has seen Sarah, and Black Jack, and all the rest of them. No, I will tell you what I suspect. He is studying the effect of wine on the human constitution; and when he sees me snug under the sod, he will give lectures on temperance, making old Cooke the foundation on which to establish his theory, and build his fortune. But I'll cheat the water-drinker by out-living him. I'll play Shylock at ninety, as Macklin did."

"May you live to ninety, and I live to see it! But what says the doctor to the question of wine or water?"

"Pooh, pooh, what signifies what he *says*. Look at his face, and then turn to the mirror and look at your own pale visage. There's a complexion where madeira—always meaning in moderation—sparkles—"

"Let me see your tongue."

"That's by way of stopping its motion. As much as to say, 'hold your tongue.' But a tongue is not a member to be looked at, but listened to."

"Yet to the physician, even its appearance can tell tales. There, that will do. Mr. Spiffard, I must prohibit my patient from further exertion, or even attention to the conversation of his friends to-day. His tongue speaks of fever. Let me feel your pulse, sir. That will do. Let me place my hand—so, sir. Are your ankles swelled?"

The doctor proceeded with his examination. Cooke was silent, but appeared less concerned than either Spiffard or Davenport; for the last-mentioned of our actors stood anxiously listening and looking on, evidently taking great interest in the fate of the patient.

"The symptoms are decided. There is water in the abdomen."

Cooke turned his head away, and cast a look from the corners of his eyes on the physician, at the same time holding his face close to the pillow, and repeated the word "water," in a tone of surprise.

"Yes, sir," said the doctor, and was going on seriously to prescribe certain remedies, when all gravity was set at defiance by the patient exclaiming—"How should water find its way there? No, no, doctor, never risk your reputation by telling the world that you found water in the stomach of George Frederick Cooke! What say you, you long-visaged, lank-sided

yankee philosopher? Did ever water approach these premises since they were in your keeping?"

Davenport, thus addressed, and finding the eyes of the company turned upon him, answered with a drawling tone, and great deliberation—"If I might venture to propound an opinion upon sich a deep and profound subject—"

"As my stomach! Both deep and profound, ha? I have sometimes thought it had a double profundity. Well, Mr. wise man of the east, go on—your opinion?"

"I have a notion, (without pretending to give an opinion;) I have a notion that that critter man, is a compound of the elements of arth, air, fire, and water; and *that*, for one thing, makes him sich a contrarious animal; and for another thing, it makes it necessary for his bodily health, that all these elements should be replenished as fast as they evaporate, or are exhausted. Now, if I may be permitted—"

"Go on—propound—thou learned Theban."

"If a man denies admittance to water through the proper and natural door, by which it brings health and strength, it will find another inlet, and then it causes diseases and weakness: and in Mr. Cooke's case, it being always refused entrance above, it has taken advantage of the warm bath ordered for his feet, and has crept up through his toes."

"He has hit it, Doctor. The philosopher has found the cause. The disease has outwitted the physician. Most learned Doctor Davenport, see who knocks."

"I prohibit any more company this day. Mr. Cooke is not well enough to see any of his friends until to-morrow." Spiffard followed Trustworthy; and the doctor enjoining quiet for his excited patient, soon after left him to the care of the faithful, eccentric philosopher.

CHAPTER XVIII.

A little mystery, and an old acquaintance.

"Of what incalculable influence, then, for good, or for evil, upon the dearest interests of society, must be the estimate entertained for the character of this great body of teachers, and the consequent respectability of the individuals who compose it."—*Verplanck.*

"You have often begun to tell me what I am, but stop'd,
And left me to a bootless inquisition."

"Is there no pity sitting in the clouds,
That sees into the bottom of my grief."

"It is the show and seal of nature's truth,
Where love's strong passion is impressed in youth."—*Shakspeare.*

"Whose power hath a true consent,
With planet, or with element.—*Milton.*

"——— truth shall nurse her,
Holy and heavenly thoughts still counsel her."

"——————— my mother you wot well,
My hazards still have been your solace."

"If that thy father live, let him repent."

"Lepidus is high-coloured. They have made him drink."

"Faster than spring-time showers, comes thought on thought."
Shakspeare.

I WILL introduce my reader to another sick chamber of a very different aspect from the last. Indeed, a greater contrast to the commodious apartments and assiduous attendants which surrounded and administered to George Frederick Cooke, could not well be imagined, than the mean and scantily furnished hovel-like house of Mrs. Johnson, and the feeble assistance which could be rendered to her, (suffering and sick as she was,) by her only permanent attendant, a poor little negress. True, she had the occasional consolation of her son's presence, and that of Emma Portland: the consolation of duteous affection, sympathy, charity, and love. When those occupations which enabled him to procure the scanty sum necessary for his mother's support, would permit, she had the

attendance of the best of sons. But his days were passed in laborious preparation for his mother's future welfare, and even his nights were devoted to gaining the pittance required by their necessitous condition for present support; especially since a chronic disease had rendered his beloved parent incapable of those exertions which once had made their situation comfortable, and enabled her to give him the education of an enlightened, efficient citizen. She had frequently another attendant, (as noticed above,) whose sex made her more competent to know, and more skilful to perform, the offices which the sick require. Emma devoted to Mrs. Johnson as much of her time as she could; but she was wanted at home to assist her aunt and cousin; and abroad, by others who were sick and poor.

Mrs. Johnson had one attendant in common with Mr. Cooke. Of the many physicians who exerted their skill for him, one had been led to the house of poverty, and administered that relief which his professional skill and benevolent disposition, enabled him to give. Emma Portland had a tie stronger than pity and charity, or even sympathy toward a person so like herself in disposition, and so like her lost mother in sentiments, accomplishments, knowledge, and resignation to the will of heaven. Emma had become acquainted with Henry Johnson before his mother's illness, when she, by her industry, aided by strict economy, had supported her little establishment, while her son was obtaining that knowledge in a merchant's counting-house, which might lead to a competency for her future comfort.

This young couple, (for they were already united in the purest bonds of affection) had become acquainted in a manner and in a place, of all others, most likely to create a pure union of hearts, because the employment which brought them in the presence of each other evinced the congeniality of their dispositions and the kindred feelings of well regulated minds. They were both teachers in the same sunday school: both employed in the diffusion of knowledge to those whose condition in life rendered it most difficult of attainment: both endeavouring to rescue from vice those most exposed to become its victims—the children of the ignorant and vicious. Sunday was the only day that Henry Johnson was free from the labours of the counting house; and until his mother's illness required his presence in attendance on her, he had devoted it to the instruction of those whose avocations or situations prevented or prohibited other modes or opportunities of acquiring knowledge. The form, the face, the general appearance of Emma

Portland, were sufficient to attract the admiration of Henry; but he was captivated by her demeanor while bestowing instruction on the little ones around her; who soon learned to look upon her as a friend, and to love the lessons she bestowed, for the love they bore their beautiful and kind instructress.

Some of the same causes operated to produce the same effects in the breast of Emma Portland. She observed the punctuality with which Henry attended to his voluntary duties, and the patience he exhibited in performing them. His manly form and expressive face might have passed unnoticed; but his suavity of manners, his devoted attention to the welfare of those who were entrusted him, attracted her attention and gained her approbation. They had occasion to commune in this their benevolent employment. They mutually made inquiries respecting each other. The interchange of civility and words led to the interchange of esteem, and finally of love.

The situation of Emma, with her aunt and cousin, was by no means agreeable to Henry, and it was not until he knew the refined and just sentiments, and had learned the history of the lovely orphan, that he suffered love to lead his hopes on to the anticipation of happiness with such a partner. Love, with minds well regulated and accustomed to self-control, is not that blind and irresistible passion which poets and novelists have described. Once convinced of the worth of the object of his admiration, the youth felt resolved to remove her from her present situation, and doubted not that his resources were equal to the task. Before sickness had reduced his mother to the helpless state in which we now find her, Henry had communicated his views of future domestic happiness, and had obtained her approbation of his choice: those views were at present obscured; but youth can see beyond the clouds.

They were no common clouds that enveloped the Johnsons. Loss of health had caused the gradual approach of that extreme penury which threatened to render the remnant of this unfortunate lady's days peculiarly cheerless. The little shop she had attended to, and in part supplied with needle-worked articles for sale by her own industry and ingenuity, had dwindled away, had been closed, and its remaining stock sold at auction. Henry had discharged all debts, paid the rent of the house they had occupied, and removed, with his parent, to the hovel they took refuge in, there to meet the winter's storms and hide from the cold looks of worldlings. All the poor were not yet thrust into the suburbs of the city or the adjoining villages, and this mean habitation was in the way of Emma

Portland in her walks of duty, she seldom passed the house of Mrs. Johnson without paying the tribute of affection to suffering merit. She seldom saw Henry there; and, indeed, his absence sometimes appeared to her mysterious. We need not say that the attentions of Emma to the invalid increased the attachment of the son, and caused the mother to place her hopes of that son's future happiness on the prospect of his union with a creature of such rare virtues.

It was noon on Sunday—Henry, who at this period, passed that day in attendance upon his mother, had been reading to her in the family bible. He had ceased, and a few minutes of silence had elapsed. He turned to the leaf on which is usually recorded those important events in domestic history, the marriage of the father and mother, and the day and hour on which it took place: this, in most cases, is happily followed by the dates of the birth of each child. Henry looked, as he had often before done, mournfully upon this leaf in his mother's bible. It was mutilated. The top of the leaf on which the date of the marriage of his father and mother had been, as it would appear, written in the accustomed manner, had been cut off. There was no record on the leaf, save of the birth of a son on the 16th of June, 1791, baptized in *blank* church, (the name of the church carefully erased,) Manchester, by the name of Henry.

"Mother, it is long since you promised me, that, in due time, you would tell me who and what my father was. You know that I look often at every part of this book; but, since I first could read, this leaf has fixed my attention more than any other. I know your worth too well to entertain a thought to your disadvantage; but it sometimes occurs painfully to my mind, that only some act committed by my father, either disgraceful or criminal, could induce you to permit me to arrive at man's estate ignorant of even the name of one of the authors of my being. Relieve my mind from this impression, and say, at least, that my father's name is not dishonoured in his native country."

"I am sorry that you recur to this subject, Henry."

"It grieves me to cause you sorrow; but, believe me, dear mother, if you should be taken from me, and leave me in this incertitude, I would not rest until I had searched the records of every church in Manchester, with this leaf in my hand; if by no other means this mystery could be cleared and my curiosity satisfied. I pain you, madam, but forgive me. For your

sake I have deferred pressing this question, although it is seldom absent from my thoughts—for your sake I would still defer it—but another is now interested in it. Emma Portland is entitled to ask, and should know, that the father of the man she looks forward to honour, was not one whose name shall hereafter cause a blush on that face which was never suffused with the livery of shame. If your strength does not suffice to enter into a full explanation of the meaning of this mutilated leaf in the sacred volume, at least say that my father's name is not a reproach and a by-word in his native land."

"Henry, I cannot now enter into a painful story—but I repeat my promise—you shall know all—even if I should die this day—you will know all."

"And my father's name is not pronounced, (when he is spoken of) with epithets of contumely attached to it?"

"On the contrary—in terms of admiration."

"And yet—you are in a foreign land—and his son is ignorant of that name. Mother! you are as pure as the mind of man can imagine, or the heart of a son can desire. You have bred me in the love of truth, and abhorrence of mystery—and yet—"

"And yet—my son, I cannot willingly pronounce the name of your father. Forbear—I entreat you—you cannot long remain in ignorance. It is my wish to inform you of every circumstance before my death, and that must be in a few weeks—perhaps days—I am ill—give me that glass of water—quick—"

With affright and contrition her son obeyed her. And while tenderly supporting his parent's head and in broken accents asking her forgiveness, Emma, who with the little black girl had been at St. Paul's chapel, entered and flew to his assistance.

In such hands the fainting woman soon revived. With such a nurse sickness and sorrow were soothed to serenity. The mother banished the recollections of former woe, and blessing the virtuous pair who revived her hopes of happiness in an earthly futurity, though not for herself, she sunk sobbing on her pillow, her overcharged heart relieved by a shower of salutary tears.

Such was the scene at the bedside of the poor unknown. We have seen what was passing by the sick bed of the rich, the famous, the idolized George Frederick Cooke—more of both, anon. We will return to Zebediah Spiffard.

About this time the comedian's recollections of Boston

were revived by an accidental meeting with a person whose conduct had materially affected the course of those events which we have recorded, and of course those yet to follow in our story. The chain of the past, the present, and the future, is never broken.

As Spiffard passed through Nassau-street, he was accosted by a man who came at the moment from a public house, notorious as the resort of those who, like Bardolph, carry faces that might be mistaken for my landlady's red petticoat. This person stopping directly in the footway, cried, "sure it is Mr. Spiffard!"

"That is my name, sir."

"Why, Zeb, have you forgotten your old master?"

The truth flashed upon Spiffard, and with it a pang shot to his heart—a pang only to be accounted for by the circumstances of his childhood, the last scenes in his father's house, his present doubts and fears, and the peculiar susceptibility of his character, on the subject of the species of moral degradation which he at once perceived written on the countenance of this unhappy man. He gasped for breath as he exclaimed, "Mr. Treadwell!"

"Ay! I am very glad to see you my boy! Come in—come in," and he turned to the door he had just left. "Come in—I have been inquiring for you, and was going to see you—come in—you can help me—you can give me the information I want."

He led him, though reluctant, first into the bar room of the tavern, and then into a private apartment. He loathed the sight and smell of the place, but he could not refuse to follow one who revived recollections of a happy period of his youth, and who he had once been accustomed to respect and obey. He was urged on likewise by the feeling of shame at being seen in the street with a man whose appearance denoted the effect both of past and present excess.

In despite of Spiffard's remonstrances Treadwell ordered brandy; and talking with rapidity soon made known the cause of his journey to New-York. He displayed his own turpitude with an assurance which nothing but his present excitement, and a belief in the laxity of morals attached to the profession his quondam pupil had chosen, could account for.

Mrs. Tomlinson, a favourite actress, had been engaged for the New-York theatre, after a separation from her husband, an event which had taken place in Boston, and Spiffard now learned that his former legal instructor, although married

and the father of a family, had been the cause of the divorce. With the recklessness which the progress in guilt naturally induces, he had come on to effect a re-union with the unhappy woman, by inducing her to return to the place of his residence. She had, however, formed another attachment in New-York, and, hearing of Treadwell's arrival, secreted herself from his pursuit.

Little doubting but that Spiffard could give him the desired information, he concluded his communication with—"you will tell me where she is to be found."

"I do not know, sir."

"My dear fellow, that is impossible. She is of too much importance in the theatrical world to allow me to believe that. You may as well tell me, for I will know. Thomson, to whom I gave her letters when she left Boston, shuns me—and I suspect—but I have come here to see her, and I will see her."

"I know nothing of her, except as I have seen her on the stage; and her character is such that I wish no nearer acquaintance."

"That's too good! Your wife does not associate with her?"

"Certainly not, sir."

"That's very well! very well, indeed! When all the world knows how her character stood before—"

"Stop, sir!"

"Mrs. Spiffard, or Mrs. Trowbridge—"

"Stop, sir!" and Spiffard's eyes flashed fire, his face was flushed, and his limbs were braced to the tension of the tiger's, before he springs on his prey. "Stop, sir, one word spoken disrespectfully of my wife, will be resented on the instant. Contrary to my wishes, you have told me your own infamy, and that of the person you seek; yet you have dared to ask me if she is the companion of my wife. I despise your insinuations, but I will not suffer them to be repeated."

"Why, why, why, my dear fellow, why do you fly out in this manner? We all know—that is—come, come, take some brandy and water."

"Mr. Treadwell, you have already taken too much. If you had not deprived yourself of the sense of shame, as well as the power of reasoning, you would not have exposed yourself and the unhappy woman, who, perhaps, but for you, would have been a respectable wife and mother. I must leave you, sir."

"What? Why, Zeb? Don't you ask your old friend to come and see you? What! cut me!"

"I am obliged to believe your own account of yourself. When I heard your story from others, I tried to disbelieve it. Our acquaintance ends here."

Spiffard did not listen to his reply, but left the house abruptly. He left the house, but another arrow had entered his inmost soul, his heart's heart, and was borne away with him. The words he had heard in the Park, when we first met him; the mystery which hung over some passages of the life of one whose fame and welfare he had rashly united to his own; the consciousness of precipitancy in contracting an engagement for life, so vitally important to his peace; all rushed upon his tortured mind as he left the tavern; and the unhappy Treadwell's looks, as well as the inuendos he had given, continued to haunt him with horrid recollections. He passed through the bar-room to gain the street. When on the pavement, he heard from within a shout of laughter from those who surrounded the bar; and his imagination pictured a crowd of bloated fiends, sitting in the clouds, and rejoicing at his misery.

Treadwell sought to drown the voice of conscience, and the sense of humiliation, on the spot. A few words will terminate his story. While unsuccessfully seeking the woman for whom he had deserted his home, and whose infamy he was proclaiming by the search, her husband arrived in New-York, on his way from south to east, and hearing of Treadwell's presence, and avowed object, he sought him, and in a public place inflicted the chastisement of the most contumacious words, accompanied by blows. The wretch returned to his native place; he had no home; he died neglected by all but the wife he had deserted.

The unfortunate husband whose domestic peace had been invaded, his wife, and the friend of the seducer, who appropriated the guilty consignment to his own use, all perished early and miserably. Such things have been: and, perhaps, if mankind knew that their deeds of evil would not be covered by the veil of charity, but proclaimed for the truth's sake, many might be checked in the downward course, and brought to real repentance; which is amendment.

CHAPTER XIX.

A dinner party in 1811.

"Your reasons at dinner have been sharp and sententious; pleasant without scurrility, witty without affectation, audacious without impudence, learned without opinion, and strange without heresy."

"Some sports are painful; but their labour,
Delight in them sets off."

"The rich wine first must rise in these fair cheeks, my lord, then we shall have them talk us to silence."—*Shakspeare*

"When a rich man hath fallen, he hath many helpers; he speaketh things not to be spoken, and yet men justify him. The poor man slipped, and yet they rebuked him too; he spake wisely, and could have no place."
Ecclesiasticus.

"Time is the old justice that examines all such offenders; and let Time try."—*Shakspeare.*

"Experience, though none authorite
Were in this worlde, is ryght ynowe for me."—*Chaucer.*

Time rolled on, or flew, or crept, or limped, according to the circumstances or the feelings of his children; those children who murder him, and whom he, though murdered, never dying, devours.

Winter had arrived, and the many-coloured leaves of autumn had been scattered to the winds, or fallen to the earth, as a covering for the roots from which they had derived their summer nourishment; the long protracted rain-storms of November had given place to the freezing blasts of the north-west, before George Frederick Cooke had so far recovered, as to be permitted by his physicians to resume his place at the festive boards of his numerous admirers.

Doctor Cadwallader, (who had attended the old tragedian, in conjunction with Doctors Hosack, McLean, and Francis,) had long promised his friends the pleasure of dining with the eccentric thespian; accordingly, having stipulated that the bottle should be under the control of two medical attendants, a day was fixed when Cooke was to be the lion of the party; and exhibited in the evening, to the female acquaintance of Mrs.

Cadwallader, and as many of the *elite* of the city as the drawing-rooms might accommodate.

Spiffard was invited to the dinner and tea party in due form; for he had become acquainted with all Cooke's physicians, from the circumstance of being found so frequently at the bed-side of their histrionic patient. As we have said, Cooke was attended by no less than four of the faculty, of the highest grade; but Cadwallader took the lead as the senior, although Hosack, McLean, and Francis were all consulted: all separately visited the invalid at times, and sometimes altogether.

The young comedian declined the invitation. He had determined not to make one in parties from which his wife was excluded. Mrs. Spiffard was one of the acknowledged heroines of the stage at this time, but as utterly shut out from female society as if she had been infected with the most deadly contagion. Spiffard had thought little of this before marriage; it was one of the after-thoughts that tormented him.

Actresses have never been received into society, in this country, on a footing of equality. Some are visited, sought after, and invited into the circles of the rich and fashionable, when they have recently arrived from Europe, under particular circumstances; but even then, they are rather considered as objects to gaze at, and show off, than as persons belonging to the class who pay them these attentions. This class consider themselves as patrons. The patronized are generally superior, both in talents and accomplishments, to their patronizing entertainers; yet are they never considered as other than inferior to those who show them off, and pride themselves upon their liberality in so doing.

It is in vain to deny, or endeavour to conceal from the actress, that the very circumstance of publicly exhibiting for hire, that person, and those talents, so admired and applauded, has degraded her in the eyes of the world. Be it just or unjust, *so it is*; and, perhaps, so it ought to be.

That this is unjust, in some instances, is certain. We have known ladies of superior talents and education, who have made the stage their profession, under the immediate guardianship of their parents, that they might retrieve the fortunes of their fathers, and support the younger branches of their family in a necessary course of education. The tribute to these ladies from justice, ought to be reverential respect and praise.

The knowledge we all have of the character of an audience at a theatre—the mingled character, in which so much of the baser material preponderates—the conviction that the plaudits of a play

house are sought with avidity—almost valued as the supreme good by many, and boasted of by the individuals, as "I got three rounds"—"the pit rose to me." The certainty that the actress must come in contact with (and the world knows not how intimately) those of the same profession of both sexes known to be impure, although of equal or superior talent to herself—on the same stage—behind those mysterious curtains and scenes—in those dark recesses, of which the secluded matron, or even the dashing woman of fashion, knows no more than she does of the world beyond the grave—the knowledge of these circumstances, and the considerations and impressions flowing from this knowledge—all these *items* ever did, and still do, make the world pause and hesitate and feel shy and queer, when required to associate with an actress, however much it may admire the skill or talents of the individual.

Spiffard had not thought of all this before his marriage. As a boy, in Boston, he only saw the stage to admire; in England, he had only seen the bright side of the picture which the drama exhibits. He was pure himself, and void of suspicion in a degree that exposed him to ridicule. He knew nothing of the higher class of English society, except as represented in books, and he knew that actresses were admitted amongst the nobles of the land, and even united in marriage with them. Now that he was married to an actress of talents, he was at first surprised to find, that his wife was considered of an inferior caste by those who applauded *her*; and that, although they invited *him* to their parties, his domestic partner was not thought of as his and their companion. He had made other discoveries not less inimical to his peace; and although he had no wish to lead Mrs. Spiffard into the drawing-room of Doctor Cadwallader, or any other magnate of the city, he felt that where his wife was doomed to linger, he ought to remain; and that, content or not, he must rest *with* her. They were united for better for worse. It was worse than he expected—it will happen so sometimes—he hoped to make it better. He had chosen, and chose to abide by his choice.

Such was the ground Spiffard took in respect to receiving the invitations of those who admired his talents and those of his wife—invited *him* and neglected *her*. He therefore accepted no invitations. But in the present instance, Cooke prevailed upon him to go with *him*, as his protector from himself. The physicians urged him to comply. The tragedian at length refused to go without him, calling him his mentor, his guardian, and promising to be guided by him. The water-drinker was

persuaded to waive all objections (the objections, as may be supposed, were neither stated nor discussed), and finally to yield.

The party at the dinner-table was large. The physicians of the theatrical lion made a part. Mr. Littlejohn and his friend Governor Tompkins sat near Spiffard and Cooke. Opposite to them was a gentleman Spiffard had never seen before: a man far past the meridian of life, tall, above the usual height of Americans (and that exceeds the European standard): this height was reduced, however, by a habit of courteous bowing. His face remarkable for symmetry; his complexion fair, but rather ruddy; and his full blue eyes were half closed with smiles while attending to the words of every speaker. The dinner was good, ample, and served with taste. When I speak of a good dinner, I mean such as might have been thought good in England fifty years ago, before gastronomy was a science, or cooks, *artistes*. The wine was good, and of every choice kind. The host was a man who knew how to welcome his guests and make them at home, by freeing them from superfluous attentions. The ladies of the family, Mrs. Cadwallader and daughters, with a favoured few, graced the table, and according to the custom of those days, soon withdrew after the dessert, taking with them several other nymphs related to them, called Temperance, Sobriety, Moderation, and sometimes Decency.

Cooke, who was, to use a green-room phrase, "the great pan of the dairy," had great attention paid to him, and it was evident that much was expected from him; but nothing came. He was courteous, reserved, not quite silent, but very cautious. When challenged to a glass of wine, he touched the brim or sipped. The master of the feast observed his caution, and deferred any attempt to draw him out for the present. Spiffard, who had been introduced to Governor Tompkins by his friend Littlejohn, was by far the most of a star: for he shone upon every topic which he touched in the course of conversation, without any of the affectation of the theatre, or the forwardness of the traveller; and displayed a knowledge of subjects so foreign to what is generally considered the train of study a comedian would pursue, that he excited the admiration and fixed the attention of all who were in his vicinity.

A subject happened to be started which gave Mr. Littlejohn an opportunity of entertaining those near him, and especially Spiffard, by detailing circumstances connected with a scene dear to every American of right feeling. It is one of the pri-

vileges of age to be sometimes interesting, merely as witnesses of by-gone events, if a habit of observation has charadterized the youth of the witness, and a love of truth accompanies the decline of life.

A difference respecting the date existed between governor Tompkins and the remarkably handsome tall gentleman who sat opposite to him. Few men, for beauty or courtesy, could compete with the governor; but his present opponent, though older, was more dignified in appearance, and would in most eyes pass for the handsomer man. The general, for that was the title by which he was accosted, was a more fashionably dressed man than the governor, or perhaps any person present; his fine formed face showed little mark of age, except about the eyes and brows, and the brilliancy of his florid complexion the smoothness of his skin, as well as demeanor, turned away all suspicion, which times' powder-puff or crows-feet might have excited. As we have said, he was tall above the average, of even American height, and might be said to be a very handsome as well as very well dressed gentleman.

Such were the courteous disputants.

"Mr. Littlejohn, I dare say, can tell us," said the governor.

"His knowledge," said the referree, "is at all times at the service of the man of the people's choice."

"We were at a loss for the date (that is, the day, for no one can forget the year) of a very important transaction; no less than that which put a seal to the federal union and the constitution of the United States."

"The doctor's library would resolve that question, but to save trouble I will be your authority. It was the thirtieth day of April, 1789. I believe you, governor, are too young to have been present, but the general might have witnessed the scene."

Littlejohn looked at the general with an expression which Spiffard noticed, but which was mysterious, and at the time, to him, inexplicable.

"I was in France at the time," said the general.

"Were you present at the ceremony?" asked Spiffard with enthusiasm, addressing the merchant.

"I was, and assisted, in the capacity of grenadier; standing in front of the building erected on the site of the old provincial town-house, for the accommodation of Congress, and which was called Federal Hall after the adoption of the constitution."

"My dear sir," said Cadwallader, whose attention was at-

tracted by the subject, as well as by reverence for the speaker, "as the building you mention has been long swept from the face of the earth, and the place where Washington pledged himself to support that constitution his wisdom aided in forming, has been devoted to the children of mammon, and to the strife between cupidity and tax-gathering, your description of a place, the memory of which is hallowed in my mind, would be very interesting to us men of these utilitarian days."

"And a description of the ceremony," said Governor Tompkins;" for though I was old enough to have seen it, I was at Westchester, probably playing the idler at the time, for I was on a visit to my father, and glad to escape from my master's office, and the study of Coke upon Littleton."

"Federal Hall, as well as the building which gave place to it, projected into Wall-street where Broad-street terminates, on the one side, and Nassau on the other. A covered way accommodated foot-passengers; over it was a balcony, the pediment surmounting which was supported by massive pillars, swelling fancifully in the centre, rather according with the architect's whim than with any known order."

"Who was the architect, sir?" asked the general.

"Major L'Enfant."

"Aha! a Frenchman. How infinitely are Americans indebted to France. She stepped forward in the cause of freedom, and with unexampled liberality sent her fleets and armies to rescue America from oppression."

"When I hear of the liberality of Louis the Sixteenth's government in the cause of liberty, and of the debt we owe to France for seizing a favourable opportunity to cripple the power of England, I can only express my dissent by one word —a very expressive old English word, though not perhaps classical."

"What is that, Mr. Littlejohn?" asked the governor.

"Fudge!"

"Ha! ha! But we must not lose Federal Hall and the first presidential inauguration. You have described the pediment and its pillars or columns."

"These pillars divided the open space within which the inauguration took place into three parts, making a picture to those in front of the building, like Raphael's apostles at the beautiful gate of the temple. As Broad-street terminated at this spot, forming an open space, the persons on the balcony were in full view of the populace. The volunteer companies

of militia, in full uniform, paraded in front of the Hall, on Wall-street. Some troops of horse, well mounted and equipped, two companies of grenadiers that might have pleased old Frederick, the one filled by the tallest youth of the city, the other composed of Germans; many of them men who had found means to remain, as citizens and freemen, among the people their masters had sent them to reduce to the condition of slaves. These, with a company in the garb and military equipment of Scotch Highlanders, were drawn in line with several bodies of artillery and infantry. My good friends, Generals Morgan Lewis, and Jacob Morton, were both active officers on the glorious day, and could give you many interesting details which may have escaped me, a private, and confined to the ranks. Both houses of Congress being assembled, they, with foreign ambassadors and other distinguished persons, filled the balcony and the space behind it. From this elevation, the view of Broad-street was of one living mass, a silent and expectant mass; with faces upturned, they gazed upon the man of their hearts as he walked from the interior of the building, and took his place in the centre of the balcony, between two pillars which bounded the compartment, and formed the principal group of this great historic picture."

"Mr. Spiffard," said Cadwallader, "precious as youth is, one would almost consent to be old, to have seen such a day!"

"Not only almost, but quite, sir!" replied Spiffard.

Cooke listened without appearing to attend. The handsome general bowed, saying, "You have an excellent memory, Mr. Littlejohn. It is a great blessing."

"That depends upon circumstances, sir," was the reply, accompanied by a glance such as he seemed to keep in store for the general. "It is sometimes convenient to forget—and memory may be a curse."

Cadwallader appeared to notice the look and the reply, although the general's face gave no symptoms of any movement within; and the doctor adroitly said, "It was indeed a great historic picture! You can, perhaps, not only remember the persons present, the figures of the price, but their situation on the canvas."

"As though it were yesterday."

"Pray give us the picture," said the doctor.

"In a painting, costume is essential to truth; and if I paint, truth shall be my first object."

Cooke observed in a whisper, "Then you will be the first

historian (writer or painter) that ever paid her ladyship such a compliment."

The merchant proceeded. "The president elect made his appearance, that day, in a plain suit of brown cloth; coat, waistcoat, and breeches; the dress was homespun—home-manufactured, even to the buttons; which my old friend Rollinson, the engraver, takes pride in saying, displayed the arms of the United States, chased by his graver. White silk stockings showed the contour of a manly leg; and his shoes, according to the fashion of the time, were ornamented with buckles. His head was uncovered, and his hair dressed and powdered; for such was the universal custom of the day. Thus was his tall, fine figure presented to our view, at the moment which forms an epoch in the history of nations. John Adams, a shorter figure, in a similarly plain dress, but with the (even then) old-fashioned Massachusetts wig, stood at Washington's right hand; and opposite to the president elect stood Chancellor Livingston, in a full suit of black, ready to administer the prescribed oath of office. Between them was placed Mr. Otis, the clerk of the senate, a small man, bearing the bible on a cushion. In the back-ground of this picture, and in the right and left compartments formed by the pillars, stood the warriors and sages of the revolution. The men who forgot self for the sake of their country."

"O, for a painter!" cried Spiffard.

"Go on with the accessories to your picture," said the doctor.

"The man on whom all eyes were fixed, and on whom all hearts rested, stretched forth his hand with that simplicity and dignity which characterized all his actions, and placed it on the open book. The oath of office was read. The bible was raised, and he bowed his head upon it. The chancellor announced that '*it was done*'—that George Washington was the President of the United States of America. The silence of thousands was at an end; and the air was rent with acclamations, bursting simultaneously from the hearts and tongues of men who felt that the happiness of themselves and their posterity was secured."*

"Thank you, sir," said the doctor.

"O, what a contrast is this simple picture, to the impious mockery and insulting pageantry which attends the coronations

* This is the description of an eye-witness of the scene.

of European potentates," was the exclamation of the Vermonter.

"Those imposing ceremonies, sanctioned by religion, and made sacred by time, have their effect," remarked the general.

"Imposing ceremonies! Yes, they have their effect on those who are kept in ignorance by impostors." Then turning from the general (who bowed, but could not smile) to Spiffard, the merchant continued. "My young friend, every American must feel proud when contemplating the simplicity and wisdom of our institutions."

"Will they not last forever?"

"Forever is a long day," whispered Cooke.

"That is a question not for us to answer. It is certain that they will be imitated, and as certain that they will be looked upon with jealousy and enmity—misrepresented and plotted against by those who will be interested to destroy them, and perpetuate their own power."

Doctor Cadwallader seeing that many of his guests were evidently disappointed in not finding the entertainment they expected from the eccentricities of George Frederick, and concluding that it was only when the wine was in, that the humour would come out, addressed the tragedian in a tone, and with the intent, to attract the attention of the company. "I have had my professional and guardian glances unceasingly directed to you, my patient, knowing how long you have suffered from your late illness, and I perceive that you are more afraid of madeira than I think necessary."

"Doctor," said Cooke, with a glance from the corner of his eyes over his shoulder, "I need not tell a man of your experience, that 'a burnt child dreads the fire.' I believe I shall for the future follow the example of this venerable gentleman at my elbow, Mr. Spiffard, who has, like myself, in early life drank so freely of wine, that now, to qualify it, he takes nothing but water."

"But, as you have not yet attained his venerable age, or had either opportunity or inclination to injure yourself in that way, I advise, as your physician, that the water-drinking be put off until to-morrow."

"'To-morrow, and to-morrow, and to-morrow.'"

"So, here's a bumper toast. 'The first cultivator of the vine. I prescribe a bumper of madeira to you, and one of Manhattan water to your venerable neighbour—unless he returns to his former ways, and takes wine for the remainder of the day—come, fill! Here's to the memory of the first cultivator of the

vine, and inventor of the exhilarating liquor pressed from its fruit."

Every glass was filled with madeira, except that of the water-drinker. Every one repeated the toast literally, except Cooke, who added the name of "Bacchus," as the inventor of the liquor he loved.

"Another bumper for Mr. Cooke, as a punishment for altering the toast," cried out one of the company who had not been so cautious in his libations during the feast.

"I submit to the punishment. I have generally found it easier to receive than to pay. I am bound to take what my physician prescribes." And having drank a second bumper, he added, "This is better than any prescription I have swallowed of your ordering of late, my dear doctor. Call you this punishment?"

"I think, sir," said Spiffard, addressing Cadwallader, "that Mr. Cooke ought to be enjoined to take a tumbler of the medicine Doctor Davenport prescribed when called in at the late consultation."

"That would be punishment."

"And you deserve it for robbing the inventor of wine of his due, and giving it to another."

"What, sirr, what! Would you transfer the worship from Bacchus to any other hero or divinity? Who, sirr, who? Who but the jolly god invented this heart-cheerer?"

"Cassio says, the devil."

"False reading; he called the invisible spirit of wine by that name—not this visible and beautiful creature, nor its creator. Besides, sirr, that was when his head ached."

"But, sir, I appeal to Doctor Cadwallader. Who did you mean, sir, by the first cultivator of the vine and inventor of the wine-press?"

"Noah, to be sure."

"What, old Captain Noah?" said Cooke.

"Surely."

"Then, Mr. Cooke," said the governor, "I fill your glass again, and drink with you to Captain Noah."

"With all my heart. I will do him all the justice in my power, and endeavour to make up for my unintentional disrespect."

"'O, thou invisible spirit of wine!'" slyly whispered Spiffard.

"I do not wonder," Cooke continued, "that the old gentleman exerted his wits to invent wine after being so long water-drenched. A good rule should work both ways. 'Mix water

with your wine,' says the philosopher; if the rule is good, then it is good to mix wine with your water."

"Good, good!"

"Most assuredly I am not an admirer of that word 'mix;' but these grave and learned doctors, who are 'my very worthy and approved good masters,' say (and I doubt them not, though I cannot account for the fact) that I have too much water in my system. What, then, is the remedy? Captain Noah's, to be sure. Wine! generous wine!"

The visible wine and the invisible spirit of wine, had produced very visible effect; and but for the interference of the young Mentor at his elbow, the convalescent tragedian would have soon shown symptoms of his old complaint. Spiffard, assisted by one of the physicians, contrived to substitute a decanter of wine-and-water for that of wine which was at his side, and by filling for his friend, kept him in that moderate state of excitement which merely exhibited him to advantage.

A few songs were introduced; and in this part of the entertainment Spiffard amply contributed; for his knowledge of music, and stores of the best songs of every description, made him an invaluable guest at any musical or convivial party, and rendered it easy for him to prescribe his own course, and persevere in it, in respect to his water-drinking. 'Nor numbers, nor examples, with him wrought to swerve' from his resolves.

The conversation turned naturally upon actors and acting. Cooke's remarks on his contemporaries of the stage, were always liberal—when he was himself. He gave Kemble all the praise he deserved, although it was evident that he placed him far below Mrs. Siddons, in the scale of histrionic excellence. Garrick and Henderson he had only seen, but never played with. He professed to aim at the one in Richard, and the other in Falstaff. In Sir Archy and Sir Pertinax, he remembered their author, old Macklin; but he played them even better. When descanting on the merits of others, he undesignedly impressed upon his hearers a conviction of his own pre-eminent talents in his profession.

Surely actors should avoid the appearance of slighting those who preceded them. The fame of an actor only lives in the praise of those who follow him. He leaves no impress of himself, but as he is imitated by others. We are apt to bestow our admiration on those who "strut their hour on the stage" before us, and doubt the testimony of writers who have recorded the merits of their contemporaries. This was not a failing of Cooke's. Happily this day was one of his brightest. He exerted himself to please, and was successful.

CHAPTER XVIII.

Conversation and coffee—Politeness and harmony.

"Black spirits and white, blue spirits and gray,
Mingle, mingle, mingle; ye who mingle may."

"It is certain that either wise bearing, or ignorant carriage; is caught as men take diseases, of one another: therefore let men take care of their company."

"——— Let me see wherein
My tongue hath wronged him: if it do him right,
Then hath he wronged himself; if he be free,
Why then, my taxing like a wild goose flies,
Unclaimed by any man."

"How blest are we that are not simple men!
Yet nature might have made me as these are,
Therefore I will not disdain."

"Their own hard dealings teaches them to suspect
The thoughts of others."

"Of government the properties to unfold
Would seem in me to affect speech and discourse.
* * * * The nature of our people—our city's institutions—
You are pregnant in."

"Sour-eyed disdain and discord shall bestrew
The union of your bed with weeds so loathly
That you shall hate it both."

"Who can come in and say that I mean her,
When such as she is, such is her neighbour."

"My face is visor-like, unchanging."—*Shakspeare.*

THE company removed early from the dinner-table and the wine, exchanging the fumes of the cigar for those of the fragrant berry, the exhilarations of the decanter and the song for those of the tea-pot and the music of female conversation.

The handsome general left the dining-room before the company broke up, and was not found in the drawing room. This gentleman had not been introduced to Spiffard; and although he most courteously addressed the young man with smiles and a manner intended to be condescendingly encouraging, the water-drinker shrunk from him with a sensation approaching

to something between dread and loathing. He answered his questions politely, but with great brevity, and withdrew his eyes from the fine features and mild glances as soon as his unwilling reply to the superficial remark would in decency permit. Yet, by a strange anomaly of feeling, he looked for this man in the drawing-room, and seemed to be relieved when he discovered his absence. Cooke was *here* really the lion of the evening. He was fully alive to the pleasures of society, and in that happy state of confidence and self-possession, which prompted to eccentric sallies, and enabled him to meet on equal ground the opposition of those who did not choose to submit to his occasional dogmatism. The water-drinker was always the same, when not assailed on his weak side: and he was at this time in unusual spirits. His musical powers and his conversation had produced their full effect, and he was pleased to see that the man, in whom he took so great interest, had escaped unscathed from the dangers of his recent situation.

Doctor Cadwallader, one of the oldest and most popular physicians of the city, well known and highly esteemed in every literary as well as fashionable circle, had issued invitations very generally for this evening, and Mrs. Cadwallader had done the same; consequently the suite of apartments were filled by the young of both sexes, companions or admirers of the young ladies, and with professional men of every description, some of whom were expressly invited for the purpose of meeting the famous tragedian: the females of the doctor's family alone formed a brilliant circle; but, in addition, the rooms were almost crowded by belles and their mamas, who wished to see Richard and Sir Pertinax surrounded by a dramatis personæ of every-day life.

Cooke went through the forms of introduction with all the easy ceremony of the old school, and by the suavity of his manners, softness of his voice, good humoured smiles, and occasional archness, won the hearts of the old ladies, and the admiration of the young.

"I never will believe," whispered Mrs. Temple in the ear of Mrs. Cadwallader, "I never will believe that such a pleasant old gentleman can be guilty of the acts which have been attributed to him."

"My dear," said the elegant Mrs. Cadwallader, "these men are strange deceitful creatures. Even *our* husbands are not always the same amiable pieces of perfection they once were, or as we wish them to be."

Mrs. Temple's husband seldom came home sober, and

never in tolerable humour unless fortune had favoured him at the pharoah or brag table.

Cooke was at this moment examining a miniature picture (by the accomplished and amiable Malbone) that Miss Cadwallader had asked his opinion of. He immediately saw that it was the portrait of the lovely girl herself.

"My dear young lady, I can only say that it is extremely beautiful and extremely like. I must confess my ignorance of all that relates to this delightful art. Likeness I can see. I peer at those soft eyes and almost imagine that through the long lashes they are peeping at me—I look at these swelling ruby lips and think they are breathing odours, and just opening to accost me—but when I turn to the original, I spy a thousand faults in the copy."

"What are they, Mr. Cooke?"

"I cannot perceive the laugh that lurks between the eyelids, and about the dimpling cheeks or curling lips—there now—it is less and less like. I cannot find the rows of pearl that should be here—or the blush that spreads and deepens every moment—truly the artist's colours have no life in them! What do you think, madam?" addressing Mrs. Cadwallader, who then joined them.

"You do the artist injustice, and flatter Louisa at his expense."

"Nay, mama, I think Mr. Cooke is a very good judge of painting," said the laughing Louisa.

"If my friend Pope were here," said Cooke, "he could talk learnedly on painting, as he is not only actor but painter, and in this same style. He would point out the merits and demerits of this very beautiful portrait—for such I can see that it is—although I can see that nature possesses many more beauties than art has portrayed. He could descant on colour and keeping, on tint and touch, and tell you why this eye does not sparkle like that," and he archly turned his own up to the laughing eyes of the lovely girl—"but I have no skill in these things—I can paint no face but my own, and burnt cork and brick-dust are the principal colours I require."

"But, Mr. Cooke," said Mrs. Temple, "is not every actor necessarily a painter? Is he not obliged to conceive an image of the figure, costume, expression, of the character he wishes to represent, and to make his own appearance conform thereto?"

"He ought to do all this, madam, and he ought to understand grouping, that himself and those acting with him may

present true and graceful pictures to the spectators; but he is generally content to leave the first to the wardrobe-keeper or tailor, and the last to the stage-manager or prompter."

"I feel confident," said Dr. Hosack, who with Cadwallader joined the group, "that you, and your friends Cooper and Kemble, do not trust for stage grouping, or dressing, to the prompter or the tailor."

"Why Tom and black Jack are generalissimoes: they command by virtue of proprietorship."

"And you," said Mrs. Cadwallader, "by talent. When you call up the image of Richard, Iago, Falstaff, or Sir Pertinax, you see in imagination a countenance and costume conforming to the character, in the same manner that the painter who wishes to represent on his canvass a madonna or a saint."

"I understand you, madam; so far the actor is a painter. Both must be imaginative; or steal, as both do, from those who went before them. But the actor must paint, as the savage does, on his proper person."

"Or as we do," said Louisa, "when preparing for a party or ball."

"No, no: your care is, only, that grace and beauty may have fair play; and nature appear in her true loveliness, accompanied by art, not disguised by it. But the actor must be himself the mere board on which to daub the character he is to exhibit—a walking piece of paste-board or bundle of rags. He bears his own work about with him on his own person, and is exposed, with it, to be hissed, or hooted, or pelted, by the congregated mob of a playhouse."

"Or to see the effects of his skill," said Cadwallader, "reflected in the eyes of beauty, and hear the enthusiastic plaudits of the thousands attracted by his celebrity."

Spiffard was in another part of the room with Littlejohn; well pleased that his aged friend could give him the characters of the various individuals who were grouped in the apartments or occasionally entering. Mr. Littlejohn did not appear averse to playing the part of Asmodeus for the gratification of his young acquaintance.

"Who is that tall and heavy moulded stupid looking man, who is gazing around him with an inquiring and sinister eye, and an air of vulgar confidence?"

"Bless me," said Asmodeus, "what brings him here? He has mistaken the doctor's house for a political tavern-hall, or this congregated assembly for a ward meeting. He is out of place here."

"Nature has been bountiful to him in bulk."

"And extremely parsimonious in every intellectual quality, except cunning; but the deficiency is supplied by dollars and cents;—brawn, cunning, and impudence, qualify him as a brawler at an election, or an intriguer in the lobbies of the legislature; consequently he is a man of no small influence. Aha! I see now what has brought him here. He has found the governor and has taken him aside."

"Has he influence with him?"

"Yes. Because he can serve him: and our democratic governor knows, that in our democratic government the work of the ruler must be performed by tools of forms as various as their worth."

"Do you not apply the term democracy and democratic government incorrectly?"

"In my opinion," said the merchant, "a democratic government is one in which the people rule, whether by elected representatives or in their own persons. In the latter case it may be, and has been, an odious tyranny; in the former it is the perfection of government by law. Both are, in my acceptation of the term, democracies; because the people govern, and there are no hereditary rulers, and no privileged class. When I speak of democrat, I mean one who opposes all usurpations upon the people's rights, and submits himself to the laws."

"Ha!" exclaimed Spiffard, "there is our friend the manager. Who is that with him?"

"That," said Littlejohn, "is, in my opinion, the best painter in the United States."

"You forget Stuart, sir,"

"Every man has his taste: I like that young man's pictures better than Stuart's."

"You do not tell us his name."

"Sully. Did you never hear Mr. Cooper, your manager, speak of him."

"Not that I remember. They appear intimate."

"Did the manager never mention any particulars of the painter's life?"

"No, sir."

"That is because he must have been the hero of his own tale. Sir, one of the first acts of his management was to exert his influence and advance funds to bring forward the young painter by an opportunity of exerting his talents.

"Bravo! But, sir, when you speak of our best painters, you forget that we have West, Copley, Trumbull."

"West and Copley have abandoned us, and Trumbull has been many years a resident of London. If I had thought of the beautiful pictures painted by him, which I saw in this city ten or twelve years ago, representing, in small historical painting, some scenes of our revolution, I should not have placed any one before him."

"There is another American," said Spiffard, "now painting in London, that, I think, excels them all."

"Indeed! Who?"

"Allston."

"And when I visited Philadelphia, I saw the works of a boy—I think his name was Leslie—who, in scenes of delicate humour, promises to stand unrivalled."

This conversation was interrupted, very much to Spiffard's surprise, by the approach of Mrs. Cadwallader, Mrs. Temple, and four or five young ladies, with as many laughing girls, whose sparkling eyes were fixed on the comedian.

"Mr. Spiffard," said the matron, "your friend Cooke has assured these girls, and given us all assurance, (for we are equally interested,) that you will favour us with a specimen of your skill on the harpsichord, and some of your songs. I have been appointed to make the request."

"What he has promised, I will endeavour to perform, madam. His assurance of my will is correct, and of that he is a judge; of my skill, I disclaim his judgment. He cannot tell the difference between a street-ballad-bawler and a Billington or Mara. You shall judge of the worth of his commendation, by the precipitate retreat he will make as soon as he hears the sound of the instrument."

So saying, the young actor, attended by the group of females, and by his friend Littlejohn, moved towards the harpsichord. Cooke walked into the adjoining apartment, which was farthest from the common door of entrance for the company. The instrument at which Spiffard prepared to place himself, was opposite to this door, and his back, of course, turned to it; but unfortunately, he cast his eyes upon a mirror, suspended over the harpsichord, and saw an apparition which deprived him of the power of motion, as though he had been transformed to a statue of marble. The chord was struck which shook his reason. His eyes were fixed ou the mirror; his face was colourless; his hands fell upon the keys of the instrument, which emitted a discordant sound, and his pale lips were opened as

he gasped for breath. The gay party who surrounded him, stood a moment, as if petrified: their eyes followed his to the mirror, and they instantly turned them to the door; there the cause of his strange conduct was in some measure accounted for, by what they saw.

The remarkably tall, well dressed, and handsome gentleman, who had been placed opposite Spiffard at the dinner-table, and who had been addressed as general, but whose name he had not heard, entered the room with a female hanging on his arm, whose rich and splendid attire, tall, slender figure, as well as the wild expression of her countenance, were sufficient to attract a stranger's attention, but not to account for the young man's extraordinary emotion.

The general advanced, bowing courteously, with the same unchangeable face, that seemed, at table, to defy scrutiny, and only express a desire to please. His companion saluted Mrs. Cadwallader, who received her as if taken by surprise. The younger ladies withdrew, and the general's consort, quitting his arm, followed them.

The attention of those who were near the musician was again attracted to him by the exclamation of "My mother!" and by his falling senseless on the floor.

Here was "confusion worse confounded." Doctor Cadwallader, who was advancing to meet the newly arrived guests, had his attention called to Spiffard, and, with Mr. Littlejohn, ran to his assistance. Cooke, as we have seen, had retired to the next room.

Spiffard having recovered sufficiently, was led by the gentlemen into a private apartment; but the doctor was called away by a messenger from his wife, and left the young man with the merchant.

After a few words interchanged between Mrs. Cadwallader and her husband, he sought the lady whose appearance had produced this strange effect on Spiffard. He found her seated on a sofa with three of his daughters, and apparently reproving them. The girls willingly gave place to their father, who, after a few minutes, left her, proceeded to the general, and appeared to speak to him very earnestly.

"I wish, doctor, you would persuade her to return home; she is very nervous. The coach is still at the door. You have great influence over her." And he turned to a gentleman near him with exquisite *nonchalance*, and continued a conversation he had been previously engaged in, respecting the want of refinement in American society.

The doctor cast a scornful glance at him—seemed to hesitate, as if debating internally how to proceed—then returned to the lady, and a few minutes after, they were seen leaving the room together.

The general had continued to address his neighbour, without appearing to notice the conduct or departure of Cadwallader.

"You, Mr. Transcript, not having resided any time abroad, are not conscious of the infinite distance that the people of this country are behind those of Europe in all that pertains to politeness, and, I may say, civilization in general. But as I have passed most of my life in Paris, I am incessantly shocked; it plays the devil with my wife's nerves, to find a coarseness of manners in the best society, and a vulgar imitation of what she has been used to at home, that is sometimes ridiculous, and always disgusting."

The person to whom this was addressed, did not seem to relish it; and his face not being so well disciplined as the generals, he coloured, as if offended, and showed other signs of uneasiness; but as the general was tall and handsome, and very well dressed, and withal, his senior by many years, he only remarked, "I think, sir, our countrymen always become ridiculous, or worse, by imitating Europeans either in manners or opinions."

In the meantime, Mr. Littlejohn could not but express his surprise, when alone with Spiffard, at the sudden and strange illness that had overcome him; for he had observed the change in the young man's countenance, before he fell, fainting, from his seat.

"Why, my young friend, what is the matter? What overcame you so strangely and suddenly?"

"If I did not know that she died years ago, I should say *that* woman is my mother!"

"What woman?"

"She, so richly dressed—so unlike every other person in the room; she who entered, leaning for support on the man you called general."

"O, Mrs. Williams. Were you not introduced to the general?"

"No! nor wished to be."

"He is called a very handsome and very polite man. A traveller, and man of the world."

"His face appeared to me like a beautiful mask, and I could not but fancy that it was kept on to hide deformity."

"You show yourself a physiognomist."

"It is rather feeling than observation."

"General Williams and his wife move among our fashionable people; but they are becoming rather remarkable."

"They are not Americans?"

"*He* is. He is one who has been seen by Europeans wandering abroad, and from his specious appearance and manners, has been unhappily considered a fair specimen of his country, although ever villifying her institutions, and belying her character, in word and deed. 'Leaving the fear of heaven on the left hand,' he has been 'fain to shuffle, to hedge, and to lurch,' to keep up false appearances, or minister to depraved appetites. He married in England, and now lives in a style of splendour betokening riches, probably derived from his wife. Courteous behaviour, and costly entertainments, have ranked them with those who rank themselves highest among us; but those who look beyond the surface, or see, even there, indications of something within, not corresponding to the without, are giving symptoms of shyness. He is noted for imitating the aristocracy of Europe, in bows, smiles, and sarcasms; and her appearance is such, not unfrequently, in public, as may be thought at least equivocal. But why should such an apparition effect you in this extraordinary manner?"

"The resemblance to my mother both in person, feature, manner, style of head-dress, and that indescribable expression of countenance which you have hinted at, took me by surprise. You are aware of my susceptibility on a subject that has entwined itself with my very being; and this extraordinary likeness to one so connected with all my early associations, overpowered my reason. Features, complexion, eyes, dark glossy hair; my mother had a sister, but she was no heiress—she could not—"

"Such resemblances and coincidences frequently occur."

"I am ashamed that I have caused so much trouble and confusion."

"You have told me of the misery your father endured, and have spoken of the cause. He did not brave the opinion of the world."

"O no! He bore his sorrow patiently, and endeavoured to hide its cause."

"But here is one who looks as if *that* did not exist, which all sees, and he ostentatiously exhibits."

"How can such conduct be accounted for?"

"It would appear at first view unaccountable; but the mind

of man is ever active—and that which is strange, leads to suspicions and conjectures, all perhaps, unfounded."

"And you say this man married in England?"

"Yes. But except the fortuitous resemblance you spoke of, all this does not touch you so nearly as it does those who have been the intimates of the parties. Come, let us return to the company."

"I am sick—sick, sir. I must go home. I will explain to you another time. But, notwithstanding discrepant circumstances, I cannot discard a belief that I have seen the sister of my mother."

"Discard all unpleasant thoughts; you owe an apology to our kind hostess; and see, here she appears, anxiously looking for you."

Mrs. Cadwallader having ascertained that Spiffard had recovered, now joined them, and exacted his promise to return to the drawing-room; and after answering a question of Mr. Littlejohn's, by telling him that Mrs. Williams had gone home, left the friends to follow at their leisure.

CHAPTER XX.

Midnight, and an apparition,

"And didst thou not, when she was gone down stairs, desire me to be no more so familiarity with such poor people."

"I myself could make a chough of as deep chat."

"But this is worshipful society."

"It is said, labour in thy vocation; which is as much as to say, let the magistrates be labouring men; and therefore should we be magistrates."
"*George.*—Thou hast hit it; for there's no better sign of a brave mind, than a hard hand."—*Shakspeare.*

The madness of a lawless mob,
Is rife to do the devil's job;
More fierce, more pittiless, more fell,
Than any king that groans in hell.—*Anon.*

"Approve the best, and follow what I approve."

"Love
Leads up to Heaven, is both the way and guide."—*Milton.*

"A young negro took our horses, with that affectation of extreme politeness and good breeding, which is so highly amusing in many of his colour, and which inclines me to think that they appreciate the character of a fine gentleman, more than any part of the community."—*Latrobe.*

Doctor Cadwallader, whose patient she was, having conducted Mrs. Williams home, returned to the company, and found the general bowing, smiling, conversing, or listening, apparently as much at ease as if nothing had happened in any way extraordinary. The doctor passed him without speaking, and assiduously shunned him for the remainder of the evening.

Mrs. Cadwallader took her husband aside, and spoke to him with warmth in a low tone. His reply was, "Never again! But where," added he, "is the young gentleman who fainted so unaccountably at her appearance?"

"Still with Mr. Littlejohn, in your study."

She joined a group of ladies, and, at the moment, Littlejohn and Spiffard entered, the latter intending to make his apologies,

and retire; but his intentions were prevented by the doctor, who immediately addressed him with inquiries, and cheerful assurances.

"It is strange, Mr. Spiffard, that the entrance of Mrs. Williams should have such an effect upon you. Gentlemen of your profession see such a variety of character, that one might expect you to be proof against any exhibition. I am sorry that my house should have been the theatre where such a scene occurred."

"My apology must be, sir, that I saw or fancied a resemblance to a person in whom I was formerly much interested. The sudden recurrence of images exceedingly painful—threw me off my guard and overpowered mind and body. I hope you will excuse and forget my behaviour. I wish to apologize to Mrs. Cadwallader and then steal away, unnoticed. I have caused a great confusion where only pleasure ought to reign."

"No, no. You were not the cause. Why should you think more of the affair when you see how coolly the general takes it. He is a better actor than you are."

"That may well be, sir."

"At least" said Littlejohn, "on the great stage, where all are 'merely players.' Williams, like the old greek actors, plays in a mask. If I am not mistaken in Mr. Spiffard he is only an actor in the mimic world, and has no disguises for the great masquerade of real life. My young friend will excuse me, I hope, for saying, that, my attachment to him, recent as our acquaintance is, proceeds principally from a conviction that in private life he is no actor. He appears to me to be a creature without disguise himself, and without suspicion of disguise in others."

Spiffard looked serious, paused a moment, then replied, "As I feel the necessity of speaking of myself, permit me to say, that, at my first entrance into life as a man, I found the common opinion in respect to players was, that they were more artificial in their intercourse with the world than other men; and having from my earliest infancy a most devout love of truth, I determined that my love of the drama should not interfere with what I considered the very essence of moral worth. I have been and I trust I shall always remain, rather one that 'wears his heart upon his sleeve for daws to peck at,' than a hypocrite or an actor in my intercourse with society; perhaps these feelings may render my manners less acceptable, but I would rather be esteemed unpolished by others, than know myself, false."

The doctor shook the young man by the hand cordially, and after a little more conversation, persuaded him to remain, for at least a part of the evening. Cooke, who had been engaged in chat with Governor Tompkins and knew nothing of what had befallen Spiffard, advanced from the inner apartment with his companion. Littlejohn introduced the two last mentioned, and the conversation that the Governor and the tragedian had been engaged in, which was theatrical, was continued; until Williams, with his courtly smiles approached and joined them. Cadwallader walked away. Doctors Hosack, McLean, and Francis advanced, and the first accosted Tompkins with a question relative to the western part of the state. Spiffard shrunk from the courteous general's approach, and appeared to place Littlejohn between him and the man of bows, as a safeguard. No introduction took place. The frank and urbane manners of the governor led to ease and cheerful chat, as was customary wherever he came; and a colloquy ensued, of which we will endeavour to give the reader a part, at the risk of holding him too long from the stirring incidents of our story.

Doctor Hosack's inquiries led to the first subject of discussion.

"Before I was married," observed Littlejohn, "I indulged my propensity to travel, which has always been very great."

"I thought, sir, you had never been in Europe," said Williams.

"Never, sir, nor in Asia or Africa. My first wish was to gain a knowledge of my native land; hoping afterwards to see others, when qualified to make comparisons. My most ardent desire at that time, governor, was to pry into the manners, and study the character of the aborigines."

"The opportunities for that study are much greater now," said Tompkins. "I have, probably, while travelling the circuit when I was a judge, passed over more Indian ground than you could penetrate through in your early days, by any effort that a white man might then be able to make."

"True, sir, but not find so many Indians."

"They have been sadly abused and cheated," said Williams.

The merchant continued. "My first journey was made under the wing of your predecessor, Governor George Clinton, when he made our treaty with the six nations, which opened the way for that immense display of the arts of civilization, now rendering the then wilderness, from the Mohawk to Lake Erie and from the St. Lawrence to the Alleghanies, a land flowing with milk and honey; teeming with beings united as

brethren and cultivating science while they cultivate the soil. I then saw enough of the red men to excite my curiosity intensely; and I prevailed upon one of the interpreters, (a white man who, when a child had been carried off and adopted by those who murdered his parents,) to be my guide into that country of the west, which although now smiling with orchards, gardens, meadows and corn-fields; studded with villages, towns and cities; was then an almost impenetrable thicket, forbidden to the white man unless he passed over it with fire and sword. With this guide, and after the treaty which opened my path, I commenced my journey; and I look back upon it as the most delightful portion of my life; probably because the most teeming with novelty, at an age when all is new."

"But," said Williams, "I should think it very monotonous; and peculiarly unprofitable, unless it led to a speculation in furs."

"My speculations, although a merchant, have been aimed to penetrate beyond the skin, or any other covering, whether in the desert or the drawing-room. The speculations I then made, and the knowledge I obtained of facts, traditions, customs, manners, religion, superstition, impostures, (for there are impostors even among uncivilized men,) most unblushing and steady-faced impostors, wearing masks more impenetrable than any I have met with in refined society:—fellows who, though never trusted as leaders, have an influence in savage life, as great as their brethren exercise over the ignorant in polite society."

"The result of your inquiries would be very acceptable," said the governor.

"The result of my inquiries, at that time, and some little since, compared with what I can gather from books, has produced such opinions respecting the character of our Indians as differ from those of most men."

"And they are—"

"First," said Hosack, "let me help you to a glass of this Madeira."

"And I will," said Tompkins, "with his permission, fill a glass for Mr. Cooke. Cadwallader keeps the best madeira in the state. What do you think of that colour, Mr. Cooke?"

"It is brighter than that of an Indian painted for a war-dance or scalp-hunt."

"As deceitful and as deadly."

"O, no! Mr. Spiffard, when not abused, it is as hospitable and as generous," was the apology for the bright liquor made by doctor McLean.

At this moment two black waiters bowed before them, dressed with as much attention to the fashion of the day, as any person in the room, not even excepting the handsome general, and with all the tact of European footmen they presented the splendid salvers, bountifully laden, the one with porter, wines and cordials, the other with cakes, fruits, and sandwiches.

Character is shown in trifles. Cooke threw down a bumper at one toss of the glass. Tompkins and Hosack held up the wine and looked through it at the brilliant chandelier above them, seeming to enjoy the flavour through the eye by anticipation. McLean and Francis touched glasses, and made less of the imaginary but quite as much of the real taste of the liquor. Littlejohn touched his lip to the glass, filled for him by doctor Hosack, and put it away. Williams took a plate and filled it with eatables after tossing off a tumbler of foaming brown-stout; and Spiffard gently declined the proffered temptations by an inclination of the head.

"And now, my dear sir, your opinion of our red-skins." said Tompkins.

"Or rather," said Cooke, "the red-skins of the forest. We do not ask our own characters."

"Our Indians appear to me so essentially different from all the other races of men," said the merchant, "that the more I have examined the subject, the more wonderful it has appeared to me. The wide difference between the savage and civilized man is obvious, and easily explained. But the very nature of the American savage, is the opposite in many respects to the savage of any other part of the globe. We have just seen two negroes, whose ancestors were brought hither as slaves, by the ships of speculating christian merchants, freemen of England or her colonies—these were savages in the literal acceptation of the word—I meant the African negroes, not the Enropean merchants—"

"Thank you, sir, for the commentary," said Spiffard, smiling.

"Whatever lexicographers may say, I never could confound the words savage and barbarian. The first may be innocent, the last must be cruel."

"A nice distinction, Mr. Cooke."

"Sirr, the merchants who fit out slave-ships are barbarians. They send forth their hell-hounds to hunt men for the torture of the sugar mill, as the pious cavallieros of Spain halloo'd on their blood-hounds in chase of Indians for the living-death of

their gold-mines. A savage *may* be a barbarian—a slave-dealer *must* be one."

The general had finished one plate-full—taken a glass of champagne, and was helping himself to another supply of jelly, when he observed, "the African is benefited by the change, in my opinion—as for slavery—all are slaves but those who command by virtue of knowledge or riches."

The merchant proceeded, "The fathers of these two cringing waiters were savages, whose black skins have been ornamented with lines, circles, and crescents,. scored by a flint-knife or sharp-edged shell, and whose intellectual attainments might be estimated by the insuperable difficulty of teaching them to count ten. Now, see their sons, as courteously servile as the descendants of the European kidnappers who enslaved their fathers; and probably as well versed in vice. They imitate the white in every species of foppery, folly, absurdity and crime. They imitate him as tyrants and as slaves. Not so the Indian. The conformation of his head shows his great superiority to the imitative negro; and he feels in his woods and prairies superior to the encroaching white-man. The vices of civilization brought in contact, undermine him and he perishes; but he never bows. He is eloquent and polite—never cringing. Two young Osages or Iroquois could never be induced to carry the delicacies of a drawing-room around, like those blacks, and bow, and cringe, and fly, at the nod of the white man, although they see the white man do it."

"They are not too prord to serve us as warriors, hunters, or voyageurs." remarked the governor.

"True: but without servility. They are at home in the fight the chase and the canoe. They adopt our weapons and excel in their use. They serve us in the forest or on the rivers and lakes, and are proud to show their superiority to us. You could not by the training of centuries bring the descendant of an Indian to bear himself like yon black."

"Or like yon white," said Cooke.

"Yet, they are great beaux," said the governor.

"True, sir, no beau in this assembly, and I can see a great many perfect coxcombs, is more attentive to ornamenting his person than a young Indian brave. Both their men and women are as fond of show, and as much tickled with tinsel, as we are; but the Indian would not, like the black, or the white, dress himself like a chief and conduct himself like a slave."

"This may be all true," observed Dr. McLean, "but is it not his pride that makes him suppress any token of admiration

at the inventions and improvements of the white man, although he wishes to imitate them?"

"He values his independence too highly to pay the price."

"He is revengeful."

"As a white."

"Deceitful."

"To destroy his enemy. It is the theory and practice of European warfare."

"He is a drunkard," said Spiffard, "and to obtain the means of excitement, will degrade himself to become a liar and a thief."

"In this, I acknowledge that he imitates his white neighbours. This is one feature which puzzles me in the character of this proud people. Their religion, their liability to be deceived by false prophets and conjurers, and some other points may be accounted for; but their obstinate rejection of the truths of christianity, or, if apparently received, its utter inefficacy, is, to use the same word, another puzzle. The present race of Europe is a mixture of the three divisions of the old world. All nations, while in a savage, or semi-savage state, have bowed the head to the law of the gospel. At first to the outward forms, and by degrees to the spirit, more or less, according to circumstances. If a king, chief, or leader, was induced to receive the sign of the cross, all his nation, people, or followers, professed themselves christians. But the aborigine of America either rejects peremptorily, or acquiesces from politeness. He will hear sermon, kneel at mass, hang a cross among his ornaments, but he remains ever ready for the chace of beast or man, ever delighting in blood and torture."

The success of some missionaries, particularly the Moravians, may be objected, but their great and exemplary efforts produced but transient and partial effect. Individuals doubtless became christians, (at least I am willing to believe so) but never did an Indian profess christianity because a king or chief called himself by that name."

"Is it not because they will not submit to law," inquired Spiffard.

"They have an inexplicable moral law, to which they submit more willingly than civilized men submit to any legal restraint, however trifling, which interferes with their passions or interests. If an Indian has, in the opinion of his tribe, incurred the penalty of death, and is by the council adjudged to die, although he may be far from home, and beyond all control by coercion, if notified of the doom pronounced, he returns and

offers his life to expiate his fault. If he is in debt to any one, he asks time, and life, for a hunt; brings home the product, settles his pecuniary account, and then meets the final settlement of the death-blow, without any apparent reluctance."

As Cooke moved from the group we have been attending to, he repeated, "there are more things in heaven and earth, Horatio, than are dreamt of in your philosophy."

"Hypocrisy is carried farther with these savages than with any other people in the globe," was the general's remark.

"I love them for their democratic independence," said Tompkins.

"Democracy!" said Williams with a sneer. "They certainly are good democrats in filth, drunkeness, deceit and violence."

"I am sorry, General Williams, that your long residence in Europe has prejudiced you against the institutions of your country. Democracy, government by the representatives of the people, natives of the soil, is the palladium of America. You resided in Paris during the reign of terror, and, excuse me, your prejudices may be derived from what you saw of mobs."

"No, sir, I was then a pure democrat, but I have since had experience of the vast superiority of European society, and my judgment of the government necessary to produce this superiority, is founded upon long observation. Every thing in this country appears little and mean, with great ostentation and unbounded pretension."

"Humph! pretension," said Littlejohn.

"Your countrymen," said Tompkins smiling, "are much obliged to you."

"Nay—you must not misunderstand me. I love my country sincerely. But you will allow that the vulgar herd think of nothing but levelling. I remember in this city of New-York, and its environs, beautiful and commanding hills, from whose summits we might contemplate the neighbouring islands, with the plains and mountains of New-Jersey, the majestic rivers and bay, and even look to the Atlantic ocean. Then, when entering the superb harbour from the sea, the city appeared to rise from the waters, hill above hill; now, a foreigner in approaching, cries how flat the land is upon which that town is built. He sees nothing but marks of mediocrity and tokens of trade."

"And you may remember, as I do, between these towering hills, enveloped in mists, like many a haughty European head, deep ponds of stagnant water, the receptacles of filth and

was made, and the landlord stood ready on the appointed day to receive the president of the United States with every attention due to his rank. At this crisis a stage-coach drove up to the door, and a tall traveller stept out, with saddle-bags on arm, and was stalking through the hall to the interior of the Fountain inn. 'Ye canno go in there,' said Jemmy, 'sit ye doon, mon, in the bar-room.' The tall man did as he was desired—threw his saddle-bags on one chair and himself on another, with perfect nonchalance; took out his snuff-box, and after helping himself, offered it, open, to Jemmy, who was in the act of popping in thumb and finger, when a well dressed gentleman approached, and asked, of the tall man, (with the saddle-bags) 'when will your excellency have a carriage ordered?' at the same time demanding of the astonished landlord 'why he had not shown the president to the apartments ordered for him?' "

Spiffard seized the opportunity offered by Mrs. Cadwallader's approach to propose the *amende honourable*, by taking a place at the harpsichord; and, with her, left the group of gentlemen who had been attracted to listen to the amiable governor.

Again Spiffard approached the harpsichord, which, as we have seen, was opposite the door of the outward apartment: again he was seated opposite the fatal mirror. Again the ladies surrounded him at the call of Cadwallader. And this time he was permitted to show his skill both as a vocal and instrumental musician. He sung a plaintive ballad—it was thought he had composed it himself—and his auditors were melted to tears. He changed suddenly to a strain of mock bravura, and gave a comic song with characteristic expression. The effect his efforts had produced—the attentions of the elegant Mrs. Cadwallader—the inspiring looks, and half suppressed sounds of delight, escaping from the lovely girls around him—all tended to encourage the young comedian, and his animal spirits were exalted to their highest pitch, when other sounds, most discordant and shrill were heard, and the company turned to the door from whence they proceeded.

The first words were indistinct, although screamed by a voice scarcely human. Then was heard, " stand out of the way, fellow! I will go in!"

The hand of the musician was arrested—his voice faltered—he lifted his eyes to the mirror, and again saw the dreaded vision which had before deprived him of self-government and stopped the beating of his heart.

Mrs. Williams burst into the apartment a perfect image of raging insanity. The elegant dress with which she had pre-

viously appeared, when she entered hanging upon the general's arm, and was still, in part upon her, but in utter disorder; appearing as if the act of disrobing had commenced before the impulse of madness had seized and hurried her from her chamber to this second humiliating exhibition. No cloak, shawl, or hat, served to hide the ravages made in her habiliments, or veil her distorted maniacal countenance. Her first appearance had been, in part, maudlin; the second was that of furious passion and raving insanity commingled. Every feature was distorted, and although inexpressibly wild, yet the open mouth and muscles reluctantly obeying the confused intellect, dimmed that brightness which flashes from uncontrolled passion, when its madness is not under the influence of poison.

Her dark hair hung in disorder, made more conspicuous by the previous care which had been taken in its arrangement, and the remains of ornaments which had been lavished upon the now straggling tresses. In this plight she had walked, or glided, a hideous spectre, through the streets, from the splendid mansion of the general to that of Doctor Cadwallader.

"Williams! Williams!" she shouted, as she entered, in a tone high, hoarse, discordant. "Williams! I will bear it no longer! Why am I to be left alone? Why am I to be abandoned? I am betrayed! deceived! I will expose the hypocrite. I will let the world know—"

While uttering these ravings, which seemed to threaten some disclosure, as a punishment to be inflicted upon the courteous general, she had advanced, and the receding company gave her ample space to exhibit the wildest contortions of body and limbs.

The cry of "Spiffard—Mr. Spiffard?" was heard, and he was seen by those near the harpsichord, pale, and sinking from the music-stool. Again he might have fallen to the floor, but for the aid of Doctor Cadwallader, and an exertion of mind made by himself, when he found that he was a second time causing a confusion, which to the company must appear inexplicable or ridiculous.

The unhappy woman ceased her call upon her husband, as soon as the name of Spiffard struck her ear. She stood still a moment. "Who says Spiffard? Where is he? Where's the Yankee farmer? Where's my sister? Let me see Spiffard! Let me see my sister! My father! My mother! O, my mother!"

Williams, who had been seated on an ottoman, making himself agreeable to a lady, at the time his wife entered, was, for

once, taken by surprise. He at first strove to appear unconcerned; but when certain words reached his ear, he started from his seat, and hurrying through the retreating crowd that had made a circle round his wife, arrived in time to prevent her falling on the floor, as she called upon her father and mother, in a tone that indicated exhaustion and returning reason, accompanied by deep, heart-breaking sorrow.

The physicians hastened to her assistance, and the unhappy woman was conveyed home; this time, accompanied by the general, who had murmured something, in broken sentences, of "delicate health—unhappy disease—nervous affection," to those who assisted and rode with him to his door, in a coach offered by one of the company.

Spiffard was surrounded by friends, among whom was Littlejohn, all interested in his apparent suffering, and all very much at a loss to account for the extraordinary incidents of the evening. He soon took leave of his kind hostess, and retired. After much whispering, tale-telling, and many grave looks, and foreboding shakes of the head, the various groups dispersed, and left the doctor and his lady to form plans for their future conduct towards those of their guests who had been most conspicuous in the scenes of pain and pleasure, on which we now drop the curtain.

Before we proceed with our hero's story, which is becoming more interesting as it approaches the catastrophe, it is necessary to go back, and see how, and by what means, General Williams, the handsome American, and his English wife, had become connected with the fate of the Yankee water-drinker.

We are not practised in the delightful art of story-telling, whether true or false, real or imaginary; but we find that others who have practised the art with success, have thought it not inconsistent with that interest which they wish to excite in their readers, to skip backwards and forwards in their narrations; now dropping the chain of events (as a housewife drops a stitch in her knitting work;) now taking it up again, and filling the void skilfully, (like the aforesaid industrious dame;) so that their work (like the glove or stocking,) may be made to suit those it is intended for. This being the established mode, we shall in all humility follow it.

The reader has seen that our lover of truth and water found his maternal grandfather, Mr. Atherton, when he visited him in Lincolnshire, reduced to poverty; that he had lost his wife; and that he was dependent upon the exertions of his only remaining daughter for subsistence. This daughter, once thought little of

in comparison with her beautiful sisters, had proved the only solace of his age. This neglected one was not adorned by polished skin, or Grecian feature, but she possessed the lasting beauties of the mind. Cheerful, pious, dutiful, and industrious; she was the prop of the paternal tree, that had not afforded her a due portion of its protecting influence, when its stem was vigorous, and its branches flourishing.

The neglect which Sophia Atherton had experienced from her father and mother, taught her to rely upon another parent; and caused her to seek instruction from the sources which that parent had placed within her reach.

We have seen that our hero did his duty, in placing his grandfather and aunt beyond the reach of want. We will go still further back, take up another stitch, and bring up another thread of our knitting work, in another chapter.

CHAPTER XXI.

Things as they were thirty years ago.

"A paramour is, God bless us, a thing of naught."—*Shakspeare.*

"O, what a tangled web we weave,
When first we practise to deceive."—*Scott.*

"Smile in men's faces, smooth, deceive, and cog;
Duck with French nods, and apish courtesy."

"Methought a serpent eat my heart away."

"Cupid is a knavish lad,
Thus to make poor females mad."

"One man holdeth troth, a million false."

"Which is the villain? Let me see his eyes;
That when I note another man like him,
I may avoid him."

"O what authority, and show of truth,
Can cunning sin cover itself withal."—*Shakspeare.*

"Meine Ruh' ist hin.
Meine Herz ist schwer;
Ich finde sie nimmer
Und nimmermehr."—*Goethe.*

"Wrong has but wrong, and blame the due of blame."—*Shakspeare.*

I HAVE pledged myself to give some account of the handsome and courteous General Williams, and to explain his connection with the fate and story of Zebediah Spiffard.

William Williams, (who had contrived to assume, with some plausibility, the title of general, in consequence of a short period of enrolment in the French republican army, at the commencement of their struggles for liberty,) was one of those unprincipled speculators, who have, in the minds of the superficial, left a stain on the American character in Europe. He was a Pennsylvanian by birth, and descended from one of the com-

panions of William Penn; but had very early in life, thrown off both the principles and garb of the primitively apostolic society, of which his ancestor had been a member and leader.

By the death of his parents, he was left in possession of some property, which he dissipated even before he "was read out of meeting." After sponging upon such of his countrymen as his exterior and professions could deceive, (and he had "a tongue could wheedle with the devil,") he sought a wider field for the display of his abilities in Europe. He did not go empty-handed to Paris; and arriving at a time when his professions of zeal in the cause of liberty, as well as his being an American, were recommendations, he entered the army under the auspices of the good LaFayette; but found means to retire, before seeing any active service, with the rank of major, which was easily advanced to that of general, after going to London.

The vicissitudes occasioned by the many revolutions of France, enabled him to gamble, or speculate, to advantage in Paris: he, however, found it convenient to cross the channel, and he arrived at the metropolis of Great Britain with a full purse, splendid appointments, and an honourable military title. All this was not sufficient to gain him an introduction to the higher classes of that great city. He imitated their vices and extravagance; but his schemes upon their gold and bank notes, though backed by skill, failed, at the outposts of nobility, the gaming tables, to which he had gained admittance. Many other schemes failed, although some succeeded, and he was nearly at the bottom, where ebbing fortune threatened to leave him, when, at a public place, he met the attractive Sophia Atherton.

The outward marks of wealth had not been stripped from the general, and he succeeded in gaining an introduction to, and attracting the attention of this fallen, and now neglected, victim of seduction. Though much *her* senior, he was younger, handsomer, and more attentive than her noble seducer; and found no difficulty in commencing a suit which ended in a very different manner from his first intentions.

Williams, who was in all things as great a libertine as the hereditary lawgiver of Great Britain, with whom Miss Atherton lived, met her at one of those ball-rooms, where persons who had fallen, like her, but were yet of the first class of the degraded, (and who resorted to this place by permission, and under certain restrictions, appearing in splendor, attended by the carriages and servants of their illegitimate lords,) were accustomed to assemble; and where a show of decorum was pre-

served. He gained the information he wished from the proprietors of this dancing assembly; and with the cunning of the unwise, conceived a plan for restoring his shattered fortunes, and escaping that royal seat, called the King's Bench.

He was informed that my lord was about to marry, and would willingly make pecuniary sacrifices to get rid of the beautiful frail-one in question. My lord was extremely rich—a legitimate heir to his estates and titles was his object—and the general's informant hinted that his lordship would probably pay well to be relieved from the presence of the lady who had been exhibited in triumph, but was now tolerated as a burthen, which he wished to remove without resorting to harsh, or what might be considered, dishonourable measures.

The unhappy Sophia, disappointed in her hopes of continued attachment from the man who had gained her heart, (we do not say her love; heart may mean wishes, desires, hopes, whether of admiration, or riches, or splendor;) disappointed in all her vain expectations, tormented by conscience, cut off from such society as she could esteem, and made daily more sensible of her deplorable fall, was pleased by the particular attentions of the handsome general; who appeared as a man of fashion, distinction, and wealth. They met frequently at the before-mentioned dancing assembly, and after, by appointment, at other places; she guardedly preserving with fidelity, that treaty with my lord, by the terms of which she enjoyed the liberty she exercised; and always accompanied by his lordship's servants, in attendance, or by some person appointed by him. Of course, he was apprised of Williams's attentions to his protegee, and she knew that he had such information. After a time, my lord told her that if the gentleman would marry her, he would yield his consent, however unwillingly, and would settle a handsome annuity upon her for life.

Williams found the charms of the beautiful Sophia, (who communicated the munificent intentions of my lord,) increase as his funds and credit diminished—and became more pressing, in proportion to the pressing calls of his creditors. The dread of that resting place, before named—a place not unknown to several of our republicans who have made their visits too long to the land of their fathers—increased. This uneasy bench began to appear in his dreams; the fear of it made him more fervent in protestations, and more assiduous in attentions.

The lady, on her part, became, in some measure, attached to her professed admirer. Her hopes rested on him. To become a wife, was, of itself, a circumstance ardently to be desired.

She hoped that she might again be received as a child at the paternal hearth. She saw, or imagined, a way opened by which she might escape the tortures of an upbraiding conscience; for conscience, though lulled by the opiates of dissipation, would awake, and the voice was louder at every awakening. She hoped yet for the blessing of her father, and to have the stains of sin washed from her by the tears of repentance and forgiveness, shed and mingled on the bosom of her mother; for yet she knew not that she was the murderer of that too fond and indulgent parent. She encouraged the adventurer's addresses, in the delusive hope of retrieving character, and finding happiness; for "hope is swift, and flies with swallows' wings." Williams pursued her to avoid a prison, satisfy his creditors, and secure the means of living, if not in splendour, at least in sensual indulgence. Her beauty, for yet her brilliant complexion, (aided by the arts of the milliner, mantua-maker, and other coadjutors of the toilet,) lent to Sophia Atherton no small portion of attraction for such a man as William Williams.

The other party to this bargain, the noble peer, who could trace his blood to one of the robbers attending upon the Norman conqueror; (and who had, as we have seen, watched the progress of the intrigue,) chose his opportunity to bring it to a close. One morning, (that is, a little before sun-set in June,) when he, by appointment, met Sophia, he, assuming an air of badinage, and exercising a degree of frankness, not often put in requisition, told his victim that he thought "the Yankee gentleman" would "serve her turn," and advised her to secure him. His frankness, however, did not extend so far as to make known to her that the general was no general; and that the splendid equipage, furniture, and other indications of wealth, were unpaid for.

"I will do my endeavour to arrange matters in such a manner that you shall have no just cause to complain of my want of liberality. The general will make you what is called 'an honest woman;' and if he takes you to Yankee-land, you will shine as a brilliant star among the pine-knots of New-England, or a sun, illuminating with your splendour, the fashion-aping coteries of Boston or Washington."

We will not record the answer of the humbled and penitent Sophia. The interview ended in an understanding that Williams should be invited by her to see *my lord's* collection of pictures, statues, medals, and other evidences of his *virtu;* and a concerted-accidental meeting should take place between the noble peer and the ignoble general.

This happened as was arranged. Let it be observed that the female partner in the transaction was the only one who did not attempt to deceive. The general imposed upon her, and wished to impose himself upon the noble, as a man of honour and wealth. The noble had obtained a knowledge of the worthlessness of the impostor upon whom he intended to place the ostensible responsibility for the future welfare of the woman he had ruined; but was satisfied that he acted as a man of honour, in providing her with a husband, and securing her from a want of the luxuries she had been accustomed to. Sophia imparted to the man on whom her hopes now rested, all her former aberrations and future aspirations. She was again deceived!

The two gentlemen—alas! that the term should be so prostituted—the nobleman and general—(these words must pass for designations of the individuals who met to complete the bargain and sale,) concurred in deceiving the object of the traffic. The general, accompanied by his intended wife, admired the works of art he ostensibly came to see. My lord *dropped in by chance*, was introduced; and the negotiators, at a signal given by the master of the mansion, were left *tete-a-tete*, by the withdrawing of the lady—the property to be bought and sold.

My lord told Williams that he was aware of his pursuit of Miss Atherton, and added:

"She is a lovely woman, sir, a treasure, of which, I am conscious that I am unworthy. My age is unsuited to her youth and beauty. She has confessed that you have engaged her affections. Family reasons render it proper that I should marry, and my union with a lady of rank is arranged—the time fixed. Now, sir, you are a man of honour—a general in the American service—"

"No, my lord—I have been in the French army."

"True, I recollect—for to be frank, I have not been so inattentive to Miss Atherton's future prospects, as not to make *certain inquiries*. You live in style, keep your carriage, and all that—but, to be plain, I understand that your circumstances are not such as appearances indicate, or, as Miss Atherton thinks them."

The peer paused. The general determined to throw off a mask which he found was no longer a disguise. He confessed, that he was a bankrupt; but he was too much under the influence of habit not to begin some smooth sentences respecting remittances and expectations, which the hereditary lawmaker interrupted by proceeding thus.

"Sir, I believe we understand each other, and may as well

come to the point. We are both men of the world, but I am the greater favourite of fortune, and you the happier as *un homme a bonnes fortunes.* In plain English, I am rich and you are poor."

The countenance of the peer was as he spoke the last lines, very like that which Moritz Retzch has given to Mephistophiles in his sketches from Faust. The general kept his *own* countenance—bowed and smiled. The rich man proceeded.

"I will come down handsomely if you will publicly marry Miss Atherton."

"Publicly?"

"Publicly. That is, in the presence of undeniable witnesses.—You hesitate. Your friends, you know, need not be made acquainted with any particulars of the lady's former history. Your honourable character must be her passport in either hemisphere." Mephistophiles again.

"Certainly, Sir."

"I will settle upon her for her life, one thousand pounds—of course sterling—*per annum.*"

"For *her* life."

"*Her* life. She is still young—true, the young die—well, then, if you survive, five hundred a year for *your* life—you shall be a general on half pay." Mephistophiles again.

"But my present debts?"

"What! must I wipe off all old scores?—well, well, so be it. We will make a clear field."

Such was the bargain and sale. It is sufficient for us to know that it was fulfilled *honourably.* The general introduced his beautiful wife to his friends, who, being principally Pennsylvanians of a respectable class, were less liable to know the history of Miss Atherton, whose name alone, was made known to them by the husband, with the addition, that her family resided in Lincolnshire; and the bride and bridegroom left London for the country seat. That she was an heiress was very clear, *to the general's creditors.*

Sophia had stipulated that she should visit her parents and sister. Her mother was dead. Her father refused to see her, or forgive her. The knowledge that her mother died in consequence of her flight and infamy, was a sore blow, awakening anew her lulled conscience. Her hopes of reconciliation were blasted. Her sister Eliza saw her privately and wept over her. She remembered what had passed in the days of early youth, "school-days friendship—childhood innocence," for though unlike and differently treated by their parents, there still were "many hours that they had spent together," when they "had chid the

hasty-footed time for parting them." Besides, religion had taught Eliza forgiveness; she practised its precepts. To "do as she would be done by," and "to render good for evil," were laws her pure heart never rebelled against. She endeavoured to be a mediator between the father and repentant daughter; but even *her* influence—the influence of wisdom, purity and love, could not bend the obstinacy of a weak-minded man, whose hopes had been blasted where he placed his fondest expectations.

The wretched Sophia was doomed to further disappointments on her return to London: trifling in comparison with those she had last experienced, but they were additions; and when the cup is full, a drop causes overflowing. Riches command outward tokens of respect; but the heart requires more, and neither Williams nor his wife found it. The reception Mrs. Williams met with from those to whom her husband introduced her was cool. There was some mystery identified with her and her marriage, and mystery begets suspicion.

Shortly some good natured friend, with the best intentions in the world, informed her that it was said, and positively asserted, notwithstanding that she had contradicted it, that, Mrs. Williams had been divorced from a former husband in consequence of certain indiscretions: "only think how ridiculous, my dear," and another *had said* that a certain peer had been noticed (while looking at her through his glass, at the opera-house,) giving intimations of former intimacy; and then whispering to some of his companions: and it *was reported* that the peer—a newly married, though an old man, had been a particular friend of Mrs. Williams. Other reports said that she had been separated from her husband and a flock of fine children, by a private compromise between general Williams and the injured party. In short the unhappy woman found that the past was incessantly intruding upon the present, not only by the busy suggestions of memory, but by circumstances which to the *sound* would have caused no pain. She saw that there was no rest for her in her native land.

To add to her misfortunes, she had, when first conscious of the falling off, and increasing neglect of her seducer, sought in the wretched resource of the wretched, a temporary relief from mortification and grief; and now, under the affliction caused by the failure of her hopes, she again had recourse to the same aggravating palliative.

Williams found his situation disagreeable, and proposed a visit to his native country. Sophia, although she had no favouring recollections of her former residence in America, and

might have objected to Boston, gladly agreed to the proposal of visiting the relations of her husband in Philadelphia. To go where she was unknown, seemed desirable; but to seek a refuge in such obscurity was like the hopeles attempt to fly from the observation of a Roman tyrant when Rome was the world, and the only refuge of the guilty was death. A change of place was, however, a revival of hope.

The *soi-disant* general had no brothers; and but one sister living. She had never deviated from the sect of which her ancestors had been shining lights, and had married, in meeting, (with all the decent and rational forms of quakerism,) a man like herself. She was now a widow, residing in Philadelphia, in circumstances which assure competence to those whose desires are moderate, and surrounded in her simple dwelling by four daughters as prudent, neat, and unpretending as she had been when at the same joyful epocha of life, the age of expectation. To this sister the general announced his intentions of visiting his home, and being her guest until he should establish himself and her new sister, in a suitable dwelling, as her neighbour.

The travellers were anxiously expected by the quaker widow and her daughters. Their plain domicil was prepared to receive them, and their hearts were as open as their doors. They received notice of the arrival of the long expected guests, who had left the ship and come up to the city in a steamboat. A trusty porter was in waiting to conduct them to the retired dwelling of Mrs. Smith, which, surrounded by other quaker families, stood in a court-like street, a *cul de sac*, which was not in existence when her brother left home. The travellers were espied as they entered the secluded place. Williams approached the door of his only remaining relative. His sister and her daughters stood at the entrance to receive him, and one they were prepared for his sake to love. Mrs. Williams, who more than divided the attention of the female group, hung on his arm. They were followed by the black porter with his wheelbarrow of baggage, two servants, a man and woman; two dogs, favourites of the master, were close at his heels, and a third, the pet of the mistress was borne in the arms of the female servant. The kind faces of the quakers beamed with pleasure as they saw the near approach of the new sister and aunt. She had already ascended the first step of the porch, already the sister had advanced with outstretched hand—when Fidelle uttered a cry and escaped from the arms of his convey-

er. The lady shrieked, "run Williams! see what's the matter with Fidelle!"

This want of tact, not to say feeling, can only be accounted for by what has already been hinted at. I only state the fact. As to the expecting ladies, I can give no adequate notion of the change of feeling which took place in them, when they saw the new-come relatives retire from them in pursuit of a little yelping cur; and then saw the general, (having captured the puppy) advancing again—his attentions and caresses bestowed upon the brute animal, while his wife stretched her arms to receive *Fidelle*, and turned her back on her husband's relations. When they saw this specimen of their guests, the reader may imagine the shock their affectionate hearts received. Their countenances I cannot describe, except that of the youngest girl, who, seeing nothing but the ridiculous in the scene, stood behind her mother, and showed by her laughing face that she was only restrained by the matron's presence from giving audible indications of her delight.

Even the neighbours had been drawn to their windows—for neighbours love to participate in neighbours' pleasures—and some of them drew in their heads that an indecorous smile might not be observed, or laugh heard. And many a heart and door was shut to the visiters, by this freak of the dog, the gentleman, and the lady.

Mr. and Mrs. Williams, after a time, commenced housekeeping, in an expensive style, in Walnut-street. They were discontented, and passed a winter in Washington. It was worse there. They removed to Richmond, and finally to New-York. They lived in splendour—they gave dinners and parties, and were in return invited and feasted. All looked beautiful, for a time, *without*, but the canker-worm feasted within. In the winter of 1811-12, the once beautiful Sophia was reduced to the state in which we have seen her at Doctor Cadwallader's.

END OF THE FIRST VOLUME.

MEMOIRS

OF A

WATER DRINKER.

BY THE AUTHOR OF

"THE HISTORY OF THE RISE AND PROGRESS OF THE ARTS OF DESIGN IN THE UNITED STATES," "A HISTORY OF THE AMERICAN THEATRE," AND "A HISTORY OF NEW YORK FOR SCHOOLS."

TWO VOLUMES IN ONE.

VOL. II.

Second Edition.

NEW YORK:

SAUNDERS AND OTLEY, ANN STREET.

1837.

ENTERED, according to the Act of Congress, in the year 1836,
By WILLIAM DUNLAP,
In the Clerk's office of the District Court of the Southern District of New-York.

CONTENTS OF VOL. II.

			Page.
Chap.	1.	Manœuvering and plain dealing	5
	2.	The beginning of a hoax	15
	3.	Our Heroine in Theatre Alley	30
	4.	The hoax progresses	43
	5.	More hoaxing.—Mr. Smith and Captain Smith	58
	6.	Winter.—An English Heroine	63
	7.	The hoax renewed, and a mystery in Albany	74
	8.	Mystery in New-York, and another Hero	82
	9.	A death, and a snow storm	91
	10.	Effects of intemperance.—A Scene from real life	97
	11.	A water-drinker and a wine-bibber in a snow storm	103
	12.	An unexpected family meeting	111
	13.	Domestic life of the intemperate	115
	14.	A morning after a snow storm	119
	15.	Some sunshine	129
	16.	The hoax goes on.—Confidence, and the lack of it—their consequences in domestic life	137
	17.	Hoax continued.—A sick-bed repentance	145
	18.	Hoax continued.—The button duellist	153
	19.	Another victim	158
	20.	The plot unveiled—almost	165
	21.	Real repentance.—Love	171
	22.	The hoax concluded	177
	23.	A promising match; and an old acquaintance very unpromising	184
	24.	The denouement of a tragedy	193
	25.	A discovery; and another	199
	26.	The death of G. F. Cooke	206
	27.	All disposed of	214

THIRTY YEARS AGO.

CHAPTER I.

Manœuvring and plain dealing.

"Be just, and fear not."

"Corruption wins not more than honesty."

"We call a nettle but a nettle: and
The faults of folly but folly."

"A sick man's appetite, who desires most that
Which would increase his evil."

"And, since you know you cannot see yourself
So well as by reflection, I, your glass,
Will modestly discover to yourself
That of yourself which yet you know not of."

"He would not flatter Neptune for his trident,
Or Jove for his power to thunder."—*Shakspeare.*

THE wretched Williams, a slave to sensuality, and involved in a labyrinth by his own practices, lived in perpetual fear of losing the reward of his meanness; of being exposed to infamy by the disclosure of that transaction which had given him the means of indulgence. He feared to thwart the perverted inclinations, or the frenzied whims, of his partner. She had been long convinced that his professions of love had been false, and that she had cause for jealousy. She knew, however, that her hold upon him, that grasp which gave her power, was *the secret:* and she had cunning enough, even in her moments of passion or of voluntary madness, to preserve unbroken the bonds by which she controlled him. She suspended over his coward head the lash he feared. Often she appeared to triumph in the power she possessed, and, in part, revealed the cause.

After the last exhibition at Doctor Cadwallader's, there appeared but little hope to escape from exposure. Still the man

of art flattered himself that his address, and the doctor's interest, might suspend, if not ward off, the blow that threatened. He soon had his suspense removed.

It is not well to repeat epithets, or, in speaking of our hero, I might say the wretched Spiffard, for he retired from Doctor Cadwallader's in a plight almost as lamentable, (though from very dissimilar causes) as the man who proved to be the husband of his aunt; but we will simply say that Zebediah Spiffard, on going home, found Emma Portland alone; employed, as usual, with her book and her needle. His wife and her mother were still at the theatre. Mrs. Spiffard had, on this evening, represented the heroine of the "Taming of the Shrew," a character in which her tall and noble figure, powerfully expressive features, flexible, sonorous and overwhelming organs of speech, and great discrimination in giving the language of the poet, made her a favourite of the public. Cooper was equally excellent in Petruchio, and the curtailed play being performed as an afterpiece, he had made his appearance at Cadwalladar's before attending to his duties as an actor.

Spiffard left Emma and proceeded to the play-house to meet the ladies of whom he had become the protector. We have seen what the feelings of the actor were in respect to accepting invitations to parties in which ladies participated, and to which his wife was not asked. It may be imagined that the actress, such as we have endeavoured to describe Mrs. Spiffard, would feel as little pleased as her husband at the distinction. He had talked the matter over with her previous to going to the doctor's, and she, although by no means objecting to his determination, had expressed no little bitterness on the subject generally. In truth she felt mortified and degraded:—whether she played the shrew better or worse that evening we do not pretend to say. When Cooper appeared in the green-room, she asked if he had seen her husband. He answered, carelessly, "O, yes! he is the fiddle of the company. I hope, like the man in Joe Miller, he does not hang his fiddle up behind the street-door when he comes home. He is as gay as a lark, *faisant l'agreable*, and quite the ladies' man."

The call-boy cut off further remark by interrupting the colloquy; as frequently happens, (and sometimes very apropos) to green-room conversation.

Spiffard found the ladies ready to depart, and, with his thoughts still occupied by the events which had shocked and overpowered him, he placed himself in melancholy silence be-

tween his towering spouse and her lofty mother, the three forming the figure of an inverted cone.

"You have passed an agreeable evening, I hope?"

"All the great folks of the city were there, I suppose," added the mother, before he could reply to his wife's question. After a moment's silence Mrs. Spiffard added, inquiringly, "a great many *ladies*?"

"Yes."

"All very gay?"

"Yes."

"Very agreeable and amiable?"

"Yes."

"Ah," thought the wife, "the fiddle's hung up before we reach the street-door."

The lady had been excited by the plaudits of the theatre. She had been further excited by what her mother had urged her to take after the fatigue of the stage; notwithstanding a promise she had made her husband, who, in kindness, though with firmness, had remonstrated against the practice. She knew not the cause of his taciturnity, and remembered the idea that had been given of his gaiety in the company of others. The darkness might have veiled the lowering of her heavy brows, even had Spiffard looked up to them; but the thunder that broke from the cloud startled him from the gloomy musings of his afflicted spirit.

And a shower of words on "the insolence of the rich—the injustice inflicted upon genius—the unhappy fate of actors, particularly females—" lasted until they had reached their home; where, in the happiness of innocence, combined with intelligence, still sat Emma Portland.

The quick perception of Spiffard on the subject nearest his heart, left him as miserable for the night (perhaps more miserable) as the man I have termed wretched at the commencement of this chapter.

The colloquy of Doctor Cadwallader and *his* wife was not as pleasant as usual with people so truly high-minded and intellectual. The subject was not agreeable. It was the untoward events of the past evening. Williams had been received by the doctor, who was a Philadelphian, and knew the excellent quaker relatives of the general, with the warmth of a fellow townsman. Cadwallader had been employed as the family physician. He had faithfully forewarned the wife, and undauntedly remonstrated with the husband. He was no flatterer.

After a serious consultation, (to use a medical phrase) with

his best friend, the doctor waited upon Williams, the day after the party, and, with very little previous ceremony, addressed him in the following manner:

"I have come to perform a duty which is extremely disagreeable, but, as *it is a duty*, I shall not shrink from it."

"You have always done your duty."

"And will now. After the scene of last evening, at my house, and before so many witnesses, I must be explicit with you in respect to our future intercourse."

"What do you mean, my dear friend."

"Sir, I mean, that after the exhibition made by your bringing Mrs. Williams to my house, when you knew the impropriety of so doing, I must come to a clear understanding with you respecting the future intercourse between my family and the person in question."

"My dear sir, you astonish me! You know her unfortunate nervous temperament—the affection——"

"Sir, I am a physician."

"Known to be the first in the western world."

"I have acted as physician to your family, probably *called in* because we are both Philadelphians, and, as a physician, I know the cause—that is, the immediate cause of this deplorable effect. The more remote is probably only known to yourself."

"A delicate constitution—morbid nervous susceptibility—"

"Sir, you seem to forget, that, as your physician, I have before told you the nature of the disease. I have never flattered you, and never shall."

"My dear sir, you know——"

"Sir, sir, I know too much. I have witnessed too much. I have been forbearing: but I now tell you plainly, that, when the disease prevails, the patient must be kept at home. The alienation of mind, inflicted by natural causes, can never be mistaken. I tell you, sir, that the true, immediate cause, is known; and a remote cause imagined. For my own part, sir, I must decline all further intercourse between the two houses, except such as may be called for in my professional capacity."

"Sir, I do not understand—this—"

"You may as well understand, without forcing me to speak plainer."

"Such language, sir, calls for explanation."

"It had better be avoided; but I am ready to give a plain answer to any question you may propound."

"My dear doctor, you must not take offence. You are my friend. My fellow-townsman. I perceive that—that the meeting with a young gentleman at your house, has made it necessary that you should be made acquainted with the previous history of your patient—it is necessary that you should know circumstances which the meddling world need not be made acquainted with."

"I beg that no secret may be confided to me, sir."

"You are my friend. You have always been sincere, and I value sincerity as the first of virtues. I hope you will listen to me." And the accomplished courtier related such parts of his wife's early history, as he thought necessary to account for the scene connected with Spiffard, as far as he himself knew or could understand his behaviour.

Doctor Cadwallader entered into some further explanations in respect to the causes which were suspected or imagined, for the general's extraordinary conduct. He dwelt at some length upon the tendency of mystery to create suspicion. But as we know that the reader is sufficiently acquainted, by this time, with the Williams's, we shall not repeat more of the conversation. The general winced—but bowed, and praised his friend's candour. The doctor concluded by saying, "My advice is *that*, not only of a physician, but of a friend—a friend to my fellow-creatures. There is a point to which the world may be led blindfold. Men are not averse to being hoodwinked; but if they do open their eyes, they are very apt to believe *their* testimony. Good morning, sir."

Thus ended the interview between the general and his townsman, the doctor; who, having made his bow, was attended to the door with congees and smiles, mingled with sighs and a general humility of demeanor suited to the occasion. Left to himself, Williams burst forth into passionate exclamations and bitter curses. The pent-up tempest had free vent; and he traversed his splendid apartment with such furious looks and gestures as might be attributed to a disappointed demon.

He bethought himself of the necessity for seeing his wife's nephew. The necessity for gaining his good will, and securing his silence. This operated like oil upon the surface of the agitated waters. He became outwardly calm. The storm of passion appeared to subside; and again arranging his features, and even his thoughts, the accomplished courtier and despicable hypocrite sought at the box-office of the theatre a direction to the comedian, and presented himself at the door of Mrs. Epsom.

The ripened age, commanding person, and courteous manners of the *soi-disant* general, insured him a reception anywhere. The only servant of the house introduced him to the room in which our hero sat in meditating mood.

"I speak to Mr. Spiffard?" said Williams, bowing with an air and look something between the friendly greeting of an old acquaintance who wishes to renew intimacy, and the condescending, patronizing, gracious, encouraging, and affable expression of a superior to a favoured inferior.

The words, the bow, and the condescending smiles, were only answered by a formal and repulsive inclination of the comedian's body.

The general had a practised face, carefully *educated*, as we have seen, to mask the movements of his mind; and although he felt the repulse, he did not show the shock his pride had received, or evince his surprise at the return to his courtesy from an actor—"and such an ugly little fellow too."

He proceeded. "I was prevented, last evening, by one circumstance or another——"

The words "last evening" called up the scene (which had been from the time recurring to Spiffard's imagination) in the most vivid freshness. It was present to him. His colourless cheeks became blue; his long chin dropped; and his pale lips quivered. For a moment the upper teeth were visible, owing to the convulsive motion of the muscles of the mouth; but by an effort he closed his thin lips, and held them firmly compressed while the general continued.

"I was prevented asking an introduction to you, but I determined to seek you immediately, and assure you, that your aunt and myself will both be extremely happy to see you at our house." Zobediah bowed coldly, and there was an awkward pause. At length he said—

"I suppose, sir, that you expect me to thank you for your invitation?"

Even the general's educated visage could not stand this. It became a blank. It denoted a chaotic state within, that is anything but comfortable. The water-drinker proceeded.

"Until I know more of you and of Mrs. Williams—for Williams I understand is your name—until I learn something more, and something different from what I gathered last evening, I beg leave to decline your invitation, or more intimate acquaintance."

The general's face almost forgot its lessons. Even practice had not made perfect. It was suffused with red, far be-

yond the medium colour of tranquil beauty; but its master remembered that there was a point to be gained in a game of some moment; and he composed it to an air of surprise before he said "Very extraordinary!"

"Is it extraordinary that a man of common prudence or common sense, should decline the acquaintance of a person, whom he has only seen in a light by which he appeared to great disadvantage—to say the least? Or is it extraordinary that I should shrink from contact with one, although the sister of my mother—one, who, from some cause, which probably you can explain, was considered by her father dead, although living?—one, whose name was prohibited the lips of her pure sister?—one, who, though not physically lost to life, was *dead* and outcast from the heart and hearth of her father?"

Williams, glorious actor as he was, could act no longer. Spiffard had not asked him to be seated. He leaned on the back of a chair; and as the young man's face flushed with indignation, and his eyes flashed the meaning his words expressed, the self-condemned deceiver became pale, cast his troubled glances on the floor, and sunk into the chair he had caught at for support.

Spiffard stood firmly before him—dignified by the consciousness of sincerity and rectitude. Williams at length said, "I perceive, sir, that you *know*——," and he paused.

"Sir," said Spiffard, "you will pardon me, perhaps, if I quote a line from a play on so serious an occasion, but 'I have been used all my life to speak,' if not to hear, 'the plain and simple truth,' and I will not deviate from it now. I have been at the house of my grandfather—the father of your wife. I was for days together a guest and a child in the family, after your wife had become an alien to it."

Williams started. He recovered himself, and stood up—not erect—but he stood up. Your habitual man of courtesy, or your sycophant, never stands perfectly erect.

"You would not wish to injure—to destroy—your unfortunate aunt? Already broken down by disease, which is cruelly misrepresented! After what she has suffered, to be banished from the society in which she now moves, would murder her! You are not called upon to mention the—the cause of her leaving the house of her father. You will not?"

"I will make no promise, sir, but will act to the best of my judgment, as circumstances may appear to require. I will not wantonly or unnecessarily injure you or your wife by speaking of you. My relationship to her is unknown."

Here the habitual inclination to prefer falsehood to truth, prompted Williams to assent, and leave Spiffard in ignorance of his having divulged so much of the secret history; but he thought of the danger of leaving him in ignorance, and concluded that it would be best to mention that fact.

"Unfortunately, perhaps, my love of candour and open dealing has caused me to communicate the circumstance of your relationship to Mrs. Williams, in explanation of the words your aunt made use of in public, occasioned by the surprise at hearing your name."

"Then, sir, I can promise nothing."

There was a long and very awkward pause. Both parties continued standing. Spiffard stiff and strait, as is very much the case with men of his scanted height—an uprightness for which there is an anatomical cause, separate and independent of any moral impulse. He looked up in the face of the general, whose eyes were cast down as if examining the texture of the common coarse carpeting on which he stood. At length Williams broke the silence.

"You will, however, Mr. Spiffard, not mention——"

And he paused, as if at a loss for words to address a being so dissimilar to any he had been accustomed to—a being of whose nature he had not a distinct notion—a man of truth. Spiffard replied to the broken sentence.

"I will not start the subject; I will even avoid it, or anything that might lead to it; but if directly questioned by any one to whom I think an answer is due, my answer shall be—truth."

Another pause; and the discomfited general moved towards the door. The unbending, and, in this case, inhospitable comedian, followed him in silence.

When in the street, and before covering his head, although the cold wind—no flatterer—waved and ruffled his silken locks discourteously, the retreating tactician once more bowed and said—

"We shall be happy to see you at our house."

No answer was returned, and the door was shut, almost before the back of the bower was turned.

Neither the man of truth nor the man of deceit were the happier for this interview. The latter felt that the foundation on which he relied for his standing in the American world, was sliding from under him; and the depth to which he was to sink, was not defined. He saw the net-work he had woven

and patched for years, whenever a hole happened to be made in it, now dissolving like a thing of mist, or the delusive banquet raised, to cheat the eyes of his dupe, by a necromancer. The light was pouring in, and he shrank from it appalled. He had not altogether lost confidence in his long tried powers; but no redeeming scheme presented itself. He would willingly have cursed the insolent actor, but, like Balaam, he was constrained to bless—for involuntary praise is blessing. "This fellow is too honest to be tampered with." After his interview with Cadwallader, equally a man of truth and honour, he had burst forth in exclamations and curses. He had reviled his country, her institutions, and her society. But as he walked from the player's modest dwelling, he experienced something of the calmness of despair. He strove to rally his thoughts, and to send them on service to the dark depths of his sink-like soul, to seek auxiliaries in the narrow precincts and obscure corners, where cunning always dwells. As he passed slowly on toward his proud dwelling, his outward man had reassumed its wonted appearance; he went on bowing and smiling in courteous recognition of every genteel acquaintance he met, until he reached his house—home he had none.

Spiffard had of late been in a constant state of excitement. It had been wrought to a most painful height by the events of the last evening. His tendency to monomania was daily increasing. He did not accuse himself of acting wrong in his interview with Williams; but his nature was of the kindliest sort, and he felt a pang in consequence of having treated a fellow-creature harshly.

He turned from the street door, which he had with good will interposed between the general and himself. He regretted that he had pushed it so violently. He strode through the short and narrow entry to the room he had just left, which was still vacant, the females of the family avoiding it, as they had heard from the maid-servant that a strange gentleman was below. He put to the door softly, and approached the fire. He saw in the red hot coals the faces of Williams and his wife, and that of his own mother. He looked up, and ejaculated "God forgive me! poor creatures!" Who he meant by the last two words may be doubtful. He wiped the tears from his cheeks before he sought the company of his wife. He felt the necessity of hiding his emotion, and of evading any questions respecting his visiter. "Should he tell her that there were circumstances of moment to him which he could not confide?"

If such a necessity existed, it was a sad and ruinous necessity. "Should he preserve silence altogether?" He knew that every man should look for advice and support in difficulty, and for increase of joy by sharing it, *both* from his life's partner; still he had doubts; late circumstances bewildered him. He decided wrongly.

CHAPTER III.

The beginning of a hoax.

"Thus his special nothing ever prologues."

"————————let times news be known
When 'tis brought forth."

"*Puck.* Lord, what fools these mortals be!"

"When my cue comes, call me, and I will answer."

"————————————'tis meet
That noble minds keep ever with their likes:
For who so firm that cannot be seduced?"

"The seeming truth which cunning "oft" puts on
T' entrap the wisest."

"None are so severely caught when they are catch'd
As wit turn'd fool."

"Wink at each other, hold the sweet jest up;
This sport well carried shall be chronicled."

"Folly in fools bears not so strong a note
As fooleries in the wise."

"It is much that a lie, with a slight oath, and a jest with a sad brow, will do with a fellow that never had the ache in his shoulders."

"You have some offence upon your mind,
Which by the right and virtue of my place
I ought to know of." *Shakspeare.*

YOUTH! how delighted dost thou revel in the full flow of nature's bounteous stream, swelling to expected perfection! To the present feeling of enjoyment, and to the unbounded anticipation of future bliss, how open is youth! How full of delight and how beauteous in infancy, although, like the early blossom of spring, it feels the chills that its nature is heir to. We press the elastic muscle, full and soft, of the healthful child, and pass our fingers through the glossy curls, and fondly pinch the rosy, dimpled cheek, and gaze in the laughing eyes, and express with enthusiasm our admiration of the promise na-

ture gives of its future perfection—we know not what; but we feel and know that we love youth even in its imbecility. As it approaches to and attains maturity, how admirable, how lovely is youth in its pristine purity!

Such is man's love of youth, and so prone is he to compare and measure all else by himself, that, as he experiences age and decay, and sees that generations after generations have sprung up, bloomed, performed the acts assigned to them, sickened, withered, and died; and the cities and kingdoms of the earth have in like manner had their feeble beginnings, growth, and death—their childhood, youth, maturity, splendour, decline, and fall. When he looks to the past, and sees that his species and all connected with it, have ever had the same unvaried path and progress through life to extinction: that the infant, the man, and the tomb, are but types of the building's corner-stone, erection, existence, dilapidation, and ruins; and both but symbols of the empire's commencement, growth, glory, intoxication, reeling, subversion, and utter destruction: so that he looks in vain for the traces of its existence. While he contemplates on all this, the thought occurs, that even "the great globe itself, and all that it inherits"—this glorious orb, for whose use the sun and the moon and the stars seem to have been created—and even more, that this immeasurable universe, of which they are a puny part, has had its childhood, its youth, its maturity, and must have its decay and extinguishment. Thus man measures the infinite by his own finite. But shall we say, that all these myriads of light-darting suns, with their countless revolving planets, the proofs of the Eternal One, his goodness and power, are only formed to cease? May we not think that the Eternal has impressed upon them the image of his eternity? Even in this our planetary habitation, though ever moving, ever changing, we can perceive no indications of decay. Though life is ever ceasing, it is ever reviving. As the sea recedes here, it advances there. The mountain summit is washed to the plain and to the ocean, or sinks into the bowels of the earth—but another mountain ascends from the plain or from the great deep. Where the arid sand of the desert now lies, denying sustenance or being to animal or vegetable life, once flourished the date and the palm, and every living thing in its full perfection—man, in his greatest pride. And who can say, that the same power which caused its former fertility, will not cause the mountain to start from the sands of the desert, and pour the river from the hill upon the barren plain; causing the fountain to spring, the herb to grow, and

every living thing to flourish; peopling the same region again with life, and youth, and joy—not again and again to see disease, decay, and death, but perfection and immortality?

Though man may not measure the power of God by his own weakness, he may, and must, love youth, beauty, and purity; and while such love is active in him, he must adore his infinitely good Creator.

But while we talk of youth, we are growing old. Time flies, and our story is yet to be told.

The incident in the life of Zebediah Spiffard, which I am now to relate, produced consequences which could not have been foreseen by the most quick-sighted. The actors in the scenes, connected with this incident, were of course blind to their results; nor could they, by any knowledge of the past, have the most remote conception of the events which followed; otherwise they would have refused their participation; or in phraseology suggested by the words "actors" and "scenes," they would have thrown up their parts. But in this, as in many other instances, jocund youth led on to sport, ending in repentance and sorrow.

The train of unintended and unexpected events, materially affecting our hero's future life, must be ascribed partly to the discrepancy existing between Spiffard and his companions of the theatre, (and the associates of those companions,) and partly to the circumstances attending his various domestic ties.

The opening scene of these volumes has given the reader some notion of the contrasted characters of the water-drinker, and the gay young men his choice of profession had brought him in contact with. The dinner at Cato's further introduced these gentlemen to notice.

This discrepancy, combined and mingled with domestic circumstances, made the winter of 1811 and '12, productive of a succession of miseries, a complication of irritating and stinging tortures, to the hero of our tale, such as few, with his purity of mind and action, have been called upon to endure. The sufferings he experienced were occasioned, in part, by faults of commission and omission, with which he is justly chargeable, (as is the case with most, perhaps, all men;) and these faults might be traced to the early incidents of his life, his defective education, and his unguided, unrestrained modes and habits of thinking as well as acting.

His natural good temper, and his musical as well as conversational talents, made him a welcome guest among the gay young friends of the manager, at the same time that his

artlessness tempted them strongly to amuse themselves by what they intended as innocent tricks, and playful pranks, to the effects of which his unsuspicious nature made him obnoxious. These sports might have passed off harmless, and often had done so; sometimes ending in the triumph of the man of temperance; but the unhappy position in which he found himself placed at this time, by his hasty matrimonial connexion, and the effects of meeting his mother's sister, were powerful causes in producing most untoward effects. He was involved in perplexities, which, as we have seen, he feared to communicate the knowledge of to that person, whose duty as well as interest, it was, most of all others, to assist him with consolation and counsel: the person, of all others, who, it is the duty as well as interest of every man, to trust with his fears, his doubts, and his perplexities—his wife. With every disposition to frankness, he became incommunicative where most he should have confided. We shall see the result.

While our hero's affairs were in this posture, and his naturally imaginative and irritable mind, in this state of excitement, he and the young gentleman we have before mentioned by the name of Allen, met at the front door of the theatre; the latter lounging toward the boxes, more to kill ennui, than from love of Shakspeare; the first hastening from the green-room, where his majestic wife was left adjusting the robes of the Thane's ambitious lady, before a mirror capable of reflecting her lofty and splendid figure, previous to her first entrance on the stage for the evening. Already Mrs. Spiffard had established her fame in this character; still, her husband was anxious to see the reception she would meet from a brilliant audience, many of whom were already thumping with sticks, and stamping impatiently, for the show to commence; for to the thumpers and stampers, Macbeth was little more than a show.

Mrs. Spiffard, as my intelligent reader already knows, was eminently gifted by nature for the representative of the ambitious, guilty, and sublime Lady Macbeth. Her tall and masculine frame; powerfully expressive eye; strongly marked, black, flexible brow, and mental energy in the expression of passions, (by no means uncongenial to her nature, or strangers to her vigorous but ill regulated intellectual faculties,) would have made her, had they been brought together, no contemptible rival to the great Lady Macbeth of the English stage.

"Ha! Mr. Spiffard, I am glad to encounter you *here*," said Allen. "You must give me your opinion of the play and the acting. Cooper has got it up in magnificent style; and has

added to his reputation by playing Macbeth. Don't you think so? Is it not his best part?"

"We actors must be cautious when we speak of actors. I think the Hamlet of Cooper even better than his Macbeth. But we shall see Cooke likewise, though not to advantage. I will speak frankly of the play and the players generally, provided you give me your opinion of Mrs. Spiffard's performance."

"Agreed. I have seen her in the character before; by Jove, she is superb! Let us go into this box."

"No. These boxes are crowded. There is more room aloft: besides I don't like to sit below—I am too notorious."

"Well, well; but not the upper tier; that is truly too notorious. Let's go into the Shakspeare."

This was a spacious central box in the second tier; principally occupied by men, and supposed to be the resort of critics. They took their seats accordingly, rather back from the stage, the front seats being already crowded. The play commenced.

Allen would have spoken, but Spiffard quietly remarked—"Between the acts there is time enough to compare notes. Let us now see, hear, and observe."

Mrs. Spiffard outdid herself, and exceeded her husband's expectations. She was, indeed, the undaunted leader of the wavering Thane. The instigator to atrocious murder. The woman who could unsex herself to place a crown on the head of her husband. Who could herself have done the deed of blood, but that the victim resembled her father. She embodied herself with the character; for it suited, as she felt, her appearance, and her histrionic powers. The soul with which the poet had endowed his creation, was transfused into the actress, as the fabled magician, leaving his own body, could animate the body of another, and accomplish his wishes, by appearing in the corse of one he had murdered. She possessed the queen-like port and towering height of Siddons, though not the elegance of her form. She could assume the insidious smile and courteous action, when she welcomed the good Duncan to the castle, where the nest of the swallow betokened purity of air, although she had already plotted the manner of his death. The high tone of her ill-governed mind enabled her to conceive and express the feelings of the haughty Scottish dame, while urging the Thane to treason and inhospitable homicide.

With an elevated head, surrounded and coped with locks and braids, glossy and black as the raven's plumage; with murky brows, that could be elevated to a crescent, or bent

into the contorted wavings of a serpent; with a voice deep toned and clear, she spoke and looked the destiny of the man who *would*, but dared not.

All the scenes in which these terrible powers were displayed by the actress, had been witnessed by her husband, before the occurrence, which, as we shall see, occasioned his leaving the front of the theatre. Allen remained, and saw the consummation of her art; the triumph of her power over the audience.

When in the troubled wanderings of guilt-directed somnambulism, the actress appeared in her white night clothes, colourless, desolate, the black masses of dishevelled hair streaming portentously over the snow-white dress; her glaring eyes starting from their sockets, to gaze upon the little bloody spot that would not "out." That head so lofty and regal, which, at the banquet, had been decorated with a royal diadem, now devoid of ornament or covering. The tresses which then had been mingled with sparkling jewels, now hanging in lines on each side of the pallid countenance, and only striking the beholder with admiration of their unusual profusion, as they float over her snowy garments, forming a long black veil, almost sweeping the floor as she stalks, ghost-like, and with her death-white fingers strives to erase from her hand the stain fixed upon her soul. When the spectators beheld *this*, breath seemed suspended, and silence was only broken, when, by the vanishing of the figure, the magic of the scene ceased.

This last great exhibition of his wife's tragic powers, Spifford had not seen. For while, in the pride of his heart, he had been absorbed in admiration of the previous incidents of the play—while he was administering balm to his soul by the thought, "surely such a mind will rise superior to all that is unworthy"—while filled with new hope, and elevated by a dignified matrimonial reflection from the mirror of the stage, two rough and clownish fellows, enveloped in coarse furzy overcoats, boisterously entered the box. They might, from their exterior and manner, have been two frequenters, if not inhabitants, of the Five-points, who had mistaken their way, and stumbled upon the haunts of refinement instead of those devoted to noise and vulgarity. They strided from seat to seat, leaving on each the marks of their dirty boots, as I have seen men in better clothing do upon the benches of the pit. These ruffians took a station, standing, by the side of Spiffard, almost touching his elbow as he sat.

The noise they made in the lobby, and on their entrance,

had annoyed our sensitive man of temperance. Their mode of approach and attitude annoyed him still more. His sense of propriety, and his physical senses, shared in the suffering; he heard the crackling of roasted pea-nuts, and his olfactories were assailed by the smell of those rivals of Shakspeare, mingled with others, of tobacco and alcohol, brought in their clothing from the last tavern they had loitered in. The senses of a temperate man are acute in proportion to their purity. The moral as well as physical sense of Spiffard was offended: his peculiar circumstances increased the offence.

The total indifference to the passing scene, which these intruders evinced, aggravated the irritation of Spiffard. He arose. He looked in their faces. They looked over his head. He mounted on the seat and stood beside them, swelling with indignation as near as might be to the size and height of the offenders. They heeded him not. He resumed his seat, that he might not disturb the performance.

"Who is that tall raw-boned grenadier of a woman?" said one. "She's a thunderer."

"That's Lady Macbeth."

"She's a roarer. Any thing but a lady, thank'ee! Unless its a landlady. Fine feathers make fine birds; or else she looks more like a landlady from Banker-street, than a woman fit for a room like that. See how she tosses her black mop about, and knits her burnt-cork eye-brows at Cooper."

This dialogue attracted the attention of Allen, who had been carried away by the passing scene of the stage. Spiffard saw this, and felt as if it was incumbent upon him to repress the insolence of these disturbers of peace and defiers of decency. The neighbouring young men, too, had their attention drawn from the stage, and with the levity of youth began to laugh; and one or two of them looked at Spiffard, as if recognising in him the husband of the actress on whom these indecent remarks were made. At least he thought so. Again he tried to look them into silence. That again failed. His choler rose—and he rose. Spiffard was conscious of his own extraordinary muscular strength, his agility, and his skill in all the arts of defence. He felt, and perhaps truly, that he could throw either of these big bullies into the pit; but he made as marked a distinction as Sir Charles Grandison, between defence and offence; and such an act might be particularly offensive to the quiet people below. He squared himself with an air of defiance, and of threatened hostility. The aggressors

still overlooked him. When the drop-curtain fell, at the termination of the act, he sprung upon the seat, and his enemies not only looked towards him but made way for him.

Fixing his eyes on the nearest of his unwelcome neighbours, Spiffard said, with firmness and deliberation,—"You may imagine yourselves wondrous witty in your remarks on the play and actors; but you may be assured they savour more of ignorance than humour. Before you recommence, what I consider impertinence, I must inform you, that the lady of whom you have spoken disrespectfully, is my wife. To disturb an audience is a mark of blackguardism in which I did not think fit to imitate you. But, if the impertinence is repeated, I am willing and able to punish it." Spiffard appeared to be in earnest. His antagonists felt that they were wrong. The offenders looked first at Spiffard and his handsome herculean companion, Allen—then at each other—laughed—and as they meant nothing by their frivolous and thoughtless ribaldry, they turned away from the incensed comedian, and, quiting their conspicuous situation, silently left the box; not without covering their retreat by an affected laugh."

Spiffard felt himself a victor. The enemy had fled, and he was undisputed master of the field. He had been the champion of decency, good order, the fair sex generally, and his own wife in particular. He enjoyed the glow of self-approbation, and after having retained his triumphant stand for a few moments, he resumed his seat; but soon left his companion—descended from the Shakspeare—passed through the lobbies with longer strides than usual—walked somewhat heroically out of the theatre—passed through the crowd of blackguards in its front—groped his way through Ann-street and Theatre-alley—(places at that time the resort and habitation of vice and depravity) and, having entered the back door of the play-house, marched into the green-room with a dignified air, approaching a little, to swagger—passed unnoticed by the students who were conning their parts, at the last moment, before the expected summons of the call-boy—and took his stand with his back to the fire, (a coat skirt under each arm) as much like a thorough John Bull, as could be expected from one of John's Yankee progeny, even when swelling with the pride of self-approved prowess, and longing for an opportunity to relate the circumstances attending upon recent victory.

If our readers think such feelings incompatible with our water-drinker's good sense and real dignity of character, let them look back to their own lives, and examine the motives

for many of their past actions. Let them seek for the causes of those moments of exultation in which they have felt like heroes of romance, defying fortune or foe to harm them: or of those sinkings of the soul, when humbled in spirit, nothing on earth or in the air—nothing in man, "or woman either," delighted them; and probably they will find their causes for pride or despondency as little "german to the matter" as those which now swelled the bosom of Zebediah Spiffard. Disease, water-gruel, nausea, sea-sickness, or dire, indefinable dyspepsia, are the devils which pull down courage: while good appetite, a good dinner, and good digestion, lift a man to the skies, as surely as gas does a balloon, unless he is well provided with ballast. Now, the consciousness of having prevented the interruption of rational enjoyment in hundreds of well-disposed citizens, and of having put down, by just reproof, the insolence directed against a female, is a better cause for exultation than beef or pudding, even when "good digestion waits on appetite and health on both."

Spiffard's recreant adversaries only laughed at the adventure, and soon forgot the tall lady with black hair and eyebrows, or her short sturdy husband. The incident I have related produced no effect on their future lives, that I know of. Not so with our hero. Trifling as the circumstance may appear, it was one, among other seemingly trifling, but really potent causes, which affected all the future course of his life; and aided in inflicting the keenest pangs of misery, and a deplorable death, on a highly gifted being.

We left Spiffard backing the green-room fire. The warmth of a good fire is no inoperative cause when properly applied—and philosophy has determined that heat expands matter.

It was Mr. Cooper's custom to walk into the green-room occasionally in his way from his dressing-room to the stage. Zeb tried to catch his eye in vain. He was too full of his own kingly attributes to notice the low comedian. He proceeded to and fro, he visited his festive hall, or his castle of Dunsinane, without appearing to note any thing of the real life of these degenerate days, when men die if their throats are cut, or the "brain is out," and do not rise to "push us from our seats."

Spiffard's desire to communicate grew with disappointment. He found an opportunity to mention the incident to the stage-manager, Mr. Simpson, who approved his conduct, but did not appear to enter sufficiently into the victor's feelings, or appreciate fully the service he had done.

He ascended to Cooke's dressing-room, and finding the veteran at leisure, and disposed to listen, he related his adventure a second time. The variation was very little from the first, which was very literal. Cooke, who, as has been said, played Macduff to Cooper's Macbeth, the two tragedians occasionally playing second to each other, was not called to "go on" until he had heard and warmly approved his young friend's conduct. He was cool and collected, for his late sufferings had not yet lost their salutary effect. He was at leisure, for Macduff was in England and had not yet heard of the massacre of his "little ones." That important personage, the call-boy, (whose usual duty only extends to calling performers from the green-room, but is stretched to the dressing-rooms of the magnates of the drama) at length appeared, and shouted, "Macduff." Macduff hastened to the scene of action, and Spiffard was left with trustworthy Davenport, who opportunely entered with the call-boy.

"A great house to-night," said Trusty. "They swarm like a snarl of bees, before hiving, at the sound of a warming-pan. I don't wonder at it, when there is three sich great actors, and sich a play to be seen.

"A fine house," said Spiffard.

"To my notion," continued the traveller, "Mrs. Spiffard beats all the world to-night. I'm not easily frit, but darn me, if she didn't almost scear me just now."

"Why? have *you* been in front, Davenport?"

"No, sir, I have been standing behind the prompter, and looking over his head. I should be puzzled to do that thing, if Mrs. Spiffard was prompter, for she is a most a magnificent woman—'most as tall as I be."

Zeb stretched himself as high as Davenport's shoulder.

"Did you notice any disturbance in the boxes while Mrs. Spiffard was on the stage?"

"Not the dropping of a feather:—only when they made all shake again with applauding her. What a thunder-clap that was, to be sure!"

Spiffard could not resist the tempting opportunity offered by his brother Yankee's leading remarks, and he told, for the third time, the adventure of the Shakspeare box, with but little variation.

At length the tragedy was over; Spiffard took his stand again before the green-room fire, to wait for his wife.

Cooper having lost both crown and life, was sooner restored to the habiliments of commoners than the lady, and joined the

comedian. Soon after Simpson and Hilson, who were dressed for the farce, added to the party.

"Spiffard, have you been in front?"

"Yes; and I never was more provoked in my life."

"How?—What could ruffle your equanimity?"

"Two blackguards came into the Shakspeare box and disturbed the audience while Mrs. Spiffard was in one of her best scenes; and the scoundrels made use of insolent language respecting *her*—her person—her acting—and I think I can appeal to any one in favour of her Lady Macbeth at all times."

"That you may."

"She certainly never play'd it or look'd it better, than to-night."

"More than well," said Hilson.

"That's equivocal," said Cooper.

"No, upon my honour I mean fair and honest."

"But *you*, Spiff, when they insulted Mrs. Spiffard?—What said *you?*" asked the manager.

"'This may be sport,' said I, 'to you, but it is a serious injury,—a wanton outrage upon the feelings of the audience and the actor or actress.'"

"'Sport to you, but death to us,' just what the frogs said to the boys when they pelted them."

"Pooh, Tam, don't interrupt the story."

"'Your remarks are impertinent'—I don't mean yours Hilson—and 'savour more of ignorance than wit.'"

"Very well, Spiff, I'll mark you for that," said Hilson.

"'None but blackguards would insult a female or disturb the representation of scenes in which the feelings of an audience are deeply interested.'"

"Well. What said they."

"They look'd at each other, and then at me, as much as to say, 'who are you?'—I answered the look——"

"With a look?"

"'I am that lady's husband.' They look'd at each other again—appeared to feel like fools by quitting their places, for they were standing on the seats of the box, and soon after they shuffled off, as well as they could."

"And left you 'cock of the walk,' as Milstone says."

"We ought all to thank you," said Cooper, "they were your pea-nut fellows, I suppose."

The reader will observe that this recital varied somewhat from the scene as *he* witnessed it. These were not the very words that were spoken. Yet Spiffard did not mean to mis-

represent. This was more than a thrice-told tale. Who among us, lovers of truth as we all are, tells the same story in the same words?

In very truth, there is something very strange in this machinery of ours:—excitement or depression; winding up, or running down; causes those sounds which we call words, to vary not only in tone but signification; and a little variation in the light, materially changes the picture. Zebediah Spiffard is our hero, and an adorer of truth: yet he was but a man. He was tempted, perhaps, by the influence of his light-hearted companions, to deviate from the strict letter of his story, and, like many others, whose memoirs have not yet been published, dearly he paid for it.

It can't be too strongly insisted upon, in defence of Spiffard, that this, as has been already said, was the fourth time that he told this story,—perhaps it was the hundredth time that he had thought it over. Now, there is a poetical spirit in mankind, or at least in some men, and women, which amplifies, or magnifies, or adorns, or distorts, according to circumstances, without any criminal intention of falsifying or deceiving, but merely from an amiable desire to appear well in the eyes of our hearers, as we dress, decorate, and show ourselves to the world, not to gratify ourselves, but to give pleasure to others.

Of all men, Zebediah Spiffard was the most conscientious in his statements of fact; the most literal in his repetition of words, when cool and collected; but now he was, and had been for some time, in a continual state of excitement; and his imagination (always active) unnaturally vivid. 'Will he, nill he,' his imagination would colour his words, and even his cheeks had a tinge of red in consequence of its activity.

"What manner of men were these?" inquired Cooper.

"Of very bad manners, I should think," said Hilson.

"Tam, keep your stage jokes till you meet those who relish them. If you speak before you get your cue, I'll forfeit you. What did the fellows look like, Spiff?"

"Rough looking fellows, wrapped up in coarse great coats."

"You behaved like a hero. I doubt not they were some of your pea-nut-munching gentry. I will petition the corporation for an ordinance prohibiting the sale of pea-nuts, from the hour of six until ten, P. M."

"Why those hours?" asked Hilson.

"Because the intermediate hours are devoted to tragedy—tragedy hours. They may eat as many pea-nuts as they please while you are mumming Numpo."

By this time, Cooke had doffed his harness, and, arrayed in suit of sober grey, entered the green-room. He joined the group of young men by the fire. Spiffard went out to inquire if his wife was ready to go home.

"So," said George Frederic, "Mr. Spiffard has had an affair with some persons who behaved improperly in the boxes. I give him credit and thanks for putting down the illiberal impertinence of these box-lobby-loungers."

"Pooh! they were only a brace of blackguard swaggerers," was Hilson's remark. "They didn't know the difference between box and gallery."

"The ticket-seller might teach them that. No, no. I gather from what Mr. Spiffard told me, that they were men of some bearing."

"Bears, I doubt not," lisped Hilson.

"They found themselves in the wrong box, and crept out," continued Cooke.

"They saw by his squaring," added Hilson, laughing and lisping, that Spiff was a boxer; and as Allen's square shoulders were ready to back him, they backed out. Don't you call this 'backing your friends?'

"I'll bet a hundred," said the manager, "that Spiffard begins to think this an affair of some consequence. Hark'ee, Tam, couldn't something be made of this?"

Mr. and Mrs. Spiffard entered. The gentlemen made way for the towering and fine-looking dame. Cooke complimented her on her great performance. She replied in an appropriate manner—cast one glance at the full length mirror of the green-room—bowed her "good night" to the young gentlemen—shook hands with George Frederick—took her husband's arm —and—they were gone.

Spiffard walked off with his stately and over-topping dame, better pleased with her and with himself, that both had acted well. He had not felt so much satisfied with his lot, since the scene in the park. They had no sooner disappeared, than Cooke observed,

"That's a fine actress; and a fine woman."

"A *great* woman," said Hilson; "and Zeb's a great man, for a man no greater. And I think he behaved most heroically to-night; and what's more, he thinks so, too."

"He is what the old dramatists call 'a tall fellow,'" said Cooke.

"Of his inches."

"You envy him his tall wife."

"He showed courage when he attacked that castle."

"While this passed, sportively, between Cooke and Hilson, Cooper was in a revery.

"Good night, lads, and good thoughts," said the veteran—for Trustworthy entered to announce a hack, ready for the convalescent tragedian, who left the scene: a scene where actors and actresses were reading their "parts," preparatory to their "going on;" some refreshing memory; some conning over that which had been neglected—some trying to comprehend the meaning of a passage, to which their cue furnished no clue. There, two might be seen rehearsing a dialogue; and near them, a third, reciting, aloud, speeches from an author: the whole forming a medley of babel-like sounds, proceeding from the motley-dressed company.

"Cooper," said Hilson, "though I like to quiz Spiff, I think he has pluck. If these same fellows had shown fight, the affair might have ended in a box-lobby challenge."

The tragedian made no answer, but stood with his brow most terrifically knit. Hilson continued, chuckling, "I wish that the bullies had turned upon Zeb, only for the fun of it. I suppose they were big-boned Goliahs, who might think, conjointly, to make a meal of one of us middle-sized gentlemen; or, singly, to put Spiff into either of their coat-pockets; but they would have found him a hard bargain."

"What did you say about challenge?"

"I? Nothing."

"'Darkly a project peers upon my mind, like the red moon when rising in the east.'"

"Numpo!" said the call-boy.

"Tam," said Cooper, very deliberately, "do you and Ned——"

"I'm called."

"Stop. Do you and Ned Simpson meet me in my room, after the farce,——"

"I have been called."

"Old Kent has orders for a supper——"

"Terrapins?"

"Terrapins. If I do not mistake my talents, or Kent's, *I* will produce a plot shall give zest to *his* supper. I will edify you with a plan of operations, that aptly carried into execution, will try little Zebediah's courage to the heart of it."

"Why, Cooper, you don't think——"

"Stage waits!" shouted the call-boy, bouncing into the room.

"Stage waits!" cried the stage-manager, running in. Off scampered Hilson.

"Simpson, be sure you forfeit Tam for that," said the laughing tragedian; "and be sure to come to my room when the curtain falls." Thus, for the present, parted those who were to be the plotters, in pure sport, against the peace of Zeb Spiff, the water-drinker.

CHAPTER IV.

Our heroine in Theatre-alley.

"Yea, the darkness is no darkness with thee, but the night is as clear as the day."—*David, King of Israel.*

"Towards his design moves like a ghost."

"These eyes, like lamps, whose wasting oil is spent,
Wax dim as drawing to their exigent."

"Bondage is hoarse, and may not speak aloud."—*Shakspeare.*

"I know not what disposition has been made of my plantation at Cayenne, but I hope Madame de Lafayette will take care that the negroes who cultivate it, shall preserve their liberty."—*Lafayette.*

"Mistake me not for my complexion."—*Shakspeare.*

"There is something in the nature of man, by means of which, as long as he is not penetrated with the sentiment of independence—as long as he looks up with a self-denying and a humble spirit to any other creature of the same figure and dimensions as himself, he is incapable of being all that man, in the abstract, is qualified to be."—*Godwin.*

"The facility of relieving the coarser distresses, is one of those circumstances which corrupt and harden the rich, and fills them with insolent conceit, that all the wounds of the human heart can be cured by wealth."
Mackintosh.

We will turn our eyes from the mimic scenes of the stage, and the bustling drama of the green-room, to scenes and characters contrasting with the first by their reality, and with the second, by their sober tone of feeling; yet agreeing with both, in that they are equally belonging to our story.

Let it be remembered, that at the time of which we write, plays were performed (at the only theatre in New-York) but three times a week—except that an occasional Saturday night was pressed into the manager's service. The occurrences which we are now to relate, happened on the evening after those of the last chapter.

Every body conversant with New-York, its streets, and alleys, knows that there is a narrow passage behind the park play-house, called Theatre-alley. We have introduced the

reader to this thoroughfare, already, in an early chapter. Of this place, the building from which it derives its name forms nearly one side, and on the other (at this time), are towering, miscalled, fire-proof store-houses, and manufactories of those potent missiles, fraught, like Pandora's box, with good and evil, but leading on the human race to its destiny—*books*. At the north-east corner of this alley, stands a stupendous hotel, dedicated to temperance and every godly virtue. This passage or alley existed at the time of which we treat; but of all the towering walls which now enclose it, none were in being except those of the theatre.

Opposite to the back or private entrance to this building, stood a lofty wooden pile, erected for, and occupied by, the painters, machinists, and carpenters of the establishment; to the north of which (where now the above-mentioned temperance hotel is planted), were several low, wooden dram-shops, and other receptacles of intemperance and infamy; and to the south, several taller wooden houses, occupied by the poor and industrious; one of which tenements, immediately adjoining the scene-house, was the residence of John Kent, the property-man of the theatre, and his wife. We have seen in the last chapter, that among other *properties*, he was to furnish a tarrapin-supper for the young manager and his joyous companions. As some of my readers may not be sufficiently initiated in the mysteries of stage-management, I will tell them what a property-man is.

Though, in such matters, I do consider my authority as indifferent good, yet I will first give *higher*. Peter Quince says, "I will draw a bill of properties, such as our play wants;" and Bottom, who appears to be the manager, gives us a list of beards, as "your straw-coloured beard, your orange-tawny beard, your purple-in-grain beard, or your French crown-coloured beard, your perfect yellow."

That I may not mislead, let me note, that actors in the year 1811 found their own wigs and beards; but then *property-beards* and *wigs* were supplied to the supernumeraries, the "reverend, grave and potent seignors" of Venice, the senatorial fathers of Rome, or parliamentary lords of England.

Quince performed the part of the prompter, whose duty it was, to give a bill of properties to the property-man; and these consisted of every imaginable thing. In the Midsummer Night's Dream, for example, one property is an ass's head; which, if not belonging to the manager, or one of the company, the property-man must find elsewhere. Arms and

ammunition, loaded pistols for sham mischief, and decanters of liquor for real:—(for though the actors could dispense with the bullets, they required the alcohol,)—love letters and challenges—beds, bed-linen, and babies—in short, the property-man was bound to produce whatever was required by the incidents of the play, as set down in the "bill of properties" furnished by the prompter. Such was the office of John Kent, besides furnishing suppers occasionally for the manager, and doing other extra services, for which he was well remunerated, and experienced the favour of his employer. He was habitually kind—perhaps, owing to former situations in life, he was rather submissive; but Cooke used to say, when in his abusive half-tipsy vein, that he was the only gentleman about the house.

This worthy couple, Mr. and Mrs. Kent, had no children; and the wife was at this time dying of consumption—real, honest, much-to-be-pitied consumption—not that disease sometimes so called, which is the effect of folly or vice.

Kent and his wife were old. In youth they had been slaves to the same master, under that system established and enforced on her colonies by that nation who at the same time boasted, *justly*, "that the chains of the slave fell from him on his touching her shores;" that he became a man as soon as he breathed the air of her glorious island; yet, with that inconsistency so often seen in nations as well as individuals, sent her floating dungeons with the heaviest chains, forged for the purpose, to manacle the African, and convey him to a hopeless slavery among her children in America; even refusing those children the privilege of rejecting the unhallowed and poisonous gift. But England has washed this stain from her hands; while the blot remains where she fixed it, and has produced a cancerous sore on the fairest political body that ever before existed.

Mr. and Mrs. Kent were not Africans by birth, but descendants from the people so long the prey of European and American avarice; and by some intermixture of the blood of their ancestors with that of their masters, their colour was that which is known among us as mulatto, or *mulatre;* still they were classed with what people of African descent (who abhor the word "negro") call "people of colour."

The master of this couple had been a kind one; and they had both received the rudiments of English literature, with the foundation of a good moral and religious education; so that being freed by his will at his death, they had lived reputably, without the means however of accumulating property beyond decent clothing and furniture. Owing to the long sickness of

the wife, honest John's emoluments as property-man, had not proved sufficient to supply the much valued little delicacies that become necessaries to the sick; and which were the *more necessaries*, as these people, having been house-servants in a wealthy family when in a state of slavery, had been accustomed to many of the luxuries of the rich.

Emma Portland became acquainted with the situation of this honest pair and the sufferings of the woman, by observing in the first place the conduct of the man, who, in his capacity of property-man, was often brought under her view while she attended upon her aunt and cousin. Hearing that his wife was a helpless invalid, she introduced herself to her apartment and bedside; for Emma had been taught not to shrink from the duties of humanity, when most wanted; when the sufferers were surrounded by objects, or divested of proprieties, rendering their situation more deplorable. The precepts of her master as she read them, or heard them read, and commented upon from the pulpit, were as seed falling on good ground, and springing up into fruits of well doing.

Neither the colour of the inhabitants of the house (for Kent only occupied an upper apartment, and below, lived a mass of deeper tint, with marks of greater poverty, and much less of worth or cleanliness,) nor any objects disagreeable to sight, could deter this delicate and lovely girl from frequent visits to the worthy and grateful invalid. To motives of duty and benevolence were added admiration of the resigned patience of the sick woman, and the exemplary attention of her husband. Emma carried fruits and conserves to the dying woman; and she read to her in such books as she wished to hear, and particularly passages in the bible.

To converse with the well disposed poor—to console them in sickness or grief—was to Emma Portland a delightful duty. It sometimes happened that the conversation when she was with Mr. and Mrs. Kent, turned on topics which personally interested her, owing to Kent's knowledge of affairs connected with the theatre. I would willingly introduce my reader to one such conversation, before relating the incident which is the principal subject of this chapter.

The original of the picture I wish to paint, could only be found in our northern portion of the United States, and I will not believe that my readers are so fastidious as not to take pleasure in the contemplation of such a painting, because it treats of the familiar life of the poor; there shall be nothing in it so low as is seen in the admired paintings of many a famous master. I

would willingly execute my work in all the force of light, shade, colour and expressionof Rembrandt, if I had the skill, but I feel that I can only sketch.

Three figures were sitting in a small apartment, ten feet by ten, or thereabout, the furniture of which, though decent and clean, showed that it not only served for "parlour, kitchen and hall," but for bed-chamber. A table, small and of plain white-wood, occupied the centre of the room. A tin lamp stood on this table, and threw its light in just gradation, on the nearer, or more distant objects of which my sketch is composed. Opposite to the door and near the fire-place, where some bright culinary utensils reflected the rays of the lamp, stood the bed; on which, in a reclining posture, appeared a female in the decline of life, much emaciated by the effects of a wasting chronic disease. Her dark complexion rather than her features, showed that she was allied to the African race. She was what is called in the West Indies a *quadroon*. Disease had blanched her face, and the hectic red on her cheek, death's seal, marked her approaching dissolution. Her black eyes shone with that brightness which, to those who know its cause, is so touching, or so alarming.

Having given the dimensions of the room, I need not say that although the table was in the centre, it was very near the bed, and not far from the fire-place. On the mantel were several china cups, some glasses and phials, apples and oranges. Above these hung an india-ink drawing, a copy from a print; it was enclosed in a black frame and covered by a cracked glass. Between the table and the door sat a man of sturdy frame, but time-worn; his age appeared to be sixty. He was darker than the woman, and his features more African. His crisped iron-grey hair thickly covered his head and shaded his temples. His forehead was prominent; with many deep wrinkles crossing it; while furrows as deep marked his cheek. His dress was that of a labourer. It was neat, but here and there patched with cloth that denoted the colour originally belonging to the whole garment. He held his spectacles in his left hand and his snuff box in his right. His eyes, full of respectful attention, were fixed on the figure nearest to the table and lamp; as were also, but with a more earnest gaze, those of the reclining invalid.

The figure on which the light of my picture is concentrated, and on whom the rays from the lamp fell, was a perfect contrast in form and colour to her companions. She was seated by the table, gracefully bending over, and reading in, a bible

that occupied its centre. The light of the lamp illuminated strongly the book of the reader. This made her, as she ought to be, the principal figure, as well as the central one, of my canvass. As she bowed her head over the pages, the reflected light from the paper imparted a soft radiance to the lower part of her countenance, while the direct rays illumed the alabaster forehead. She was a figure of light. The glowing beams from the lamp glittered and were lost among the clustering tresses that surrounded and crowned with golden tints this portrait of a virgin saint.

Emma Portland ceased reading and said, "Do I fatigue you, Mrs. Kent?"

"No, Miss Emma," was the reply; "but I fear you will fatigue yourself—you read as if you felt every word."

"I hope I do feel what I read; and I hope you have felt every word."

"Miss Emmy," said Kent, "I hope it's no offence to say so, but you read better than any body I ever heard, if I may not except Mr. Cooke."

"A good reader, an excellent scholar, took great pains to teach me." And Emma, as she spoke, thought of her lost brother.

"When I have heard Mr. Cooke read over his part in his dressing-room, it was just the same as talking," said the man.

"So all good reading must be. It is only varied in dignity or familiarity, as the subject requires. The good reader must understand and feel the subject. It is this understanding and feeling, added to Mr. Cooke's powers of voice, eye, and action, which place him so high in his profession."

"When you make your appearance," the sick woman said, "if I live I must see and hear you."

"If you are not too much frightened, Miss Emmy," said Kent, "you will be—you will do—I will not say what. But I remember Mrs. Darley, when she was Miss E. Westray, and played in 'Lover's Vows,' and 'False Shame,' just about your age; her lovely figure and innocent face—and you—"

"My friend," said Emma, interrupting him, "you speak as if you thought me devoted to the stage. Be undeceived. It is the thing farthest from my thoughts."

"I am glad of it," said the invalid.

"It is the talk of the theatre," said Kent.

"I can say I certainly never will be a player. I should prefer a very humble station in private life, to the most splendid rewards which follow on the applauses of a theatre.

My duty has carried me to the house to serve my cousin and aunt. I have been gratified to hear the applauses which my cousin receives, when she gives additional force, by her genius, to the lessons of the tragic muse; but I never wished to be a teacher in that school. I would rather open the way to knowledge by instructing the poor little neglected ones that we find in holes and corners, and bring to our sunday-school. *There* I feel that I am doing some good; and I do not seek applause. In a short time, I hope to be excused from entering the walls of the theatre, unless to see and hear some dramatic piece of my choice; for there are many that I have seen with delight, and many that I wish to see."

"But you don't intend to go on the stage as an actress?"

"Certainly not."

"Thank God," said the sick woman.

"Thank God," echoed her husband.

Emma looked at them with an air of surprise. There was an earnest expression in the tone of voice, and the faces of the old folks, that suggested to her the idea of relief from an anticipated evil. There was a pause. At length she said, "Why are you so earnest in your expression of satisfaction that I have taken such a resolution?"

"Perhaps I ought not to say so," said Kent; "but I think —I think you are better as you are."

"That may be," she replied, smiling. "I might be the worse if I failed in my attempt, or I might be intoxicated by applause if I succeeded. But although I do not wish to tread the stage, and exhibit myself before the mixed multitudes I have seen in the play-house, yet, there are many who have passed unhurt through the trials which must await those who challenge public opinion in this manner, and, I hope, many who have been of service to others."

"After another pause, Kent said—"Miss Emmy, I hope so too."

"Mr. Kent, you must have known many excellent persons, of both sexes, who have been, and are on the stage."

"Certainly. But I believe they would have been full as good if they had never been there. Miss Emmy, I have known the play-house and the actors, ever since there was a play in the country, almost—and to tell the truth—"

"Go on, Mr. Kent."

"I would not wish to offend. I could tell—"

"I am sure you would only tell the truth."

"That you may depend upon, miss; but the truth is not to be spoken at all times."

"At all times? Perhaps not. But we should not hesitate to speak the truth, and the whole truth, if, by so doing, we can prevent evil, or do good."

"I should be very sorry to tell all I know, for all that."

"There may be no necessity. But if we knew that all our misdeeds would be seen and reported, perhaps we should act better than we do. The actions of persons who make the stage their profession, are more scrutinized than those of men and women in private life; otherwise, perhaps, they would not be found more obnoxious to censure."

"John," said the sick woman; "if the knowledge of what she may be exposed to, can prevent any young person from putting themselves in the way, surely the truth ought to be told."

"But Miss Emmy has said that she has no such intention, and that's enough, and I'm glad of it."

"How came you to be brought so intimately in contact with theatres, and theatrical people, Mr. Kent?"

"I'll tell you, miss. My master wished to give me a trade, and as I always had a notion of drawing, he put me apprentice to a house and sign-painter that lived in John-street, near the play-house; and it was by waiting upon my '*bos*' that I got my first knowledge of actors; for as there was no scene-painters then in the country, and he having some little skill, (little enough to be sure,) of that kind of work, he was employed for want of a-better; and I ground the paints, and mixed them, as he taught me. So, by and by, as I could draw rather better than *bos*, I became a favourite with the actors."

"That drawing over the fire-place, I understand, is one of yours."

"Yes, miss; but I can't see the end of a camels-hair pencil now."

"How long is it since you practised scene-painting?"

"This was in the year seventeen hundred and seventy four, at which time Mr. Hallam went to England. Mr. Henry was the great man of the theatre then, and a fine man he was. When I left New-York, to go to Canada, there were four sisters in the old American Company, the oldest was Mrs. Henry; and when I came back, after the war, the youngest was Mrs. Henry, and the other two had been Mrs. Henrys in the meanwhile, and were still living. This was a long time ago. Things have mended."

"I hope so."

Soon after Emma prepared to leave the sick woman. Kent, who generally, on such occasions, attended her with a lantern, had been called away, as there was a rehearsal in progress on the stage. This did not prevent her going, as she had done before, through the southern part of the alley, towards Mrs. Epsom's.

There is a halo which surrounds the virtuous. It may be seen at night or at noon-day. It must be acknowledged that there are those so blind as not to see it at any time. Even Emma Portland, had, on one occasion, been beset by two creatures, dressed like gentlemen, who followed her until a watchman placed himself between them and the object of their persecution. They then slunk away like things of darkness, shunning the sturdy watchman as a ghost does cock-crowing.

The conduct of the watchman attracted Emma's notice; not because of this act, evidently a part of his duty, but for the respectful, and somewhat peculiar manner in which it was performed. The nightly guardians of our city are respectable tradesmen, who add to the comfort of their families by this occupation; but they are not of the most polished manners. The individual who thus came to the rescue of persecuted beauty, had an air of, she knew not what—a something that raised images, and caused thoughts, indefinite and evanescent, yet giving her confidence while in his presence; although, previously, she had felt rather shy when she met persons of his description, probably owing to impressions derived from English books. On this occasion, the watchman followed at a respectful distance, until he saw her stop at her aunt's house; he then stood, as if determined to be convinced of her safety, nor moved until she had entered and closed the door. She had not seen his face, or heard his voice.

From this time, she felt more than her usual security in passing from the sick woman's chamber to her home. If she thought, (which she seldom did,) of danger, she thought of the friendly watchman at the same time; and once or twice she almost imagined that she saw him, indistinctly, at a distance; he never appeared to see her. If it was the same person, it was strange; but she had no fear of danger from him. We are great advocates of the doctrine of sympathies and antipathies; and we think they operate full as much on individuals of opposite sexes, as they do on those of the same. Philosophers will hereafter settle this point.

The same evening on which the conversation occurred by

the bed-side of the invalid, as above recounted, another adventure was experienced by Miss Portland, which exposed her still more to a just apprehension of violence.

It was between nine and ten o'clock when Emma left the abode of the honest property-man and his sick wife; and except the light which issued from the back door of the theatre, (open that evening for a pantomime rehearsal,) the street or alley was in perfect obscurity. Knowing, as she did, how much the invalid relied upon her for consolation, in the trying hour which was fast approaching, Emma's visits of charity had been so frequent, and she had become so familiar with the route, that as she glided with rapid steps, she was almost unconscious of the presence or absence of any other living creature but herself, in the lonely, narrow, and dark passage she was threading. She had not proceeded far on her way, when she heard the door of the theatre open, and turning her head, she saw the figure of a man, by the light which momentarily issued. She thought nothing of this; it was a frequent occurrence, when, (as she knew was then the case,) the stage was occupied by performers. Quick steps were, however, heard approaching her. The strides were long, and notwithstanding her usual light and elastic walk, were fast overtaking her. She approached the wall of the theatre to let the person pass; and, at the same time, slackened her pace. The sound of steps approaching were very close, but much slower than before. She stopped, nothing doubting but it was the man whose person she had seen as he issued from the door of the theatre, and who, even in that momentary glance, had impressed on her the image of a tall and gentlemanly figure. When arrived opposite to her, the pursuer arrested his steps, and in gentle accents, begged permission to attend her through the solitary passage. She knew the voice was that of a stranger; and, at the same time, the tones struck on her ear as similar to sounds she had heard, but when, or from whom, she had no recollection of circumstances to guide her to any conclusion; and she could only see enough of the figure to discern that it was a remarkably tall person, and enveloped in a cloak. Indefinite as her impressions were respecting the voice, it excited sensations very unusual in her, and nearly allied to terror. Drawing up her fine figure to its utmost height, and darting a look at the person who addressed her, she said, "pass on, sir!"

"This is a dangerous place for youth and beauty. Permit me to accompany you until you have passed this dismal street."

"Pass on, sir!" she repeated, as the stranger placed himself more in her path.

"You must not be offended, lovely girl; when out of this place, you have only to command my absence—"

"I command it now. I must judge for myself of the necessity of protection. None is needed, but from such importunity as you now assail me with."

"I cannot forego this opportunity—"

"Your appearance is that of a gentleman; and your figure indicates a time of life that cannot claim excuse from inexperience. Pass on before I call for assistance."

"I have sought this opportunity of speaking to you."

"You are mistaking me for some other."

"O, no, there is none like you. I have watched for your coming out from that house, where I have often observed you to go; and I must—"

Emma was by this time convinced that she had heard the same voice before, and memory recalled the occurrence on the private stair-way of the theatre. This was the person who had blown out the lamp, and waylaid her, when descending from the dressing-room of her aunt and cousin. The conviction flashed upon her, and the feelings that overcame her were gaining upon her rapidly. He attempted to take her hand. She recoiled as from a serpent, and would have called for help, but found that her voice did not obey her will. She looked up and down the black and lonesome alley, in the hope that some one would appear.

"Why this terror—my object is your happiness; I know your dependant situation—"

The terrified girl heard him not; but seeing a light glimmering from the door of the theatre, the thought suddenly suggested itself of seeking a place of refuge in that house which this same persecutor had caused her to abjure. She suddenly turned and attempted to retrace her way; but before she could take a step, she found herself impeded by the arm and cloak of her assailant—she shrieked—the clang of a watchman's bludgeon was heard on the pavement beyond the asylum she had in view, and at the northern extreme of the alley. This signal, which is equivalent to the rattle used in Europe, gave her courage, and she disengaged herself, as she again shrieked for "help." In a moment she was alone. As she hesitated whether to return or pursue her way towards her aunt's, she looked to the door of the theatre, and saw several persons come

out, who were immediately lost in the darkness. She determined to go from them, and towards her home, although she heard the footsteps of the wretch who had assaulted her, pursuing the same course; but she knew that a few steps would bring her to Ann-street and place her in safety. She hastened on in the same direction with the person whom, the moment before, she had turned back to avoid—she saw him by the light of the street, beyond the alley, turn towards Broadway, and she, taking the opposite course, after issuing from the abodes of poverty and vice, gained, without further molestation, the shelter of her aunt's dwelling.

The persons who had issued from the playhouse, had been met by the watchman whose signal put the aggressor to flight. Uncertain from whence the voice crying for help proceeded—(a cry not uncommon in that neighbourhood at that time)—he had stopped to make inquiry of the histrions: his inquiries, and their conjectures, had given Emma time to escape observation and to reach home, as she thought, unnoticed; but as she cast a furtive glance back, before closing the door, she saw a watchman returning towards the theatre. "Could it be that the same individual had again watched over and protected her?"

She found Mrs. Spiffard and her mother busy in preparation for the next evening's performance. Mr. Spiffard was reading. The ladies made some inquiries respecting the sick person; which, being answered, Emma retired to her chamber. She was agitated by the recollection of the late occurrence: not that she feared personal injury. She knew herself and the country of her birth too well. But to be insulted by the licentious address of a stranger who had been on the watch for her. To have so narrowly escaped the mortification of being seen, flurried, frightened, and crying for help—seen by strangers—in such a place. Then the certainty that she was systematically pursued by some one whose perseverance might render him dangerous. That he was not one of the performers, she was convinced, from her knowledge of the members of the company. Their persons and voices were too familiar to her for mistake. She felt that her freedom of action was contracted, and feared that she might be circumscribed in her efforts to do good. She debated with herself on the propriety of speaking to Mrs. Spiffard, her cousin, on the subject. She concluded not. There was one, to whom she would relate the circumstance. She determined not to expose herself to

like insult unless called imperiously by duty to the pestilential neighbourhood, where the poor are, from necessity, mingled with the depraved, and where the licentious feel licensed to prowl. She opened a book that was a gift from her brother. She read—she prayed; and with a quieted mind retired to the rest of the pure and virtuous.

CHAPTER V.

The hoax progresses.

"Awake the pert and nimble spirit of mirth."

"All's brave that youth mounts, and folly guides."

"Nature hath framed strange fellows in her time;
Some that will ever more peep through their eyes
And laugh like parrots at a bag-piper."

"With mirth and laugher let old wrinkles come."

"Men may construe things, after their fashion,
Clean from the purpose of the things themselves."

"I combat challenge of this latten bilbo."

"He is, indeed, sir, the most skilful, bloody and fatal opposite that you could possibly have found in any part of Illyria."—*Shakspeare.*

We have seen in the last chapter that Emma found Spiffard on her return, reading. But he read to little purpose. The events of the day had troubled and perplexed him.

Before we recount them, it is necessary to mention what passed at the theatre after Numpo made the stage wait.

The sportive manager having gone through the arduous part of Macbeth, and received ample testimonies of the approbation of a full house; and after having tricked Hilson into a forfeit for not being ready to 'go on' at his cue; proceeded, with all the happy buoyancy of youth, health, wealth, and popularity, to take a seat in the boxes, and laugh at Numpo, while Kent procured the tarrapins. His object was merely to beguile the time until, the farce being ended, he might return to meet Tam, and Ned, and other worthies, at a supper-table in

an apartment adjoining his dressing-room. He passed to the boxes by a private communication, through a door of which he carried the key, and repairing to the Shakspeare, found Allen still there, who, as soon as the curtain fell, accosted him with, "have you seen Spiffard lately?"

"Yes."

"He had nearly got into a quarrel."

"He has been telling us. Pray who were the fellows?"

"Mere blackguards. Spiff showed spunk I can tell you."

"Allen, I have been thinking that sport might be made out of this. Could not we make up a challenge?—Conjure up offended honour?—Drag up 'drowned honour by the locks'—ha?"

"No. Certainly not. The fellows sneak'd off as if ashamed of themselves."

"Did Spiffard use such language as would justify a gentleman in calling him to an account and demanding an apology?"

"Gentleman? I tell you these fellows were mere ruffians."

"No matter. We'll make gentlemen of them. What did Spiff say?"

"He told them, very plainly, that they were backguards."

"That's enough. Come with me to my room. Tarrapins and whiskey-punch. One of these gentlemen who have lately been so grossly insulted is a man of nice honour."

"They either of them looked like any thing else. It is a hard matter to make a silk purse you know—"

"Imagination can make any thing."

"Two such rough fellows, in coarse furzy great coats—"

"Disguised. Pooh! Dress is nothing! 'Leather and prunella,' you know. Two gentlemen on a frolic."

"Ah, now I take. And, so, one of these gentlemen in disguise, must demand satisfaction of Spiff."

"An apology or the *duello*. He don't know your hand writing, does he?"

"No. I see it! It will do! I'll be Lieutenant —— who?"

"Let us see. A captain of a ship might suit the rough furzy great-coat better, as well as better suit our purposes.—You shall be—"

"Bravo! I'll be Captain Tomkins or Jenkins."

"Smith. Smith is every body's name and nobody's name. Johnson and Smith are hanged every day. You shall write to Spiff and demand an apology. I will be his adviser. Who shall be his second?—You are known to have had an affair—

yes—I will advise him to put his honour into your hands, and then we have him in safe keeping."

"Capital! That's what you call doubling. I'm to be second and first. Captain Brown and ——"

"Smith."

"Ay, Smith. I'm to be the offended challenging captain, and second to the adversary. Who shall be the Captain's second?"

"Some one that Spiff does not know."

"But will he bite?"

"Never fear. At all events we shall see how he takes the demand. He has acknowledged that he bullied the men. He knows he was right in reproving their insolence. He will not apologize. Then follows the rest as may be."

"But can he believe that they were gentlemen?"

"In disguise. You saw them, and if *you* are convinced of it, surely he may be. You were cool. He is the best fellow in the world, and the least suspicious. His marriage for that. I would not harm Spiff for the world, but it will do him good when the joke is known—it will cure him of a little of his too much good faith in the men and women of this faithless world. Come—the tarrapins wait. After supper we will arrange it all—cast the parts."

The company met. Men, particularly young men, are very punctual on such occasions. The tarrapins were discussed, as was the hoax, which appeared more pregnant with sport as more wine and whiskey-punch coloured the anticipated incidents.

The next morning, after this grave consultation in the manager's private room, Mr. Spiffard received the following letter, which was left, by an unknown boy, with the servant woman, before the intended victim was out of bed. The servant was enjoined to give it to Mr. Spiffard as soon as he got up. There is nothing, for effect, like receiving a letter with some bad news, or a disagreeable call for money, or notification of the failure of a debtor, or, "sir, your bank account is overdrawn 10,000 dollars," or such and such notes or drafts are protested; such a letter before breakfast, (or such an one as we are about to transcribe) places a man in a situation similar, in some respects, to the aspiring cardinal, when his master places in his hands the proofs of his guilt, with—"read over this; and after, this; and then to breakfast with what appetite you have."

A man seldom over-eats himself at a regular meal, after swallowing a luncheon of this kind.

The letter was as follows:

Albany Coffee-house, New-York.

To Mr. Spiffard, of the Park theatre,

SIR,

The ungentlemanly epithets you thought proper to use in addressing me last evening at the theatre were passed over, at the time, to avoid a disturbance in a public place, but they require an ample apology. I take this method of informing you who I am and where I am to be found, rather than, in the first place, to trouble a friend. I shall be at home to-morrow at eleven o'clock, A. M.

Your obedient and very humble servant,

JOHN SMITH.

"Apologize! No. Certainly not. Why, what did I do to him? Apologize? Why, is it possible the fellow is a gentleman? Apologize! Poh! I suppose I am to be challenged for resenting an injury offered to my wife! But I am neither fool enough to apologize for doing right, or, to expose my life at the call of a ruffian!"

Appetite for breakfast, however, was spoiled. He eat little. He was silent. His mind was in the Shakspeare-box, and imagination recalled the scene; but he had told the story so often that the images became confused. He strove to recall the faces and figures of the two aggressors. He could find nothing, in their recollected appearance, that indicated gentlemen. He remembered their sturdy figures and rough great coats, much more perfectly than their faces. He remembered that they looked at each other and laughed, without replying to his reproof. That laugh—it might imply a consciousness of something that did not appear. How deceitful are all appearances! He thought the matter over in every possible way, but always came to the same conclusion, that he would neither apologize nor fight.

"What's the matter, Mr. Spiffard?"

"Nothing, my dear."

Now this was unlike himself. It was false. He was at the moment thinking he would consult Cooper. Besides—how could he tell the truth to a person so much concerned in the affair? So he excused the falsehood as a thing of necessity.

"I'm sure something must be the matter. You dont eat or speak."

"Why, my dear, don't I tell you that there is nothing the matter?"

Of all things, when a man is discontented with himself, and sullenly silent, the most provoking is being asked, "what's the matter?" especially by his wife; and more especially if he knows he has uttered an untruth.

"There was a very fine house last night," said Mrs. Spiffard, and her eyes sparkled at the recollection of her triumph. Her head was erect, and, as she adjusted a lock of her glossy raven hair, she repeated, "a very fine house."

"Yes," said her husband, his head supported by his right hand; his elbow on the table; his figure sunken, and his eye lack-lustre,—"very fine."

"A truly genteel audience!"

"Genteel!" He threw himself back in his chair. "What did you say of genteel?"

"A fine show of gentlemen and ladies. I never saw a better display of dress in the boxes."

"Very—genteel." And the two fellows with rough great-coats were full in the eye of his imagination. And the look and laugh. He thought he recollected that one looked down upon him, before that sly glance at his companion and the suppressed laugh. The men began to appear less like blackguards. One of them even began to assume something of the gentleman, notwithstanding the great-coat and pea-nuts.

"I think," said Mrs. Spiffard, "I never played better."

"I never saw you play so well," and he thought of Mr. Smith's remark; and its injustice, as well as insolence. "Your deportment was lofty and dignified. You looked taller in person, as well as more towering in ambition, than Macbeth. Your majestic stature seemed increased by the spirit of the lofty-minded leader of the thane. The characteristic dress gave force to the majesty of your deportment. Is it possible that any one could object—" By this time Spiffard had affixed the name of John Smith to the man who had returned a smile in answer to his reproof; and in imagination he saw a person very different from that who in reality had received the rebuke. Little of the original remained but the rough great-coat. "To be sure you are remarkably tall."

"You did not use to think me too tall."

"Too tall? What did I say?"

"You said, 'to be sure you are remarkably tall,' as if an objection might be made to my height," and she elevated her

majestic neck and head, and shook the curls of jet that might have adorned the brow of Juno, while her eyes shot rays from a towering height on the low-comedian.

" ' Remarkable'—that which is remarkable is frequently admirable—I certainly meant nothing disparaging by the word—but" and he looked at his watch, " I beg pardon—I must see Cooper."

And he left the table abruptly, and the house. Mrs. Epsom, her daughter, and her lovely protegee, thought he had an appointment with the manager, and, though he did not say so, his words and action conveyed the meaning.

" Mr. Spiffard behaves very odd this morning," said the mother, with somewhat of an offended air, at the same time administering a pinch of snuff.

" Somewhat absent, I must confess, both in words and looks," said the wife.

" But cousin," said Emma Portland, " Mr. Spiffard seemed fully alive to your fine appearance and performance of last evening."

There was harmony in the look, the voice, the words, of the beautiful speaker. There was harmony within, and its influence was felt by all who heard or saw her. Are there not beings whose presence acts upon the turbulent spirits of the world as oil upon the troubled waters?

Spiffard had made up his mind (while sitting at the breakfast-table) to see the young manager, and consult him in regard to the conduct he ought to pursue in this unexpected affair of the letter received from John Smith. He knew that the young tragedian was well versed in the etiquette as well as the reality of honour's laws. He wished to have the approbation of those he associated with, though he felt no inclination to yield either to John Smith or to the customs established by duellists. Our associates should, in their habits, be such as will confirm our own better resolutions.

The effect of Allen's letter had been anticipated by the contrivers of it; and, with the view to sport, (of which they did not foresee the consequences) it was contrived that Cooper should not be seen by Spiffard until after dinner; when, as usual, his board would be crowned by the sport-encouraging bottle, and surrounded by such a knot as would seize every occasion that might offer to carry on the joke of the quarrel, between substance and shadow.

Spiffard passed the morning in suspense. At length he found the manager at table over his wine, and attended by

his well prepared friends, all looking for Spiffard's arrival. He was welcomed, as he always had been; for though he partook not of the wine, he did of the wit, and always brought his share. As had been agreed, the conversation was turned upon duelling.

We have said the company were prepared, but there was one exception. Cooke had unexpectedly dropt in to dinner, and was ignorant of the plot.

Spiffard found the good fellows in full convivial gaiety; each with his glass, and each with his cigar—Cooke being in the last also an exception.

"Spiffard, what do you drink?"

"Water."

"Why ask him?"

"I did not know but he might have wished small beer."

"Or switchel," said Cooke, "as my man Davenport calls his molasses and water. Mr. Spiffard is the only wise man among us, however. He will not put his 'enemy in his mouth to steal away his brains.'"

"You, sir," said Hilson, bowing gravely, and looking very seriously respectful, "fear no enemy."

"And you, sir," said the veteran, laughing, "know you have no brains."

"I hold," said Cooper, "that the man who rejects such madeira as this, has no brains worth stealing. Fill! and pass the decanter, Allen!"

"The man who rejects every liquid, save water, will be found the wise man," persisted Cooke, as he deliberately filled a bumper of wine.

"Is wisdom to be found at the bottom of the well, in company with truth?" demanded Allen.

"Wisdom and truth are the same," said Spiffard.

"Truth is found at the bottom of the bottle," said a little hard favoured man about forty, dressed in a kind of half military blue coat, the button-holes of which were trimmed with tarnished gold lace.

This gentleman was an old bachelor and an oddity. He had, when a boy, served during the war of the revolution, whenever he could escape from his guardians; and, towards the close of the war, being his own master, with some property, he obtained a commission, and, as he said, would "never sully the honour of a soldier" by stooping to any useful occupation. He therefore lived to old age upon the credit of what he had done in youth, merely to gratify boyish curio-

sity, and in obedience to over-boiling spirits. This bank of credit, upon which he drew most liberally, was a store unknown to all but himself; for the name of *Phillpot* neither appeared in the dispatches of the commanding generals or in the pages of the historians of the revolution. He was remarkable in the streets for military carriage, and the old fashioned half-regimental coat above mentioned, (which, whenever renewed, was of the same cut), but his old cocked hat, with a black and white cockade, and his long Frederick-the-Great *queue*, was even more conspicuous than his diminutive martial person and coat. He was no less remarkable in the chamber than the field, and with a dry quaintness told stories of his campaigns, that were ever new, though the recital of the same events, for the incidents were such as the imagination of the moment presented. "Truth is found at the bottom of the bottle! When the army lay at Valley-Forge—"

"Right, Colonel!" cried the master of the revel, "wine brightens the wit; and wit is your true terrier for unborrowing truth! You are a Diogenes seeking truth by the light of the bottle."

"Not altogether by that light," said the Colonel; "I have sought truth by the light of history."

"History is a tissue of falsehood," was the manager's exclamation.

Spiffard added, "historians have propagated immorality, with few exceptions, from the earliest to the latest."

"They are great liars," said the Colonel,—"of that I have no doubt; but they have fostered the noblest qualities of our nature. Homer (for I rank him with the historians) made an Alexander; and the history of the conquering Macedonian has formed all the great men that have since lived."

"Great men! According to you, Colonel," said Spiffard, "none are great but the butchers of mankind! The preachers of peace, and teachers of divine love, the explorer of science and martyrs to truth,—are of no account; they are not great men! Till such opinions are corrected in the mass of mankind, the reign of peace and benevolence cannot *come*."

"It is the sword that prepares the path for the *savans*. What had we known of Egypt if the 'fire king' had not preceded the scientific explorer? So Alexander opened the path to the Grecian philosophy. Alexander is my hero!".

"He was a jolly toper," said Allen.

"That he was!" And the Colonel, in most discordant notes, sung,—

" Alexander hated thinking,
Drank about the council-board,
He subdued the world by drinking,
More than by his conquering sword."

" Subdued the world! but not himself! Had he been temperate he had not mourned over a slaughtered friend, *and* might have been a friend to the human race."

" He was a conqueror! Show me his equal!"

" I can name, even a military man, much his superior, (if you must have a' soldier). One who preserved a nation, and established an empire, composed of freemen! Washington! The conqueror of himself!"

" I suppose I must succumb! But he would have done more if he had drank more! Cooper is right! I seek truth by the light of the bottle and peace by the force of the sword."

" Say discord, instead of truth," said George Frederick. " We drink away our senses and then talk politics, dispute about words, say harsh and rude things, and finally abuse one another. I believe nine quarrels out of ten originate over the bottle."

" It's only your quarrelsome fellows by nature that quarrel in their cups. You never quarrel, Mr. Cooke, or say an uncivil thing—*not you*—neither do I. If the disposition to quarrel, or any ill-will towards a companion is in the bosom, wine brings it out. Allen," continued the speaker, (who was Hilson,) " Allen, you know all these matters and things.—Allen is a philosopher, Mr. Cooke, and his opinion is oracular.—Allen, what has caused the greatest number of quarrels and duels within your experience?"

" Politics," was the reply, " party politics."

" So I thought. Your politician is a fellow with the heart-burn. Your water-drinking politician. Your lily-livered, cold-blooded, office-seeking, place-hunting, mischief-making, tale-bearing, under-mining, politician. Colonel! did you ever know a man with a ruby-coloured-nose and a carmine cheek that ever fought a duel?"

It will be readily imagined that this question was intended by the way to bring on the reply and discussion that followed.

" Yes, many a one, as scarlet and purple as yourself. Linstock and Alcort were neither of them chalk-faced. There was Johnson too, who was shot by Brown, had a face as full of claret as your own, though it showed through a browner covering of skin."

" Colonel, you know the particulars of that affair," said

Allen inquiringly, as he puffed a volume of smoke towards the man-of-war.

"Yes. But they are not to be told. It was a bloody business."

Our hero inquired if either fell, and looks of intelligence passed from one to the other among the young men, who were in the plot. Spiffard's eyes were fixed on the Colonel, who answered with a tremendous oath, "Both ought to have been killed ten times over, if either could have hit the broad side of a church at ten paces. To be sure, it was rather late in the evening; but there was snow on the ground, and that gave light and made a mark surer. I remember in the year seventy-nine——."

"Where was this?"

"It was when we were hutted near Morristown—"

"No, Colonel, not that story; but the duel of Brown and Johnson."

"That was just over the fence to the north of Love-lane."

"Love-lane?"

"Called so," said Cooke, "because no love is ever lost there. Does Hoboken mean love, in Dutch?"

"I suppose," said Allen, "that Brown never fired a pistol before in his life, and let me tell you it is no easy matter to keep a muzzle in line."

"No, nor would he then," said the gruff man of war, "if he had not been told that his standing with the party and in society depended upon his fighting."

"So the yankees commit murder, for fear of losing their reputation as good members of society."

"Yes," said Spiffard, "it is fear, that makes men brave death in many cases. The fear of losing the good opinion of those with whom one associates, makes many a man expose himself to his adversary's ball, or risk the shedding his brother's blood."

"No man," said Allen, taking the cigar from his mouth and breaking off the ashes which had accumulated on the end like the snuff of a burning candle, "No man," and he deliberately placed the brightened cigar on the table, the fire end a little over the edge, "No man," and he spoke with emphasis, assuming a most oracular air, "can refuse to fight when challenged, if he has provoked the challenge."

Spiffard looked at the oracle with lack-lustre eye, the upper lid hanging remarkably low—his chin elongated and his mouth a little opened. He was taken in the snare. He had no

greater dread of death than is common to humanity, and he thought himself principled against duelling; yet he began to have a glimpse in imagination of a duel impending, and himself one of the parties. John Smith's letter—the great-coat—the sarcastic smile—were dancing in mournful measure, in his mind, when the speaker continued: "If a gentleman makes use of offensive language to another gentleman, and is called upon for an apology, he must make it, or accept the offended party's challenge if he thinks fit to call him out." Allen resumed his cigar.

Spiffard look'd ruminating. He was chewing the cud, without that satisfaction which attends it in some of his fellow water-drinkers.

The Colonel responded to the oracle's exposition of the law of the *duello* with "certainly," and an immense volume of tobacco smoke.

"No doubt," said another.

The conspirators watched the countenance of Spiffard, and saw the success of their hoax.

"Johnson," said Allen, "insulted Brown brutally, and deserved to be shot."

The Colonel, with his cigar in his mouth, and speaking after puffing off a cloud of smoke, observed, "I believe it is always the case that the offending party is shot."

"'The offending party,'" repeated Spiffard, "but, Colonel, do you mean the offence that called forth the demand for an apology, or the offence first given?"

"Let me understand your question. State a case."

"Why, as thus. If a man reproves another for improper behaviour to a female, for example, and the person reproved demands an apology?"

"It cannot be given," said the Colonel.

"It cannot be given," said Allen.

"Certainly not," said Hilson.

"If," continued our hero, "on refusal of apology a challenge ensues?"

"He must fight," said the Colonel.

"Yes," said Hilson, "he must fight."

"Certainly he must fight," said Allen.

"As long as the challenger chooses to shoot at him," said Hilson.

"I knew a case in point," said the Colonel, "but the parties fought with swords. Two of the French officers who were with us at Yorktown—"

"But, Colonel," queried the Vermonter, "according to your theory I should suppose that the person giving the offence, would in this case, be the man whose behaviour had been improper towards the female. He would be the offender, and not the person who reproved him."

"The reprover being right, cannot possibly apologize," said Allen. "It is a pity that one cannot be sure *where* the ball would strike; for notwithstanding the Colonel's theory, who knows which may fall?"

"It's a difficult question for powder and lead to decide upon," said Hilson. "I think it likely both might fall."

"Both might miss," said Spiffard.

"Not likely," said Hilson, looking seriously at Cooper. "The science is brought to great perfection. The hair-trigger was a great invention. Steam engines and spinning-jennies are nothing to it. Formerly if a man's nerves happened to be a little the worse for wear and tear, or constitutionally trepidationally inclined, he was sure to turn the muzzle of his pistol out of line by the exertion of the pulling trigger; but now, though he shakes like an aspen leaf, or the hand of an old tippler when lifting the first glass, if he is only quick upon the word, and brings his muzzle within a foot of the horizontal—touch! whiz!—the lead must tell—if both parties fire—both may fall."

"Spiffard! give us a song," said Cooper.

"Yes. But Colonel, you said that the two gentlemen you mentioned, fired repeatedly."

"They did. But the seconds were determined to bring the affair to a happy conclusion, and finding that the light failed fast, they brought their principals up to three paces."

Spiffard looked upon the carpet, and seemed to measure the distance, as he said, "Three paces!"

The Colonel proceeded, "It is all nonsense and stuff not to settle these things when you have begun, you know; so at the three paces, the word was given to fire."

"Well?"

"Johnson missed his antagonist, and Brown's fire was reserved by the circumstance of his second having neglected to cock his pistol."

"Well?"

"So, the second did his duty by cocking the pistol, and all Brown had to do was coolly to put the ball through Johnson's body."

"Horrible!" ejaculated Spiffard, "and the seconds stood by —and—"

"My good fellow what could they do? Johnson was asked to apologize."

"Well,—and he,—?"

"Said, fire away; and there was an end of it. Mr. Cooke, pass that bottle."

"What! pass it without filling!" demanded the host.

"I drink no more wine to-day," and the veteran emphatically turned his glass bottom upwards.

"Mr. Cooke, here is brandy," said Hilson, very gravely offering it. Cooke looked up from under the heavy folds of his eye lids, and then laughing good naturedly said, "Tom, you are a big blackguard."

"What?" said Cooper, "has Hilson offered you the empty brandy bottle! George, more brandy!"

"Ah, you was a pretty set of fellows!"

"But Linstock and Alcort the duellists you first mentioned are both alive, I know," remarked Spiffard.

"Linstock hit general Alcort three times without bringing him down, and these rude thumps,—(although the general did not mind a pistol ball more than the proboscis of a musquito,) prevented his steady aim—he couldn't touch his mark. A man must be iron, you know, to be perfectly unmoved when another is breaking his shins with leaden bullets."

Spiffard told Cooper that he wanted to speak with him in private. They accordingly withdrew.

"There he goes now to show Cooper Captain Smith's letter —I think it is Captain Smith, is it not Allen?"

"Yes, captain of a merchantman, sailing out of Philadelphia."

"Did you mark how miserable Spiff looked while the Colonel kindly described, and mercifully dwelt upon the particulars of the bloody encounter in Love-lane? Colonel, did you note how his jaw fell when you shot Johnson?"

"I hope," said Simpson, who had taken little part in the plot, and had been a silent observer, "You will not carry the joke too far."

"What? Are you afraid that Captain Smith will shoot Spiff!"

"He has more to fear from his good natured friends than from Captain Smith. Torture is worse than death."

"Torture and death! What say you, Allen? As you made John Smith, I suppose you can prevent his committing murder or inflicting torture?"

"He will obey his maker doubtless," said Allen, "as all men should."

"Not if he is like most men," said Cooke. "But what is all

this? What does it all mean? Who is captain John Smith? Tom, who is he?"

"He is a man of straw, or buckram. A buckram-man, sir John; don't you remember little Spiff bullying two men in the boxes?" said Hilson.

"Yes. Two blackguards."

"One of them proves to be captain John Smith, master of the good ship—what's her name, Allen?"

"'Anna Matilda,' trading between Philadelphia and Liverpool; but the captain is a man of spirit and honour.—'Is'nt he, Moses?'"

"'I'll shwear to it,'" responded Hilson.

"And he requires our friend to make an apology. 'Does'nt he, Moses?'"

"No doubt of it."

"He has written to Spiff, who is now consulting Cooper on the subject."

"You seem to know all this by intuition. I am sure Mr. Spiffard said nothing on the subject," remarked Cooke.

"Now, Mr. Cooke," said Hilson, "don't you *peach*. Allen wrote the letter—he is to conduct the business. And if it should come to a duel, he will be Spiff's second."

"Ah, you are a precious set of boys!"

Just then Cooper returned, took his seat, and all were attention. He said, "I have advised him to let Allen manage the business; but I consented to accompany him to the Albany Coffee-house, and witness his interview with John Smith. After what has passed, I told him, and he thinks, he ought rather to receive than make apology. So we are to go to-morrow at eleven o'clock, to meet captain John Smith. He asked me if I knew any one of that name? I told him I remembered a dashing fellow in Philadelphia of the name of Smith, a notorious duellist, and little Spiff has gone home pretty considerably cogitative."

"You did not hesitate telling him you knew such a man?" said Cooke.

"Smith? I do know such a fellow. John Smith or Tom Smith. Why I have known a hundred of them. I'll bet a hundred I find a John Smith in every street in town that has a hundred houses."

"So," said Cooke, "This is the way you treat your friends? Deliver me from such friendship."

"What! you are not going?"

"Home, to read."

"Say nothing to Spiff."

"I shall not see him until your hoax is over. You will go to the Albany Coffee-house, and as you will find no John Smith, there is an end."

"I suppose so. *Nous verrons.*"

"I shall have an eye upon ye, boys," said the veteran as he left them.

The young men lost sight of the duel for the present, and indeed only looked forward to carrying Spiffard on a fool's errand to the Albany Coffee-bouse, and perhaps having a laugh at his credulity and serious deportment. He went home, musing, and was very bad company the remainder of the evening.

CHAPTER IV.

More hoaxing. Mr. Smith and Captain Smith.

" It is almost incredible how opinions change by the decline or decay of spirits.—*Swift.*

" Win me and wear me—let him answer me."

" Give-a-dis letter to Sir Hugh: by gar it is a Shallenge.—I will cut his troat in de Park."

" I had as lief not be, as live to be,
In awe of such a thing as I myself.—*Shakspeare*

Spiffard had determined to make his adversary hear reason; and doubted not the power of reason if enforced with due eloquence and a spirit of benevolence. He was not a man to shed the blood of his fellow creature; neither would he consent that another should shed his blood. He felt no enmity to the person he expected to meet; and did not doubt, upon a mild statement of the circumstances attending the offence, they should part friends, if he was a reasonable creature; if not—he saw no necessity for further proceedings. He had often deliberated on and examined all the arguments for and against duelling—he had made up his mind that not the most extreme case, which the casuist can conceive, would justify the practice. In short, he detested duelling; but he would not submit to insult. He would repel aggression by force even to the death, in the last resort, but thought that with a reasonable creature, reason must triumph. In this case it had not escaped him, that his antagonist, if disguised, must attribute the offensive words to that disguise; as the expressions which offended Spiffard, might be supposed likewise, to have been an assumed language suited to the disguise.

These reasonings were communicated by Spiffard to his friend, who was of course to use them in his behalf, and who received them with great apparent gravity.

Cooper and Spiffard met at the hour appointed, giving sufficient time to walk to the Albany Coffee-house, by eleven of the clock. The tragedian did not fail to enjoy the serious and determined countenance of his pale-faced companion; who was thinking

how he might avoid the hateful consequences which might spring from a meeting with the letter writer, and preserve the good opinion of his associates and himself.

"Cooper, if the fellow should say that he is sorry he made use of improper language in respect to Mrs. Spiffard, I may say that I am sorry that I was called upon to speak harshly to him?"

This was said by way of query, as they passed toward Greenwich-street.

"Your if, is a notable peace-maker, you know Spiff; but I do not see how you can be sorry for doing right, because Mr. John Smith is sorry for having done wrong. Besides, he has not invited you to the Albany Coffee-house to receive, but to make an apology. Would you know the fellow again?" Spiffard hesitated. The manager asked, "If you were to see him, he not speaking to you, or noticing you, would you know him?"

"I think I should know one of them—there were two, you know—both in rough great-coats. I think I might know the one I spoke to."

"If they were disguised for a frolic, they probably wore wigs."

"My man had a shaggy bush of shock hair, as far as I could see below his hat."

"A wig no doubt. You would not know him again, I see." The manager was determined that it should be so.

"'The Albany Coffee-house.' This is our place," said Cooper, as he read the sign. Zeb stretched himself to the height of full five feet five, and took a desperate stride towards the door.

"Stop," said his patron, and he took his arm. "Don't look as if you would eat the man. An easy, careless air. Take my arm. Let me be spokesman."

"Zeb obeyed. They entered with an air of *nonchalance;* but careless as our hero might be, he rolled his lobster eyes around the public room, in search of the redoubted John Smith. The bar-keeper was at his post, and but one other human being was to be seen. A little consumptive-looking, elderly man, was reading the news at a table, and did not notice their entrance, or lift his eyes from the paper.

"Is that the man?" whispered the waggish manager.

"I—I think not. He was much stouter and younger, and his face full of colour."

"There is no knowing. A large overcoat, and a bushy

wig of shock hair; and then, probably, his face flushed with exercise and liquor."

"It may be—it is possible—and yet—"

"I'll soon know;" and stepping up to the little old gentleman, he said, "Pray, sir, is your name Smith?" Here the wag thought that a simple negative would have settled the point; but to his great gratification, the little old gentleman, squeaked out, "Yes, sir, my name *is* Smith."

The manager turned round to watch the emotion depicted on his protegee's face, and could scarce refrain from laughter, as he saw the eager look Spiffard fixed on Mr. Smith; who, seeing this unaccountable "bye play," exclaimed in a sharper tone, "And pray, sir, what have you to do with my name?"

"That we shall see, sir, in due time." He took off his hat, and bowed to Mr. Smith; then turning again to his companion, who was gazing with earnestness, at the little old gentlenman, (whose exertion had produced a fit of coughing, that brought the tears in his eyes, and a flush of red over his face,) Cooper said, "Here *he is*. See how red he looks. Would you have recognized him?"

"No."

"Nor his voice?"

"His voice was as gruff as the low notes of a bassoon."

"He was hoarse; you see he has a cold. See what a colour he has now."

The little man having, in some measure, subdued his cough, was wiping the tears from his face, when he again squeaked out angrily, "What do you mean by asking me my name?"

"No offence, sir. You are not ashamed of your name. You are a man of honour, sir; and we have come to meet you, and give assurance that you shall have any satisfaction a man of honour may, by the laws of honour, justly demand."

"Tom, don't be so precipitate."

"If you think you can manage the affair better?"

"No, no, no—but—"

"Meet me! Satisfaction! Waiter! Bar-keeper!"

"Coming, sir," and the bar-keeper went out of sight, and listened.

"Do you mean to insult me?"

"Far from it, sir." While the little man underwent another fit of coughing, the tragedian took out the letter of "John Smith," and with great gravity demanded, as he displayed the epistle, "Is that your signature, sir?" The astonished old

gentleman sought for his spectacles, and the wag proceeded, "Is your name John Smith?"

"No! Robert! My name is Robert Cunningham Smith! Robert!"

"Then we have nothing further to say, Mr. Cunningham, but that an appointment made by a Mr. Smith, brought us here; and your name being Smith, has led to this intrusion. We beg your pardon, sir. Bar-keeper! Captain Smith is waiting for us in a private room." He whispered to Spiffard.

"Never was so treated in my life!" And Mr. Smith took the newspaper again.

"Waiter! bar-keeper!" shouted the tragedian.

"Coming, sir." and he came forward from his hiding-place. "Is there any gentleman in the house who has engaged a private apartment?"

"The boarders are all gone out, sir."

"Is there any one of the name of Smith?"

"John Smith?" said Spiffard, by way of making the matter sure *this time.*

"No, sir; there is no Mr. Smith boards here."

"Is there no stranger in the house?"

"No, sir; only that old gentleman."

"Do you know any one of the name of Smith—"

"John Smith?" added the principal.

"No, sir—yes—there is a Captain Smith who sometimes comes here."

"Is his name John?" said Zeb.

"I really—I don't—I believe so."

"That's the man, depend upon it," said Cooper. "Captain John Smith!"

"But, Tom, he is not here."

"Something has prevented. We shall see. If he does not apologize, you must post. Have you any mint-julep, waiter? You must post."

"I will post home. I will have nothing more to do with Captain Smith."

The friends departed, and Mr. Robert Smith took off his spectacles to inquire who they were. "I believe, sir, they are play-actors."

"The scoundrels! Ask me my name! The strolling vagabonds!"

The remainder of this day passed without interruption to the peace of our hero. He returned home light of heart. A weight

had been removed, and he was pleased with every body and every thing.

The manager, satisfied with the success of the joke, looked no further than to tell the story at the next meeting of his merry comrades, and then to let all be explained to Spiffard, and have a hearty and friendly laugh. But fate was adverse, and fate will have her way, let us say what we will to the contrary. The playful, and not unfriendly intentions of the young manager, were ——; but we will not anticipate. It was the ebb tide with our hero's affairs, and he had to flounder among sands and shallows, and thump upon banks and rocks, as the great moralist says all men must who miss the flood. Fortunately, the tide of flood was making for some of our friends, and the gales of heaven were in readiness to swell their sails, and bear them quietly over a sea of happiness.

So it is. What moment is there that is not marked by joy and sorrow, hope and despair, life and death? But life is triumphant, and will be triumphant. The light will grow more and more unto the perfect day. The will of the Author of all good must prevail.

CHAPTER VII.

Winter. An English heroine.

"Ah, what a sign it is of evil life,
When death's approach is seen so terrible."

"Forbear to judge, for we are sinners all."—*Shakspeare.*

"Irrthum, lass los der Augen Band!
Und merkt euch, wie der Teufel spasse."—*Goethe.*

"Nature, with a beauteous wall, doth oft enclose pollution."

"——— thou hast a mind
That suits with this thy fair and outward character."

"For 'tis the mind that makes the body rich."

"Good alone, is good, without a name."

"Too fond of the right, to pursue the expedient."

"For since dishonour traffics with man's nature,
He is but outside."

"He that loves to be flattered, is worthy of the flatterer."

"That there should be small love 'mongst these sweet knaves,
And all this courtesy."—*Shakspeare.*

It is a saying as true as homely, that "time and tide wait for no man."

The first month of the year 1812 had commenced, and the tide of events connected with our hero, Zebediah Spiffard, swept on, ebbing to the ocean of eternity.

The season of merry Christmas had arrived and was gone. It had passed as usual. Some of the decendants of Englishmen, feasted on roast beef and plumb-pudding, on the day; but most substituted roast turkeys and mince-pies. Others, again, frowned on the remains of popery, abhorred the word "mass," and strictly prohibited the festival. But the seventh day after, festivity more unanimously prevailed. On the first day of the

new-year, all who could, joined in jollity. It was then, as now, the universal holiday, the day for making visits and presents. "Santiclaus" bestowed his favours on good children, and ladies their smiles on favoured admirers. The new-year's cookey, and the cherry-brandy, (especially the latter,) were more in demand than now. It was the time for visiting, shaking hands, renewing old acquaintances, strengthening friendships, and, in many instances, it was the day of cordial forgiveness, for real or supposed slights and injuries. This was, indeed, making it a holiday. Public functionaries and clergymen, then, as now, were the only males who remained at home: all the rest, old and young, hurried from house to house, to pay their respects to the females of every family, connected by ties of any kind, and to such office-holders, civil and ecclesiastical, as political or religious opinion united with them. The whole population appeared to be in their gala suits, and every face dressed in smiles. Every matron was prepared to sit from twelve to three o'clock, surrounded by her daughters, to receive and return joyous greetings. The genial warmth produced by exercise—by pleasure received from the succession of happy domestic circles visited—by alternate exposure to the cold without, and the blazing, or furnace-like fires within—by the wines, cordials, and whiskey-punch, although only touched to the lips at each visit—not to mention the influence of sunny smiles and sparkling eyes—all these combined, produced an effect on this day, which makes it to many—to very many—the happiest day of the year.

But all this hilarity is only known to those who are prosperous: to the rich—or at least to the holders of property who are rich in anticipation.

There are many, however, even although in comfortable circumstances, who appear to be excluded from participation in this yearly joyous carnival. No visiters crossed the threshold of Mrs. Epsom. Spiffard felt little disposed to visit those from whose society his wife appeared shut out by an impassable bar. Emma Portland went to church, and returned happy to her household employments, anticipating a visit to the sick or the poor, who looked as anxiously for her arrival, as any of those we have described, for the appearance of relative or admirer. The other ladies of the family were engaged in the usual occupations of the theatre; for the first of January is a day of harvest to managers, and of labour to actors.

The crowded streets, the hospitable hearths, the smoking boards, the joyous gratulations, the overflowing theatres, the

shouts of applause at the holiday play and pantomime, are all apparent on the first of January. They are the outward and visible signs of a great, populous, and prosperous city; but who can tell the wretchedness that dwells within? even in the mansions of the rich, who can tell? But in the abodes of poverty, at this season of chill and freezing, who can tell? When the ice and snow cuts off the improvident labourer's resources, and he flies to intemperance, as a refuge from cold. When the inmates of crowded garrets and cellers, unfurnished, filthy, comfortless, hear the senseless laugh of intoxication, echoed by the groans of suffering sickness. In those abodes where the noise of strife and blasphemy is contrasted with the silence of despair; where those distinctions which exist in the light of the sun, and under the influence of society, are lost, and the black thief is one with the white prostitute; where —— but enough! enough! All this exists at one and the same time—and all belongs to the first of January.

But let us look on scenes, if not of happiness, at least not presenting the dark shades of unmingled wretchedness. Let us pray that the poor may be taught, that, if temperate and provident, they cannot remain poor in America.

We will turn our attention to those connected with our story, who, though not all basking in the sun-shine which gilds a happy-new-year, were not yet plunged in hopeless darkness; and first to the domestic affairs of General Williams.

This man of courtesy, though all smiles when addressing his faulty and unfortunate wife before company, was, in private, very generally as morose as the intelligent reader may suppose; and only controlled by the fear of provoking an exposition which occasionally appeared inevitable, as on the occurrence of the display at Doctor Cadwallader's. There were few smiles in the private recesses of the general's establishment. The home—the domestic fire-side—*there*, where the good are most happy, *there* dwelled discontent, regret, and fear of exposure. "Poor and content is rich;" but sordid riches, though they give power, cannot purchase content. "There is more gold for you; do you damn others, and let this damn you," says the misanthrope; but it is only power misused that brings condemnation. The gold Williams had purchased by an act of duplicity and meanness, could not even buy the respect of the world, though backed by ostentatious display, and never-tiring obsequiousness. There are a skin and surface which belong to moral as well as physical health, that cannot be counterfeited.

The unhappy Mrs. Williams, on the partial recovery of reason, had a confused recollection of the occurrences of the preceding evening. The images of her father, mother, and sisters, were ever present to her imagination. She thought she had seen Spiffard, the husband of her sister. She questioned her husband wildly. He evaded and denied the knowledge he had obtained. What is called a brain fever, seized on the conscience-struck victim of seduction and duplicity. In her ravings, she called upon her parents for forgiveness; the name of Spiffard was uttered, and touching appeals were made to her sister, conjuring her, by former love, to come to her! to save her!

Doctor Cadwallader obeyed the call for his professional attendance, and his skill produced a temporary suspension of the disease, accompanied by extreme exhaustion. In a lucid interval, she questioned him respecting the vision, for such it seemed to her, in which she had seen Spiffard. The doctor told her the truth, and Williams was obliged to confess that he had seen, and been repulsed, by the son of her sister; that he had subsequently heard of her death, and that of the elder Spiffard; but tenderness to her had caused his concealment of these circumstances. The poor, deceived woman, felt herself an outcast. She sunk into a state of hopelessness, and the general was informed by the physician, that, in a few weeks, perhaps days, her miseries would cease in death, unless some change took place, of which he saw no prospect.

It was not long before certain occurrences, nearly affecting the unhappy lady, and very unexpected, alleviated her sufferings, and suspended her dissolution, although the excitement they produced, seemed to threaten its acceleration.

Spiffard received a letter from Eliza Atherton, the youngest sister of his unfortunate mother. It had the evil-foreboding black seal, and announced the death of his grandfather. The amiable and high-minded writer, communicated this intelligence with that dignified simplicity which accompanied all her words and actions, and then proceeded to inform her nephew that owing to her father's retired and economical mode of living, a large portion of the annuity which her generous young relative had bestowed upon them, had been saved, and constantly accumulating. That the annuity itself, now that she was alone, would much more than supply her wants. That she had seen his name, as an actor, in those newspapers from America, which, from many circumstances, were so interesting to her: and that she could not but feel that she might be enjoying superfluous luxuries from his bounty, while he, perhaps,

was labouring from necessity, in a vocation, unsuited, or disagreeable to him; perhaps bearing up against a torrent of misfortunes; perhaps suffering from privations that would be prevented by the possession of a part of that abundance, as it now proved, which he had lavished on her. That she had formed the resolution to visit America, for two reasons. One was the determination to restore to him such part of his gift as justice required, and she could prevail upon him to accept. That she would not make this offer by letter, fearing that delicacy, (perhaps false delicacy,) might cause a refusal. That her second motive for crossing the sea, was to be near her sister, now, her only sister. She knew her sister Sophia to be in New-York, and had reason to believe that her husband was not a fit guardian for one who had been so unfortunate in her first entering upon the stage of life; and, now that she was her own mistress, and without near relations in England, she thought it her duty to seek the sufferer, for such she believed her to be—(once the dear companion of childhood)—and by every means in her power, guard her from the dangers which beset the disappointed and unhappy. With these views, she had converted all the property left at her disposal, into money, and should embark in the Sally, Captain Appleton, hoping to reach New-York nearly as soon as her letter, which was dated from Liverpool.

This hope was fully realized. A very few days after the arrival of this precursor, our hero received a note, (brought from the outer harbour by the pilot who had boarded the good ship Sally,) and written by his aunt. The necessary arrangements were made for accommodating the stranger in the family of which Spiffard was the head, although Mrs. Epsom still called the house hers. He did not choose that Miss Atherton should go immediately to Williams's. This done, he hastened to the bay, and embarked in one of the many boats of all descriptions, that eliven the beautiful harbour of New-York, and was soon standing on the deck of the ship.

As Eliza Atherton is to appear on the stage where all the persons of our drama are moving, we think that our readers should have a more distinct idea of her person, than may have been conveyed by the preceding pages. Her character, (the form and features of her mind,) has been made apparent already. The three daughters of Mr. Atherton, Louisa, the mother of Zebediah Spiffard; Sophia, the victim of aristocratic seduction; and Eliza, the pure, pious, undeviating supporter of her parents in every trial to the hour of death, were all, from the hand of

nature, models of beauty. Fortunately for Eliza, at the period of her infancy, the progress of improvement had not driven afar that scourge of the human race, which, for centuries, swept thousands to the grave, and ploughed the faces who escaped, with furrows that obliterated the tint, and almost the form bestowed at their birth. The two elder sisters passed through the disease unscathed; but the younger underwent all its virulence.

When health was restored, that beauty which gave to her countenance a seraphic character, was gone. The discoloration, by degrees, vanished, but the scars and seams remained indelible. The same flowing silken tresses which adorned the brilliant beauty of her sisters, remained to remind her friends of the charms which were forever departed; and the same perfection of form was hers: but the face was disfigured—robbed of the beauty bestowed by nature—left destitute of charms—until years developed character; and beauty, unassailable by disease, replaced the fleeting attractions of surface.

The preference her sisters demanded, and obtained in early life, from all persons; the neglect and slight Eliza endured from her parents as well as strangers, gave a direction to her mind which strengthened her intellect; and instead of souring her temper, as might happen with the weak, placed her above the desire of admiration; which, as she did not consider her due, she was pleased to see bestowed upon her sisters. Her thoughts were occupied by the acquisition of knowledge. She sought, by every means that accorded with her devotion to her relatives, for every intellectual improvement; and as her thoughts were turned from vanity, they were fixed on duty and love to her earthly and heavenly parents.

Still, at the time of her arrival in America for the second time, the countenance of Eliza Atherton, at the first view, had nothing attractive—nay, was almost repulsive. But when the varied expression of her mild blue eyes were recognised, and the frank smile of benevolence which played about her pale lips, had found its way to the understanding or the heart of the spectator—when the unaffected dignity of her lady-like manners and person, made itself known and felt—when the graces of her conversation, (rich in all the lore which may best become a female,) were heard by one who could appreciate them, Eliza Atherton might be called a charming, although not a beautiful woman; and her charms were enduring as life.

Spiffard remained with his interesting aunt until she was safely and commodiously established at the City Hotel, with such part of her travelling equipage as could be immediately

landed and removed by the aid of a hack coachman, and a sturdy English lass, who, from attachment to the person she did not hesitate to call mistress, had crossed the Atlantic contrary to the advise of friends, who, though obliged to accept of parochial relief, and submit to the degradation of pauperism, clung to the soil of old England, and doubted the tales of independent abundance, which were told of a land beyond sea.

It had been Spiffard's wish that his aunt should take up her abode at his house until she had a proper introduction to that of Williams; but objections urged with perfect delicacy overruled his intention. Miss Atherton did not know of his marriage until told by himself. The name of Mrs. Spiffard had not appeared in any American papers that she had seen. It had only been announced in the play-bills some weeks before her arrival. She was too well instructed not to know the worth of many female professors of the histrionic art, yet she felt no desire to associate with them; there was an undefined feeling—an impression—almost a conviction—that her habits, manners and conversation would not agree with, or be agreeable to those who made the stage a profession. This might be mere prejudice: I only state the fact. She did not decide whether they were above or below her in the scale of society. She felt, that with the Bruntons, the Farrens, the Kembles, and the Siddonses, she would be out of her place.

In arranging the location of her temporary residence, these feelings had not been brought in view. Miss Atherton told her nephew truly, she had made up her mind before embarking on her voyage, that she would go to some hotel on landing, and ascertain the situation of her friends before determining further on her course—that, as she found her sister was ill, and might be injured by any sudden shock, she thought it best to adhere to her first arrangement until she had seen the physician who attended her. Besides, it might give offence if she went to any other private house than that of General Williams. A hotel she still thought was the best place to receive her, and after, she should be guided by circumstances and her nephew's counsel.

Williams was not a little surprised at receiving a note from Spiffard the day after Miss Atherton's arrival, informing him of that circumstance; of her father's death; and the intent of the voyage. He added, that she wished to see her sister immediately; and gave him notice where Eliza was to be found.

The subtle speculator had at that moment been employed in balancing the advantages against the disadvantages of losing

his wife. Great changes in his situation must result from her death. He would lose five hundred pounds sterling a year; but a burthen and a chain would be removed. He could start anew, free to pursue his crooked ways, and endowed with sufficient wealth to meet the world's gaze broadly. He congratulated himself upon his foresight; the cunning that had provided for his worldly well-being by the stipulation which secured him an annuity, in case of her decease before him; that ensured him competence for life. He was, (to use a common expression) "hugging himself" in the prospect of future ease obtained by his own management. "She will be forgotten, and all suspicion lulled to sleep of *my*——" He did not, even in thought, use the word that would have finished the sentence with truth.

Spiffard's note alarmed him. He could not prevent the meeting of the sisters. He feared that the dishonourable contract might be disclosed by which he had relieved his wife from her disgraceful situation. To avoid this exposure was his first consideration. He must gain the good will of her sister, and, if possible, of the ugly little repulsive actor, her nephew. The first, he thought, his person and manners could accomplish: the second appeared almost a forlorn-hope; but, in his opinion, flattery would remove mountains. In the mean time his wife must be informed of her sister's arrival, and be prepared for an interview with her.

Mrs. Williams was in a state of exhaustion; nature seeming to be supported merely by the skill of her medical attendant. She had occasional returns of brain-fever, violent paroxysms of insanity, in which her ravings appeared to be partly occasioned by physical sufferings, but more from recollections of the past, and fears of the future—the last were at times frightful—at times touchingly distressing. She received the tidings of her sister's arrival, at first, with calmness approaching to joy. It was necessary to inform her of the death of her father. This caused a relapse into madness. On recovering, the sister's image was present to her mind, and she became impatient to see her—this was succeeded by a dread of meeting—alleviated by the recollection of her uniform kindness of deportment. "She was always good! She was always good!!!—But my father! my mother!" and again a frightful paroxysm could only be relieved by insensibility.

In the mean time Mr. and Mrs. Spiffard waited upon Miss Atherton at the hotel. The ladies did not feel that cordiality which sometimes springs forth at first sight. All, however,

was conducted in good taste on one part, and good tact on the other. The visit was interrupted by the arrival of Williams, who came to conduct Eliza Atherton to her sister.

Miss Atherton had much the same feelings on the approach and in the presence of Williams as those I have endeavoured to describe in the case of our hero Zebediah Spiffard, when he by accident first encountered him. But the lady's sensations were much more under command, and partook of the character of the sex, and of the individual.

Mr. and Mrs. Spiffard departed; and the General having communicated the message from his wife, and expressed, in right courtly phrase, his own vehement desire that Miss Atherton would, without delay, see and soothe the agitated feelings of her suffering sister,—Eliza placed herself, on the instant, under his guidance; every thought and feeling of self merged in the desire to convey consolation to the lost Sophia.

What a change was presented to the eyes of the affectionate Eliza!—We will not dwell on the contrast these two sisters formed. In one was seen the results of vanity and passion, unrestrained by parental admonition, leading to degradation of the lowest kind, and to disease and untimely death; in the other, the effects of patient suffering under wrongs, self-government, and self-education; conducting to strength of mind, and the practise of every virtue; rewarded by health and the consciousness of rectitude.

Miss Atherton resolved to take up her abode under the roof that sheltered her dying sister, even before she heard the earnest entreaties with which such an arrangement was urged. Mrs. Williams seemed, after an hour passed with the once neglected Eliza, to feel that in her presence alone she had any stay—any support—any hope in this world or the next. Even her exhausted frame recovered some force in consequence of that medicine, so soothing to the wounded mind, which was administered by such a physician: her sister's arrival seemed at first to threaten an acceleration of the expected catastrophe; but in reality was found to remove it to a period somewhat more distant.

To the relief which the union with such a sister afforded to the sinking penitent was added the consolation, that in his dying moments her father had forgiven her, and desired that his blessing might ameliorate her sufferings, whenever she should feel the stings of conscience. This forgiveness and blessing were borne to the sufferer by one who, in every respect, was to her an angel bringing the tidings of peace.

The extreme illness of Mrs. Williams was a sufficient reason for Miss Atherton not visiting the family of their nephew. He had been, by the desire of the dying woman, introduced to her; and, now that Eliza was an inmate, felt no reluctance to enter the house of the detested Williams, with whom, however, he had no intercourse further than cold civility required. In his dying aunt he saw much to remind him of those scenes he had witnessed in his father's house, and of that evil he most dreaded—strengthening those feelings, and rendering more vivid those imaginings, which drove him to the brink of madness, at such times as he brooded over his fears.

One day, when Mrs. Williams was in the enjoyment of comparative tranquillity, Miss Atherton proposed to accompany Spiffard to his home: with the frankness appertaining to her independent character, she made the proposal on the first opportunity that had offered; Spiffard willingly agreed: and the proposed visit was immediately carried into effect. When they arrived, Mrs. Epsom and her daughter had not yet returned from rehearsal. No one was at home but Emma Portland.

We have spoken of antipathies and sympathies; and shown the force of the first in two instances. We have now to illustrate the second by example.

Spiffard was disappointed in not finding his wife at home. He briefly introduced his aunt to Emma.

"Miss Emma Portland. Miss Atherton."

Emma was found evidently (dressed and employed) as one who was at home. She was sitting at her usual morning needle-work, in all the elegance of simple habiliment: her sunny locks, shading her soft but radiant eyes, in a disorder, not the result of slovenly carelessness, but of exuberance, and the absence of that attention to adjustment, which the expectation of a visiter would demand. The muslin and the work-basket—the needle and the thimble, all denoted one of the family.

"And who is Miss Emma Portland?" said Miss Atherton: her face strongly expressing surprise and delight. "Why should I find her here, and apparently one of your family, and not have been prepared for such a meeting? Why have I never heard of this lovely young lady?"

Before Emma could recover from her surprise—a surprise mingled with pleasure, as she gazed upon a woman she had heard described as repulsive in appearance, but who appeared to her all-attractive, from the frankness of her manner and

the charming expression of a benevolent countenance—before she knew her own thoughts at this smiling apparition and unexpected exclamation, she felt the warm embrace and maternal kiss of this frank-hearted Englishwoman.

The sympathy which unites two such beings is of no clime or country. There was an absence of reserve which might have startled some; but there was nothing in the manner of the foreigner that was uncongenial to Emma Portland, because there was nothing artificial. There was no assumed superiority; and the real superiority, which more years and more knowledge conferred, were not thought of by the one, and were felt as an offered protection—a gift and a blessing—by the other.

Miss Atherton's quick glance perceived in Emma Portland the ingenuous innocence of youth, united to beauty of body and mind. It was the glance of intelligence exchanged with intelligence. The sympathy of the good attracting to the good. From this time Emma had a friend of her own sex. One to whom, if needed, she could look for protection or advice. In her highly-gifted cousin, Mrs. Spiffard, though confident of her good will, and admiring her talents, she had never felt that union of soul which is necessary to communion of thought.

The advantage which she might have derived from Miss Atherton's society, was, for the present, denied by the necessary attendance of that lady on Mrs. Williams. Otherwise, in Emma's visits to the sick and poor, or her endeavours to impart knowledge to the neglected, Eliza Atherton would have been willingly a partner, a companion, and at times a protector.

CHAPTER VIII.

The hoax renewed, and a mystery in Albany.

"I will unfold some causes."—*Shakspeare.*

"The deadly arrow still clings to his side.—*Virgil.*

"What grief hath set the jaundice on your cheeks?"

"A noble gentleman 'tis, if he would not keep so good a house. Many a time and often I have dined with him and told him on't: and come again to supper to him, of purpose to have him spend less. * * * This is no time to lend money."

"—— it doth confirm
Another stain" * * * "as big as hell can hold."—*Shakspeare.*

We must return to the frolicsome youths, who, with perfect good will to our hero, had begun to execute a plot with success, in which they saw nothing but sport, and whose termination, in any serious mischief, was farthest from their thoughts.

On the evening of the day that the meeting with Mr. Smith (though not Captain Smith) took place at the Albany coffee-house, Spiffard, as was his wont, when he only played in the farce, and when the old tragedian was the attraction of the night, walked into Cooke's dressing-room, knowing that the veteran was not required on the stage until the second act of the play, and wishing to have a little friendly chat with one to whom he felt an attachment, the cause of which was, perhaps, unknown to himself. An attachment which was one great inducement for his frequenting the tables where wine was abused by the so called *use* of it. If it was a fault, grievously he suffered for it.

The disappointment of the morning had relieved Spiffard from a load, and he felt not a little the better for the relief. Cooke was still in good condition, and had, since his last ill-

ness, preserved his faculties of body and mind in as perfect a state asmight be with a man whose habits had been for years at enmity with health and reason.

On Spiffard's entrance, the old man accosted him cheerfully, with, "Well, my young friend! Where have you been? I have not seen you to-day."

"The morning was occupied in attempting to meet Captain Smith."

Cooke's face assumed that peculiar expression of archness which none can realize who have not seen him *on* or *off* the stage, and holding his head somewhat down, he turned up his eyes, somewhat as he used when he repeated, "do you think I didn't know you?" A look which none who saw it can forget. "So—so—you did not meet him."

The veteran felt himself bound not to "peach," as Hilson had termed it. This look might have excited suspicion in any but the straight-forward Vermonter.

"Captain Smith dissapointed you."

"Yes. After all the parade of demanding an apology, and pretension to honour, he did not keep his appointment."

"Then you—you know nothing of Captain Smith?"

"Only as the fellow who abused Mrs. Spiffard when she was playing Lady Macbeth."

"I remember—you mean the blackguard you were obliged to reprimand for disturbing the audience by his impertinence."

"He turns out to be a gentleman—or at least pretends to demand an apology from me."

"But you told me," said Cooke, wishing to give a hint, "you told me that both the fellows were in pea-jackets or dread-naughts—or some such apparel—and were as rough in appearance as in manners."

"So they were. But Cooper says that might be disguise: an appearance and manner assumed in sport. And Allen says that Captain Smith is a gentleman commanding a fine ship, and a man of honour. And Cooper, you know—"

"O, yes, Tom is up to all that. But it's all over now. You got rid of the affair!"

"He did not make his appearance."

"So. I supposed as much."

"Why?—You do not know him?"

"No.—Upon my word I *do not.* No more than if he never had existence. And you found no traces of him at the place he appointed? No Captain Smith was to be heard of."

"O, yes. The bar-keeper said that he frequented the house."

"O, then it is not over yet. You will see or hear from him again—by and by."

"I rather think that he has thought best to drop the unprofitable affair."

"Unprofitable. Yes, yes, it had best be dropt—I advise—"

What further light the old gentleman was going to let in upon his friend's unsuspicious mind, cannot be known, for the eternal call-boy, whose mandate is as peremptory as that of fate, appeared with his list of summonses in his hand.

"Mr. Cooke! to begin the second act!"

"I'm ready. Send Kent to me, my good boy."

"And I'll go and prepare for Caleb Quotem."

So ended a colloquy, which, continued a minute or two longer, might have spared years of bitter reflection. So are we governed by apparent, or real, trifles!

The gay and frolic-loving Allen, the equally sport-loving Hilson, and many other of the young manager's friends, (Cooke and Spiffard both having engagements, were not of the party,) dined with him. His ever open hand and house were like that of Lord Timon's—some of his friends were Athenians too—it will be so.

Over the after-dinner's accompaniments, the wines of France, the fruits of Italy, and the cigars of Spain, with Irish whiskey, cogniac brandy and West India rum—so tables were covered thirty years ago—over such stimulants, in the interval between the song, the glee and the glass, the manager related with much humour the adventure at the Albany Coffee-House, concluding with "I wish Spiff would come. I want to see how he would take the disclosure of the plot. He's a good fellow! I believe I might have passed the little old gentleman with the cane-coloured wig upon him for the redoubted Captain John Smith. Do you think he will believe it was all a trick, when we tell him that no captain Smith—at least for him—is in existence?"

"Why truly, a man's word may be doubted when he acknowledges a deceit. Truth has but one face," remarked one of the guests.

"Suppose," said Hilson, "that Spiff should turn the tables on us, as Cooke did after the Cato duel, and say he knew from the beginning what we meant, and only shammed innocence to let us hoax ourselves. Suppose he comes off with, 'I knew ye all,' like Falstaff?"

"He can't! He can't! He's as easily seen through as his own beverage. I long to explain and have the laugh upon him!"

"Why you don't mean to give up the joke now that you have a real Captain Smith to carry it on with?"

"We've gone far enough. Let us have our laugh and have done with it."

"Why give up the game?" said Allen, "when we have it all in our own hands. Spiff knows, from the waiter's or the bar-keeper's testimony that there is a Captain Smith who frequents the Albany Coffee-House. All we have to do is to make appointments and keep them from meeting. Chance has made a man for us, all we have to do is to play him."

The manager still protested against carrying on the hoax any further; and if Spiffard had fortunately dropped in, there would have been an end of it, in a laugh. But as the wine declined in the bottles and mounted elsewhere; as noise increased and the tobacco smoke thickened, Allen and the Colonel persuaded the company that the opportunity must not be lost of trying how far the credulity of a man of good sense might be imposed upon. They forgot the remark of one of the company, "that truth has but one face." They did not see (through the mists about them) some other truisms, that might have stood in their way: the second act of the drama was matured, the plot founded on the "lucky circumstance," as Allen called it, "that a Captain Smith occasionally frequented the Albany Coffee House; that they had a man ready made to their hands, and had only to move him as the game required."

Allen was himself to make the first move. Cooper declared off: Allen was to act as friend and counseller. The manager promised not to inform. But it was agreed to let the matter rest a few days, and a journey which Spiffard made a short time after, deferred their sport yet longer.

There was at this time a company of actors performing at Albany, and offers for a few nights' exertion of his talents had been made to Mr. Spiffard, which by a friendly arrangement with the New-York manager, he was enabled to accept.

Although January had commenced, the great river was still open, the severity of winter had not yet been experienced; and my readers know that the clear, frosty, but moderate weather of our early winter is health-and-joy-inspiring. Spiffard looked forward to the excursion with pleasure. He had been in Albany but once, and then merely to pass through it from Can-

ada. He did not feel the worse that Captain Smith had absconded.

Mrs. Spiffard did not seem at ease when the project of these few days residence in Albany was communicated to her by her husband. She even changed colour.

"You have told me that you were some time there—how did you like the place?"

"Not at all."

"Have you any friends there—any acquaintance?"

"No."

"Where is the best boarding-house?"

"By all means go to Cruttenden's. It is on the hill and near the State-house. By all means go there, Mr. Spiffard; he is a friend to the drama—you will like him and his house."

"I should wish to be near the theatre."

"There is—a place nearer—but it is a vile house and very disagreeable people. Do not go there."

Now it so happened that Cruttenden's hotel was full. Thronged with members of the Legislature; and chance, as it is called, led Spiffard, to a public house, half tavern, half boarding house, kept by an Englishman of the name of Thompson. There he was received; and found that it had been the usual resort of the Thespians who visited the seat of government; but, for some cause not within his or my knowledge, was rather shunned at this time.

The landlord was a garrulous beer-drinker, and not unlike Farquhar's Boniface in person, manner or reverence for the strength of his potations. He was a short, fat man; not stout and portly; but heavy and burly. His wife looked like his twin sister.

After the fatigues, the pleasure, and the exertion of an evening's performance, Spiffard entered and found his landlord sitting with his hand on the handle of a tankard; and his counterpart, in petticoats, employed within the railing which separated the bar from the space occupied by newspapers, and, at this time, by Boniface.

"Great house, I understand, to-night, sir."

"The house appeared full."

"Not so, before you came, sir. What will you drink, sir?"

"A tumbler of water."

Thompson recommended his beer and his brandy, his rum and his gin, his whiskey, but above all his ale—then frothing in the tankard. To his surprise all was without effect.

"What do you drink, sir?"

"Water."

"Bless me. That makes you so thin."

"I am well, and strong. I doubt not, landlord, that I could carry you up the hill to the capitol much easier than you could carry me."

"That would be a funny sight sure enough. John finds it hard work to carry himself." said Mrs. Thompson.

"Well, sir, that may be, but I shouldn't be more surprised to find myself riding up the hill on your shoulders, than I am to find a hactor refusing good liquor. Why I've ad ladies in my ouse who would toss off a pint of brown-stout after hacting, or a glass of brandy and water before going to the theatre, and another before going to bed—haye, by George! and sometimes two or three of them. There was Mrs. Hepsom and er daughter—fine women, both—I ear she as changed er name lately—I mean the daughter—as to the mother—"

"With your leave, Mr. Thompson, I will take this candle and retire."

"The servant has been late in lighting your fire and has not come down yet. Take a little summut, sir."

"Nothing."

The landlady went up stairs shouting for the servant to come down. Thompson finished his tankard of ale and proceeded to finish his beer-imbued speech—"A fine looking stately dame that Mrs. Trowbridge—or Miss Hepsom—for I don't believe—yet if that Trowbridge adn't broke his neck hout of the gig—"

"Room's ready now, sir," said the puffing dame, "but do take a little summut"

"Good night, Mr. Thompson!" said Spiffard, with any thing but a comfortable addition of ideas for chamber companions, hurried up stairs.

"Good night, Muster Spiffard, and good rest to your honour!" said the burly landlady.

"Spiffard! Spiffard!" echoed Boniface, with mouth and eyes wide stretched; looking like one who tried to think but was unused to the occupation. "Spiffard! Odsbodikins, dame Thompson, by George, I do believe that's the name of that hactor that married—hand it never struck me before. I am a little frightful that I might a said a summut that ee would'nt hover-like to ear. Fore George I'm glad I didn't tell im what I might ave—what did I say? Do you remember? The thought never struck me till you called is name."

"Thoughts don't often strike *you* John. If you'd drink less and think more, the ouse might do better."

"Don't talk to me woman!— but I didn't tell him of that—"

"Hush, John! Walls ave hears. Least said is soonest mended. That was a terrible night—it's well it's only known to ourselves."

"When I mentioned er name ee was off like a stage coach."

Every hint, that had, since Spiffard's marriage, reached his ears and caused him pain in respect to his wife's former history—every suspicion that had been forced upon his unsuspecting nature—now was recalled to mind. Every light word, spoken by his light companions, was, against his will, remembered. He could not sleep during a long winter's night. The mind must be sorely distressed when youth, health and temperance, cannot find rest after fatigue of body. He could almost envy the snoring of his beer-bloated landlord, whose sonorous breathings were plainly heard through two partitions, "making night hideous."

"O, why did I marry so hastily?"

His short engagement finished, Spiffard took the stage for New-York, the winter had set in hard—not harder than "the winter of his discontent." He returned richer in purse—poorer in spirit. He was almost as miserable as a good man could be made—yet more suffering awaited him—and more cause to cry, "O, why did I marry so hastily?"

He had reason to lament that he had married a woman born and educated in another land, without knowing her domestic habits or her previous story. Our hero was the most honest, the most frank, most trusting, most credulous of any creature that had ever been thrown among civilized men, yet he was an actor by profession.

Spiffard felt that he had been deceived; and knew that he had deceived himself. He felt that the dearest ties of life were not for him. He still admired the talents of his wife, and would willingly have loved her: but love cannot exist where confidence is wanting. It is the seal to the bond of matrimony: the bond is worse than worthless without it.

Mrs. Spiffard, on her husband's return from Albany, perceived a change in his looks and behaviour. She soon understood from him that he had boarded at Thompson's. "The thief does fear each bush an officer." She thought of an avowal. She had been misled by her own passions and the arts of a scoundrel. The tale is too common to be told. This might be forgiven by one who looked for forgiveness. But the habit induced by previous misery, (with encouragement

from a weak parent and temptation from professional fatigue,) could not be tolerated. Notwithstanding remonstrances, entreaties and arguments, on one side, and tears and repentance and promises on the other, he saw *that* which he most abhorred, most dreaded. He felt that he was miserable in the time present, and anticipated greater misery in the future.

The situation of Mrs. Williams was a sufficient excuse for Eliza Atherton's not associating with Mrs. Spiffard; but the unhappy husband saw the difference in his aunt's behaviour when she conversed with his wife, and when she opened her heart to Emma Portland. Sometimes he thought of pouring out his griefs and asking Miss Atherton's counsel. But the subject was too sacred, and his delicacy too great. The attention of that lady to her suffering sister made their meetings unfrequent.

He was the favourite comedian of the public. Even Twaits and Hilson were forgotten when Spiffard appeared. He was received with plaudits, for which the sound of his voice before he entered was the signal. Merriment was induced by the sight of his face, and laughter burst forth in anticipation. His musical talents always produced admiration and delight: but he knew not pleasure nor peace. Applause had staled on his ear. He only laughed as a duty. He was merry by sad necessity.

Happily for man, he cannot uniformly be miserable. Nature has her moments when sorrow is forgotten. One continued torturing train of ideas can only be known in madness. It is madness. But Spiffard became irritable. His health and elastic strength declined. He refused the invitations of men to whom his talents recommended and would have endeared him. Even Mr. Littlejohn was neglected. He continued his attachment to the erring George Frederick Cooke; and still sought the company of the gay young men who associated with the favourites of the theatre, and enjoyed the hospitality of the manager, whose flood of prosperity flowed full and strong, and whose liberality let it pass as freely. Sometimes Spiffard was urged into this joyous circle by his wishes to save Cooke: sometimes merely to avoid his own domestic hearth. That which alone can make the fireside blessed, was not there.

CHAPTER IX.

Mystery in New-York, and another hero.

"Virtue is bold, and goodness never fearful."

"The hand that hath made you fair, hath made you good."

"Dost thou desire her foully for those things
That make her good ?"

"Ruffian, let go that rude uncivil touch !".

"I hold him but a fool that will endanger
His body for a girl who loves him not."

"In these cases we still have judgment here.—*Shakspeare.*

"Auf! oder ihr seyd verloren."

"Es steht ihm an der stirn geschrieben,
Dass er nicht mag eine Seele lieben.—*Goethe.*

"Away !—I do condemn my ears, that have
So long attended thee."—*Shakspeare.*

The reader already knows, that although Zebediah Spiffard is the hero of this story, the heroine of it, Emma Portland, is not destined to be his bride; and that there is another hero in reserve who has superior claims. It is time that he came a little more forward on our stage ; but first we must follow the steps of Emma through some scenes which tend to bring on the denouement of the drama, and bring together persons heretofore estranged from, or unknown to, each other.

It was during Spiffard's short sojourn at Albany that Emma was subject to a more severe trial, by the arts and perseverance of the unknown, and hitherto unseen persecutor, who had twice before insulted her while in the quiet path of her duty. The last attack made by this mysterious personage, who conducted his approach muffled in cloaks and shrouded in darkness, had

made her resolve not to expose herself unacompanied, in the evening, to the possibility of insult in the once safe and peaceful streets of New-York. She had related to Henry Johnson all the circumstances attending upon the former attempts, and had expressed the certainty she felt, that the person, though unseen, was, in both instances, the same; and not one connected with the theatre. It was in vain to conjecture who the wretch was; but Henry asked, and obtained the promise, that her walks of charity should not be walks of darkness.

She mentioned to him likewise the friendly behaviour of the watchman, and the confidence it had inspired. But he observed, that it might so happen that none of the watch would be near at the moment she most required assistance; and explained the nature of their duty, by a detail which, to one of her sex, was new.

But the enemy was on the alert; and one morning, when Emma was alone, the black girl brought to her a letter which had been left by a boy. It was as follows:

Dear young lady,

My late husband, after being sick ever since last August, during which time I had to support him and my poor little ones, was taken from me by death, leaving me without any fuel for this cold winter weather, and my clothes sold and pawned to give him necessaries and bury him. I and my poor children are in a state of starvation. I can't work, for the rheumatism has taken away the use of my limbs: and for the same reason I can't go to the Alderman for help. I send this by a neighbour's child, humbly begging your advice and assistance, as I know, from an acquaintance of an acquaintance of poor sick Mrs. Kent, that you are always ready to help the unfortunate. I hope to see you, dear Miss, as soon as possible, at No. 356 Mott-street.

Your most obedient servant,

MARTHA JENKINS.

It was not an extraordinary circumstance for Emma to receive such applications: yet the late events made her cautious. It had no date—but it was written by a woman. The first impulse was to question the person who brought it—but he was gone. Should she go? Formerly she had never asked herself the question when called upon by misery. She had gone in search of the children of the poor for the Sunday-schools, sometimes in company, but if a companion did not offer, she

had sought the abode of poverty, too often associated with vice, fearlessly to rescue infancy from ignorance. She knew the intimate connection between ignorance and guilt; and the necessity which exists in society for strenuous exertions to make the poor see, that intemperance and improvidence are the causes of their sufferings. But now she hesitated. "Should she consult Henry? But the family are starving. There can be no danger in making such a visit by day-light." She determined, that, immediately after dinner, it being a very fine, though cold day, she would walk to Mott-street.

Mr. Spiffard was at Albany. Emma told her cousin where she was going, and took the further precaution of leaving a written direction to the place, to be given to Henry Johnson in case he called before she returned. Thus prepared, and properly equipped for a walk, she proceeded through Chatham-street, and up Mott-street, passing, on level ground, over the spot where Bunker-hill (a conical eminence which once overlooked the city and bay, so called after the 17th June, 1775), formerly reared its head; and at length she saw No. 356, marked upon the door of an isolated building, in figures of chalk. The house was of wood, and small; such as of late have disappeared from even the extremities of the city. Nothing indicated the crowded dwelling of squalid misery that she had anticipated. On knocking at the door a female voice desired her to come in. Entering, she found herself in a bed-chamber, into which the street-door immediately opened. A woman was seated on the bed. She did not rise. The room was imperfectly lighted by a window, looking toward the street, but partly closed; and from a few chips blazing on the hearth, which was otherwise devoid of the means of comfort. A chair, a three-legged stool, and an empty cradle, constituted, with the bed, the visible furniture of the apartment.

"Bless ye, my dear young lady, for your condesinshin to a poor body like me! but it's yourself that's always doing the kind act. Would ye be plased to take a sate by the fire, for sure it's cold to day, it is."

As she said this the woman arose with apparent difficulty, curtsied, and then sank again on the edge of the bed. Emma took a seat and listened to a detail of misfortunes, mingled with apologies, and what was meant as flattery, in the style of the above sample. She felt no sympathy with the speaker. Her features were coarse, her face bloated, the expression of her little white eyes sinister, and the tone of her whining voice disgusting.

" But where are your children?"

" Sure I wouldn't have them here when you came, so I axt a neighbour of my own to kape them quiet up stairs for the time."

Emma had come to this place with a reluctance not usual with her when a deed of charity invited. She wished to shorten her visit, and asked such questions, rapidly, as—Why one of the children could not have carried a written application to the alderman of the ward? If she had no friends or acquaintance who would make the application for her? All her answers were evasive, mingled with whinings and tears, except that she said she had sent that day to the alderman.

Emma told her, that if she would give her ink and paper she would write down the name of the alderman, with a state of her case, which should be conveyed to him.

" Where are your materials for writing?"

" Sure, I have none in—"

She hesitated, looked at the street door anxiously, and added,

" None below stairs—and my lameness—"

The thought that she had been decoyed hither, and that the woman had been an instrument in the hands of the person who had already evinced a daring pertinacity in his pursuit, struck her so forcibly, that she started from her seat, saying, " Tell me where to apply in your behalf: give me the name of the alderman—"

At this moment a tap was heard at the door.

" Come in."

A gentleman entered, who immediately saluted Mrs. Jenkins by name, telling her, that one of her neighbours had signified her suspicions that illness had prevented her from attending at his office for customary relief."

He bowed to Emma, whose quick apprehension discerned the discrepancy existing between these words and the tale of Mrs. Jenkins. With many professions of thankfulness, that his honour should trouble himself to come to her, she said that she was " jist then spaking of his honour to the dear young lady whose character for charity had made her bold enough to write to her, begging her assistance—and sure its a providince that your honour's come, for she was jist saying she would apply to your honour in my behalf."

The gentleman bowed again to Emma, and begged her to be seated. The light of the fire, now the strongest light in the room, flashed on his handsome face, as he courteously turned to

her; and the voice, commanding stature, insinuating demeanour, and an indistinct recognition of the countenance, all confirmed her previous suspicion. She was strong and bold in innocence; but previous circumstances caused alarm.

"You are the alderman of the ward, as I understand, and as you now know how much this person wants assistance, I have no further business here."

As she spoke of the woman she looked for her; but in vain. Her lameness had not prevented her exodus, and that so adroitly, that the quick eye of Emma had not observed it. She had passed through a back door; but whether she had gone up stairs or out of the house could only be conjectured. Emma was alone with one she feared.

The stranger, with some degree of trepidation, said, "pray madam, be seated, Mrs. Jenkins has gone up stairs." The voice was now more decidedly the same that she had twice before heard. As the voice was identified, the figure was fully recognised. For though, even at their last meeting, he was cloaked, and concealed by the darkness of Theatre-alley, there was an impression made that fully corresponded with the person now before her, who stood without the incumbrance or disguise of a wrapper, and rather ostentatiously displaying a fine and commanding form.

For a moment she trembled. She looked around her for the means of escape. She was convinced that she had been betrayed by the vile woman, and of course could expect no succour from any one within the walls. He spoke again, and the sound of his voice recalled her courage, for it inspired indignation.

Indignant at the persevering persecution of this unprincipled wretch, (who evidently could not plead the mutiny of "flaming youth" in his excuse,) her firmness returned. The courage which nature had given her, which education had confirmed, and conscious rectitude maintained, now supported her. She neither heard nor replied to his words, but addressed herself to depart. He, bowing, placed himself between her and the door. With a lofty step, and energetic motion of the hand, she put him aside and passed on. The door was locked and the key removed. She afterwards recollected, that when she came to the house the key was on the outside of the door.

"I now see," she said, firmly, and looking proudly in the face of her persecutor, "I see the whole of this vile plot, and know you, for the person who twice before has insulted me.

If I could suppose that any conduct of mine had encouraged you, it would be the most humiliating thought of my life. I am not intimidated by the success of your plan in bringing me hither, or by my apparently defenceless situation. I have too just a sense of my own powers, and of the protection my country affords me, to fear any violence from you or your vile agent."

"Violence! Who could think of offering violence to such beauty?—To such angelic loveliness?—I have offers to make that you must listen to. Let my love plead——"

"You mistake the person you address. Such language only adds to the contempt your actions have inspired. Order your agent to open the door before I alarm the neighbourhood and expose you to shame and punishment.

"First hear me. I offer you——"

"I will not be insulted by any offers from one so despicable as your conduct has proved you."

"Hear me, lovely girl! I have seen—I have followed—"

"Hear *me*, sir! Your clandestine followings mark your own consciousness of base intentions. What have you seen in me that could induce you to persecute me with your detestable doggings and followings?"

"Nothing could encourage me to hope that I might devote my life and fortune to your happiness—nothing certainly in your appearance or conduct—but—"

"Speak on, sir."

"Your visits to the private door of the theatre—your situation—" He hesitated.

"You inquired and heard that I was an orphan and poor!"

"I saw you with—and apparently dependent upon people whose profession—and as the world says—but I will not offend—come come! lovely creature! this is all prudery. I can and will place you above dependence even upon my passion."

"You are probably a traveller, and forget that you are not in Paris. You have heard and known that some opera-dancers, and even others connected with the stage, have fallen from virtue; and therefore think all base. You forget the many that never entered a theatre, or only as auditors, who sink to the level of the most criminal: and you forget the many models of private worth who have ministered to public taste and instruction from the stage. Order the door to be opened, sir, or produce the key."

"Hear me—you mistake me—I am above the prejudices

which would censure that independence of conduct in a lady—that high-mindedness which throws off the fetters hypocrisy would place upon your sex. I am a man of the world; and we all know that those who break through a certain line of distinction, which public opinion has placed between those who expose their persons on the stage and bow their thanks for vulgar plaudits, and the more reserved portion of society, are above that false delicacy—"

"Wretched man!—But I am wrong to waste words with one to whom years have not brought wisdom. Open the door!"

"Not until you have listened to my love."

This interchange of words had lasted so long, that, by degrees, Emma was convinced that she had seen this man under other circumstances than those I have witnessed. The imperfect recognition shocked her, but it added to the indignation she felt, a sensation approaching to horror. She interrupted him in a tone he little expected from one so young and delicate.

"Despicable man! You saw me the companion of my natural guardians, the only relations providence has left me; but I now feel assured that you saw me elsewhere. I now recognise you."

"I never was in your company."

"Yes—I fully recognise you, though your name and situation in life are unknown to me—and may remain so. You saw me, a servant in the temple of the most high God—a teacher of the poor and ignorant—a worshipper at that altar, where I must now conclude that you bowed in mockery, or as the agent of that power in whose service you would enlist me. I have heard and read of such base depravity, but you have, for the first time, presented to me the perfect image of the most loathsome profligacy covered by the mask of hypocrisy!"

"You have mistaken me for another."

"No. I am certain: but I have no wish to expose you. Let me go—and when you can—*repent*."

"You must at least promise—"

"I hear no more, sir!"

She sprung towards the window, which she had observed, on entering the house, to be near the unpaved street. He threw his arms around her and prevented her seizing the window-sash: at the same time he drew her from the place she had hoped to escape from, and placed himself next the street. He encircled her for a moment in his arms; but, with a force which youth and exercise had given, and with an effort which

indignation made irresistible, she burst from him, leaving her cloak, which she had not taken off since entering, in his hands. In the struggle her bonnet fell off, and with it the comb which confined her mass of tresses, fell on the floor. The same effort which released her, cast him towards the door, and she gained the window, threw up the sash, and cried for help. As she cast a look out, the most welcome form presented itself that could have prevented her leap from the window; and, clasping her hands, she exclaimed, "Henry!"

To force the door was not a business requiring much time with the athletic and excited youth, who heard the cry of distress from one whose voice at all times reached his heart with the lightning's rapidity, who saw that her face, pale with terror, after losing the flush which indignation and exercise had caused—that countenance, wild and surrounded by disheveled locks, on which he delighted to trace the mild emotions of benevolence and love. The lock gave way before him—he rushed in—Emma was in his arms. The wretch, who had caused this alarm, finding himself baffled and exposed to detection, retreated by the open window, and was not even seen by young Johnson.

Henry had called, as usual, to visit his betrothed, after leaving the counting-house in which his days were passed: he received the paper left by Emma, and, although not alarmed, as evening approached, he determined to follow the direction, expecting to meet her. Having passed the populous and well-built part of the street, he began to fear that something was wrong, and hastened forward, anxiously looking for No. 356. He came as opportunely as hero of romance, or protecting deity in an epic, could possibly have done, and received explanations as extraordinary as the appearance of Emma was alarming.

Her cloak, bonnet, and comb, strewed the floor; and near them lay a man's hat.

Her hair covering her neck, shoulders, and almost hiding her face, streamed in wild disorder over her deliverer's arms as he pressed her to his bosom. It was not until he had placed her on the only chair in the room, that he saw the man's hat, and gained, by a hurried statement, some confused knowledge of the insult that had been offered.

"His name may be written in his hat," he exclaimed; but, on examining it by the faint fire-light, only the letter W. was found.

"I am glad of it, Henry! 'Tis better we should not know."

"But I will know! Where is the woman? I will discover the scoundrel by means of his vile agent."

Emma would have persuaded Henry to depart instantly, but he was irritated, and insisted on seeing the woman who had decoyed her to the place. She came down stairs reluctantly at his call; but nothing could be elicited from her. She confessed her participation in the plot, having been persuaded by the gentleman that he meant no harm. She declared, and probably with great truth, that she did not know his name. She could not read, and did not know the contents of the letter, only as her employer had informed her. When questioned respecting her children, she said she had but one; an infant; and she had been directed to leave that with a neighbour. Her husband, Patrick Murphy, had left her and gone to Boston.

"Then Jenkins is not your name?"

"No, sure, the truth is, my name's Molly Murphy ever since I was married. The gentleman called me Jenkins only for a joke, sure."

As no trace of this mysterious persecutor was discovered, Henry yielded to Emma's entreaties; who, having reduced her disordered dress to its usual neat and simple appearance, departed in safety with her protector. On the way home she promised him never to go on an errand of charity among strangers without a companion.

She promised to be guided by him. She knew that he was entitled to her confidence, and looked upon herself as his bride elect. In her communion with this, the chosen of her affections, she might have said with the poet—

> "——— Hence, bashful cunning!
> And prompt me, plain and holy innocence."

She henceforward looked upon Henry Johnson as the partner who should add his strength to the support which her own intelligence, virtues, and purity imparted.

CHAPTER X.

A death, and a snow storm.

"If men were to act and think just as their ancestors have acted and thought before them, human nature would be merely idolatry and slavery."
English translation of De Lamartine.

"I hope it will not be conceived, that it is my wish to hold the unhappy people, who are the subject of this letter, in slavery. I can only say, that there is not a man living, who wishes more sincerely than I do, to see a plan adopted for the abolition of it; but there is only one proper and effectual mode by which it can be accomplished; and that is, by legislative authority; and this, as far as my suffrage will go, shall never be wanting."
Washington.

"You have among you many a purchased slave,
Which, like your asses, and your dogs, and mules,
You use in abject and in slavish parts,
Because you bought them."—*Shakspeare.*

"I cannot see how Venetians or Englishmen, while they practise the purchase and sale of slaves, can much enforce or demand the law of '*Doing to others as we would have that they should do to us.*' "—*Johnson.*

"To set the slaves afloat at once, would, I really believe, be productive of much inconvenience and mischief; but by degrees it certainly might, and assuredly ought to be affected; and that, too, by legislative authority."—*Washington.*

"I was born as free as they,
And what I think, that will I say."—*Southey.*

"After life's fitful fever they sleep well.
Nor steel, nor poison,
Malice domestic, foreign levy, nothing
Can touch them further."—*Shakspeare.*

"I never mean, unless some particular circumstances should compel me to it, to possess another slave by purchase, it being among my first wishes to see some plan adopted, by which slavery in this country may be abolished by law."—*Washington.*

"Just Death! kind umpire of man's miseries."

"Our little life is rounded with a sleep."

"But in that sleep of death what dreams may chance
To come, must give us pause."—*Shakspeare.*

Some weeks had flown on time's wings, when another incident occurred, even more nearly affecting the fortunes of Emma Portland than that last recorded.

My readers must excuse me if I again introduce them to the dingy company of John Kent and his wife: it is necessary that we follow our heroine, even though our motives for so doing should not be as pure as hers were.

The snows of winter had for some time covered the wide fields of the agriculturist, cherishing the root and the seed of succeeding harvests. The streets of our city were ringing with bells, as the gay and the beautiful enjoyed the rapid motion of the sleigh, while silks, velvets, and feathers, of every colour, glittered and danced in the sunbeams; or, as the thoughtless and dissipated flew shouting to the nightly rendezvous of intemperance.

Again the north-east wind whirled the dark clouds over us, and the snow had fallen all day without intermission, when honest old Kent appeared at Mrs. Epsom's, soliciting Emma Portland to give the consolation of her beloved presence to his wife, whose sufferings appeared to be drawing to a close. He proposed sending a hackney-coach for her, in the evening; but this she positively refused. She knew that his circumstances did not warrant the expense. She promised to come as soon as her duties at home permitted.

When the evening arrived, she was longer detained by offices of kindness and assistance, performed for her aunt and cousin, than she had anticipated; but after they had gone, with Mr. Spiffard, to their duties at the theatre, she prepared to encounter the storm. Taking Rachel, the black servant, with her to Kent's door, she again entered the abode of sickness, after charging the faithful girl to return quickly home, and be vigilant in her sphere of usefulness.

Kent having been excused from his duties at the theatre, in consequence of his wife's extreme illness, was at home; and the reader may imagine the same picture, once before presented to him; the same room, the same table, lamp, book, and figures; but, at the time we draw the curtain, the book was closed; the invalid had recovered temporary strength, appearing unusually animated, and the parties were engaged earnestly in conversation. It was that strength and animation which not unfrequently precedes death.

The aged man and dying woman are the same we have already introduced to the reader. The same honest old Kent, as faithful a servant to his employers, as his namesake was to the improvident and misjudging Lear.

His wife, though not a white, was an interesting figure, even in the eyes of the most fastidious. Pale and emaciated,

but with an expression of resignation. Always neat in her personal appearance, beyond that cleanliness which might have been expected from her condition, there was in everything about her and her humble dwelling, the evidences of economy and propriety.

The old property-man was occupied, in compliance with Emma's request, with that, which is always pleasant to age, recounting the eventful circumstances of his early life.

"I was born, as I have told you, Miss Emmy, in this city, when it was a poor little place compared to what it is now; when the park, now level as a floor, and filled with trees, was called the fields; no houses, but some mean wooden ones, around it; and neither tree nor green thing to be seen. The people were almost as much Dutch as English. My master took me with him to Canada, when the rebels, as they called them then, were mobbing the tories—for he was an Englishman and a loyalist."

"He was a good master to you—was he not?"

"Why do you think so, Miss?"

"Because you had a good education for—for—"

"A slave, Miss. You did not like to speak the word. Yes, I was a slave. Yes, Miss, he was a good master; but he *was a master*."

"He had you taught a trade, too."

"That makes the slave a more valuable property. He can earn more wages for his master. Having a trade, he will bring a higher price if set up at auction, to be knocked down to the highest bidder, like a horse or a dog."

"But you were not so sold?"

"No, Miss; but I saw others so bought and sold; and I knew that it might be my case. I knew that I was a *something* that must go one way when I wished to go another. No matter! It's past! No matter!"

He paused, as if looking back to long gone days. Emma said soothingly, "Such is the fate of all; and probably it is best for us that it is so. My dear mother taught me, very early in life, that it was better her will should govern me than my own. I was taught this so very early in my infancy, that I cannot remember the arguments she used; but I was convinced. Probably my conviction was the result of her universally tender behaviour—her protecting care and love—her strict adherence to truth. She told me that *her* commands were for *my* good; and I believed her."

"Ah, there it is, Miss. There's the difference. The slave

sees that the commands of the master are not even pretended to be for any other than the master's pleasure. The slave, even if he feels that he has more strength and more disposition to do good than his master, sees that he is treated as an inferior being. He labours, at the will of another, knowing that his own good is not intended; and that he must not seek his own good, if, by so doing, he interferes with his master's pleasures. He receives food as it is given to the horse, the ox, and the ass, to repair the strength that labour for his master has exhausted. Like the horse and the ass he is subjected to blows; and like them he is transferred to another master and another country, when his master wants money to supply his wine-cellar, or to pay his losses at the gaming-table. The slave cannot think that to be forced from his wife and children is for his good. The child of a good parent may think and feel that all is intended for his good; but not the man of mature age, controlled by the will of one, perhaps neither wiser nor better than himself."

"You state an extreme case. Few masters would separate husband from wife."

"I am sorry, Miss, that we happened to talk on this subject. I have known masters who inherited slaves, and who acted conscientiously for their good. My master was one. He did better for me, than I probably could have done for myself."

"His superior knowledge enabled him to do so."

"True, Miss. I had no right to expect more from him than he did. He had me taught reading, writing, and arithmetic—gave me a trade—and though that is often done by slave-holders for their own interest, I did not mean to say that my master acted from that motive. That he had me taught to read was my greatest blessing! You know, Miss Emmy, that many slave-holders are afraid to let their slaves read, even the word of God."

"It is the comment of the slave-holder upon his own practice, and proves more than all Clarkson or Wilberforce has said. I am glad to leave Mrs. Kent so much better; and now, Mr. Kent, if you will prepare the lantern you shall accompany me home—whether you will or no," she said smiling.

"God bless you, Miss! I wish all the world was as willing to serve you as I am."

"Before you go, Miss Emma," said the sick woman, "if it is not too late, please to read one chapter in the New Testament."

"I will. What chapter shall it be?"

"You know best what will suit."

Emma opened the book. She read feelingly. Kent sat with his eyes fixed on the floor, and his hands clasped, and resting on his knees.

As the reading progressed, the sick woman sighed, and occasionally sobbed; but not so as to occasion interruption. After a time, Emma heard a groan; but considering it only as the effect of the passage she was reading, from the book of wisdom, on the feelings of the patient, prepared by long suffering to experience a more powerful effect than the same words would produce on the strong and happy, she continued her reading until she had finished the chapter. She then shut the book, and turned her eyes to the bed, preparatory to taking leave. What was her surprise on perceiving that she had been reading to the dead! The woman was a corpse.

Accustomed as she was to self-command, she could not repress a cry; and not until then did the old man see that the companion of years passed in slavery and in freedom, had left him childless and alone, for the remaining portion of his life.

Emma recovered her self-possession before the man; who was so utterly bewildered, at an event as unexpected at the moment as if the woman had been in health, that he could do nought but utter broken and unintelligible exclamations. Emma directed him to run for the nearest physician.

"Yes! yes!" he exclaimed. "Is there any hope?"

"Run quickly! It may be. But all will depend upon your speed."

The old man hastened for aid. Emma raised the head of the corpse, after feeling in vain for pulsation. She was soon convinced that life had fled. The interval had been so long between the groan, which had passed almost unheeded, and the conclusion of the lecture, that the body which then parted with its last breath, had become nearly stark and cold.

Long appeared the time before the bereaved old man returned. Emma had no fears for herself, but thought that her aunt and cousin would be made uneasy by her long protracted visit. The wind howled without, and the snow, mingled with hail, beat upon the windows and the roof.

Emma Portland prayed.

At length Kent returned, and brought with him Doctor McLean, the kind physician who had long administered to the comfort of the patient; but who immediately ascertained that his skill was of no avail.

Some females living in the house were brought to the apartment by the unusual stir this catastrophe had occasioned; and, leaving the corpse to their care, Emma, (unnoticed by Kent or the doctor), stole out of the room, taking with her the mantle and hood which sheltered her from the storm when she came. As she descended the stairs, she wrapped herself in these convenient garments, and trusted herself again to the well-known pavement, which she had thought not again to venture on, unaccompanied.

The night was cold, and the snow fell thick. She hastened on, anxious to reach home and quiet the fears of her expecting relatives. It was so late, and so inclement, that the streets were abandoned. This circumstance rather assured than discouraged the courageous girl; and well protected by her long and warm mantle, and close well-padded hood, drawn over head and face, she speeded on, congratulating herself that none of the usual frequenters of Theatre-alley were seen or heard. The entertainments of the play-house were over, and the crowds who attended them, or assisted in them, were dispersed.

She had left the theatre and its alley behind, and met, on turning the first corner, the full force of the piercing blast, drifting the snow before it, and threatening to overwhelm her; but, shrinking from the gale for a moment, she recovered her strength, and encouraged by the knowledge, that on her way home she should pass the door of one to whom she had made frequent visits of charity (in its highest sense) and love, she pressed on. Arrived opposite to the door of Mrs. Johnson, she hesitated whether she should not stop, and ask a companion for the remainder of the way. But the very lateness of the hour determined her not to disturb the repose of one whom she knew to be in a state little fitted to bear a night alarm. "I shall only be later in getting home; and I may injure her." So she thought, and on she passed, opposing her delicate form to the furious blast, but speeding with the untiring elasticity of youth. On! on!

CHAPTER XI.

Effects of intemperance. A scene from real life.

"You shall make no noise in the streets; for, for the watch to babble and talk, is most tolerable, and not to be endured."

"We will rather sleep than talk; we know what belongs to a watch."

"Why you speak like an ancient and most quiet watchman."

"————————perseverance, my lord,
Keeps honour bright. * * Keep then the path:
* * * If you give way,
Or hedge aside from the direct forthright,
Like to an enter'd tide, they all rush by,
And leave you hindermost;
Or like a gallant horse, fallen in first rank,
Lie there for pavement to the abject rear,
O'er-run and trampled on."

"————————Then was I as a tree,
Whose boughs did bend with fruit: but in one night,
A storm * *
Shook down my mellow hangings, nay, my leaves,
And left me bare to weather."

"————————how like a swine he lies!
Grim death, how foul and loathsome is thine image!"
Shakspeare.

"She as a veil, down to her slender waist
Her unadorned golden tresses wore,
Dishevel'd, but in wanton ringlets wav'd,
As the vine curls her tendrils."—*Milton.*

"Her beauty hangs upon the cheek of night,
Like a rich jewel in an Ethiop's ear."—*Shakspeare.*

EMMA PORTLAND passed the house of her beloved sick friend, Mrs. Johnson; but had not gone more than half a square in the direction of Broadway, which she had to cross, when she saw the figure of a man prostrate, and white with the falling snow, directly in her pathway. This object, owing to the night and the blinding effect of the snow, was not seen until she was within a few steps of him.

The consciousness of her unprotected situation now flashed upon her; she feared that she had rashly exposed herself to insult or danger; for the thought of the person being dead, or one perishing in the streets of a populous and well-guarded city, did not, at first, occur to her as a possibility. She started back; and the first impulse was to cross the narrow street, and thus avoid notice or danger. She however observed that the figure was motionless. The thought of a person having fallen in a fit, and left to perish by cold, occurred. She had been reading but a few hours before, among other lessons of humanity and love, the parable of the good Samaritan. That beautiful fiction by which its great author inculcated truth—the love and duty due to a neighbour—and that the word neighbour meant, one of the human race, though of an adverse nation and religion.

Such lessons were not lost on Emma Portland. As she turned to cross to the other side of the street, the Levite who passed by and avoided the abused and wounded traveller,' arrested her steps. She advanced towards the object which had alarmed her, and with feelings of mingled terror and compassion gazed on a being so pitiably exposed to suffering and death.

A lamp-post stood near; but the chilled oil scarcely served the purpose of feeding the wick of the lamp; and it was only a fitful and glimmering light which was shed through the flakes of falling snow on the surrounding objects. She advanced nearer, and the light flickered and expired. She had stooped over the object, that now interested her, at the moment the exhausted lamp shot forth a feeble and a last ray. She saw that the thin, dishevelled grey hair of an aged man, was the only covering of the head, which lay pillowed on a pile of snow that had been shoveled from the side-walk. The light of the lamp was now extinguished; but amid snow there is no perfect darkness.

Emma had too much of the good Samaritan in her composition to think a second time of passing on the other side of the way. She saw, that this poor creature, instead of being an object to create alarm, was a subject for compassion and active assistance. Her own lonely and unprotected situation was forgotten. She again stooped over the prostrate and fallen man—fallen indeed!—to ascertain whether he was living or dead. She saw by his colour and breathing that life was not extinct—that it was a "foul and loathsome" image of death

which she beheld—and she recognised the features of George Frederick Cooke!

Involuntarily she uttered a faint shriek—rather of surprise and horror than terror; but, with characteristic self-possession, she the next instant bent the powers of her well-regulated mind in search of the readiest mode by which to overcome difficulties and procure relief to the sufferer, apparently unconscious, though so eminently in peril of immediate death.

The question for her to determine was, where could assistance for the unhappy man be obtained most promptly? She thought of Kent's; but it was distant, and he was not in a state of mind or body—old, worn down, and afflicted—to bear the helpless man so far. Mrs. Johnson and Henry ocourred to her—but she shrunk from alarming her, and thought more than one man necessary to carry the inert—perhaps dying—body. She recollected the City-Hall, and knew that it was not far off, and afforded ample aid. She had heard that the central city-watch-house was there, and of course men ready, without loss of time, to fly to the aid of the distressed. She had often heard the sonorous notes of "All's well" wafted through the trees of the park, and echoed by the surrounding buildings. Thought is more rapid than the pen or even the eye: these thoughts occupied but a moment, and the course to be pursued was resolved upon.

"I will there seek assistance—there I am sure to find and obtain it without delay." She was unconscious of wind or snow, and exercise supplied heat to counteract the chilling blasts. "I am rushing among strange and coarse men; but my sex must be respected. I am doing my duty; I shall soon be there; I may save this unfortunate gentleman!" Such were the replies that quieted her fears.

At first she almost ran, in her impatience to procure succour; but the snow impeded her feet, and she found her breath failing. She stopped. The picture of a watch-house such as she had seen described in books, occurred to her, and appeared appalling. She remembered the figures she had sometimes passed at night in the streets, covered with rough garments, armed with bludgeons, and made conspicuous by helmet-like hats. She had seen them gliding silently along like beings of another world, or those startling things, creatures of darkness, who never appear by day. Her heart beat quick, and her courage began to fail. "Heavenly father!" she ejaculated, "strengthen my purpose if it is right!" She felt that it was right, and she was strengthened. The image of the old man whom she had known so

kind and gentle in private life, was present to her mind; his life depended upon her exertion. She quickened her pace. Her impatience increased when she reached the park and saw the building before her which promised relief; she almost ran, in despite of impediment, as she passed along by the palings on the west side of the enclosure; she opened the gate nearest the hall, and glided along in front of the bridewell. She saw a light glimmering from a cellar-like passage; the entrance was by a few steps, and it appeared to lead, like a long arch-way, under the massive edifice. She approached, and saw that the vault-like place was lighted by a solitary lamp, suspended from the low-arched roof. Before she could descend the steps to this subterraneous abode she had another struggle with her fears. She stopped to listen, as her foot touched the second step. She heard a confused murmuring sound, and occasionally a hoarse, loud voice, grating and discordant. All was new—all was terrific to the affrighted maiden. The light from the lamp showed her what at first was an apparently interminable gloomy passage of dark massive stone-work, crossed by gates of iron gratings. She again heard a noise of human voices, which she perceived came from a lateral passage, leading to the left. That way she must seek for aid. She descended the stone stairs, and stood (again hesitating) on the broad flagging of the floor; from whence, looking forward, she saw, through the iron bars, a distant pale light, which she knew, after a moment's reflection, must proceed from an opening at the other end of the building, similar to that she had entered, made visible by the snow beyond.

She heard a step behind her, and had scarcely turned her head, when a rude hand grasped her shoulder, and as rude a voice assailed her ear, with, "What are you doing here, girl?"

She, trembling, looked up and saw the gigantic figure of a man towering over her, and appearing more colossal from standing on the step from which she had just descended. This was one of the guardians of the night who had returned from his rounds, and seeing, as he approached, that some one was in the passage, had descended the steps cautiously, to take the supposed eave-dropper or outcast by surprise.

"Your business here?"

"I have come here for help, sir," was the answer of the trembling maid.

"Why did you stand here?"

"I did not know which way to go."

"So this is your first visit to the watch-house? Come then! I'll introduce you to a plenty of good company."

Saying this he took her by the arm and led her forward to the passage from which she had heard the sound of voices. Into this, still dar. er than the place from which they came, he turned and pressed forward.

Emma involuntarily shrunk, and held back, exclaiming, "Heaven protect me! What a place is this!"

"Don't be alarmed, miss," said her conductor, seemingly impressed favourably by her words and voice, "don't be alarmed—if you want help, this is the place—I'll speak to the captain."

They reached a door, which he opened, and Emma found herself in an apartment lighted, by what appeared from the contrast, a noon-day blaze. Her conductor led her in, and leaving her to herself while he spoke to the captain, she gazed in amazement at a scene so utterly strange as that which surrounded her.

The place in which she stood, (environed by figures, some sitting, but most stretched upon benches; some talking, others sleeping) was separated by gratings from an inner apartment, and, as her quick eye fell upon the prison-like bars, she saw within a motley crowd of every colour—rags and filth were commingled with dresses of pretension, and here and there flaring female ornaments, with feathers and silks, caught her bewildered sight. Curiosity, to see what new figure, what additional wretch, had been ushered in by the watchman, to be thrust into the den of misery as a companion to themselves, brought many to the bars of their cage; and male and female, black and white visages, appeared, with eyes staring at the innocent and almost bewildered girl, like hideous phantasms in a feverish dream. The contrast formed by the flaunting finery of some females who had been hurried hither from a fancy-ball, with the forlorn expression of their faces, the degraded situation, and the squalid appearance of their companions, seemed to realize the fantastic incongruities of a vision in disturbed sleep. Close to the distorted and bloated countenance of an enraged drunkard might be seen the pale face of a wretched woman, whose tears had washed away the artificial colouring meant to represent health, and exhibited the wreck of beauty, a prey to disease.

Emma turned away her eyes in disgust from the spectre-like scene, which, at first, attracted them by the fascination of strangeness—a novelty beyond imagining. After the first

glare of the room on entering, the light became dim, the air thick and offensive to the senses. The objects were becoming indistinct—a sickening oppression was stealing over the astonished maiden, when she was aroused by a voice demanding from her conductor, who she was? and for what offence she was brought there?

She lifted her eyes and turning her head saw the captain of the watch, whose slumbers had been broken by the person who introduced her. The captain was at this moment sitting by the fire on the bench which had been his bed: his head was bound with a bandana handkerchief, and a blanket was partly wrapt around him. Emma's conductor was still explaining that she was not constrained to visit their place of guard, and came for assistance; but as the captain's words seemed to confound her with the criminals or rioters of the night, they awakened her energies. She advanced towards him.

"I am not brought here against my will. I come to demand assistance." The beautiful girl seemed at once restored to the possession of her courage and the exercise of her clear intellect. "I come for help to save a gentleman from death. There is not a moment to be lost—let me conduct some of the watch to his assistance. In a few moments he may be a frozen corpse—he is perishing in the street—helpless—in this killing—this dreadful night!"

As she spoke her mantle fell back from her head, for she had thrown it over her quilted hood as a further protection from the storm. The hood slipt off with it, and her face, beaming beauty, benevolence, and intelligence, appeared glowing in the full light of the fire: the comb, which alone sustained the profusion of silken locks, lost its hold as the covering of her head was thrown off, and her long clustering tresses rolled over her slender form in luxuriant confusion.

The captain sprung upon his feet with intent to apologise for the rough reception she had met: he was prevented by one of his subordinates, who had, like himself, been slumbering at the fire; but, as if roused by the last words of Emma, started up—gazed at the unusual apparition, and cried out, as he advanced towards her, "good heavens, Emma Portland! what? what brings you here?" She was employed in adjusting her dress when she heard this well known voice, and looking up beheld Henry Johnson!

CHAPTER XII.

A water-drinker and a wine-bibber in a snow-storm.

"Here is every thing advantageous to life."
True: save means to live."

"So cares and joys abound, as seasons fleet."—*Shakspeare.*

"— When cold winter splits the rocks in twain,
And ice the running rivers did restrain."—*Cowley.*

"But here on earth the guilty have in view
The mighty pains to mighty mischiefs due.—*Dryden.*

"In whatsoever character
The book of fate is writ,
'Tis well we understand not it."—*Cowley.*

"In struggling with misfortunes
Lies the true proof of virtue."—*Shakspeare.*

"Good fortune that comes seldom,
Comes most welcome."—*Dryden.*

"Now some men creep in skittish fortune's hall,
While others play the idiot in her eyes."

"—— Sometimes we are devils to ourselves,
When we will tempt the frailty of our powers."

"He that wants money, means, and content, wants three good friends."—*Shakspeare.*

"Credit it me, friend, it hath been ever thus,
Since the ark rested on Mount Ararat,
False man hath sworn, and woman hath believed—
Repented and reproach'd, and then believed once more."
Walter Scott.

We have seen that Spiffard, his wife, and her mother, had gone to their several duties at the theatre before Emma Portland, accompanied by black Rachel, braved the "peltings of the pitiless storm" on her errand of charity: it was later than usual before they returned home, and found that the adventurous girl, beloved most sincerely by at least two of the

three, was absent. Although the circumstance occasioned surprise, Rachael's testimony in some measure quieted any apprehensions for her safety, as Kent was expected to be her safeguard in returning.

The ladies took supper and retired. Spiffard did neither. To wait the return of Emma, or, if necessary, go in search of her, was the ostensible reason. He had another.

The great exertion of body and mind necessary to the due performance of a long and arduous character, a labour frequently continued for many successive hours, and *that*, after the usual business of the day, and the toil of preparation, is the excuse given for what is called taking refreshment during the time of performance, and supper, with its concomitants, after. Both the one and the other too frequently lead to undue excitement; and, by degrees, aided by (those tempters to wrong) our vitiated appetites, to destruction. Spiffard's exertion in his profession, where singing and acting were united, never induced him to swerve from his habit; and the tumbler of water during labour, and sleep after it, were the only refreshments he required.

He had found that the habits of his wife, fostered by her mother, had long been different; but he had hoped that, by degrees, when convinced that no necessity for stimulants existed, and that they were pernicious, she would accommodate herself to his views and wishes. But it was in vain that he had demonstrated the utility of his practice. When disappointed, he had remonstrated—in vain. He found that attempts at deception were made, to blind him—promises, made with apparent (and at times perhaps real) good faith, were broken. He saw no hope of relief but by abandoning the life of an actor.

He was unhappy. He loved the great tragic actress and his love had been founded on admiration of her talents in the profession. Until he saw her, Spiffard had despised the shafts of the "weak wanton cupid," or if he had felt them, he had roused his strength and made the boy

> "Unloose his am'rous fold,"
> "And like a dew drop from a lion's mane,
> Shook" him "to air;"

but the malicious urchin had his revenge. The attributes of this towering beauty, so distinctive from his own form and character, seemed the more in that respect to have fascinated him. Her skill and powers in an art he loved: her bold demeanor which

appeared like frankness, and often was so; her prompt and pointed speech; her attentions to him in preference to others more favoured in external beauty and lofty stature: all, all, tended to drive the nail which Hymen clinched. He had been subdued without struggle, and had yielded without capitulation or caution.

To ruminate on the past and the present; to form schemes for the future; employed his thoughts as he sat by the fire until a very late hour. A sudden gust of wind howling at the windows and down the chimney, brought to his mind the absence of Emma, for whom he felt a brother's love; and he started from his reverie.

Mrs. Spiffard on awaking from her first sleep, was alarmed, for her husband's absence betokened that of Emma. She opened her chamber door and called to him. He was preparing himself to sally forth; and begging his wife not to be alarmed, he, well prepared to meet the inclemency of the night, proceeded towards the humble abode of the property-man.

His route was the same which led to the pitiable spectacle of the man, admired by thousands, prostrate, "like a dead dog despised," and thrown, as if unworthy burial, to the streets. Fortunately Spiffard took the same side of the pavement which Emma had trodden, otherwise he might have passed, unnoticed, an object that was whitened by the falling snow, and which appeared in the obscurity of the storm more like a mass of accumulated filth and ice than a man. On recognising in this forlorn outcast the person in whom he took so deep an interest, his astonishment was only equalled by his fears for his life.

"This! this is *one* fruit of intemperance!" darted through his mind, accompanied by a thousand images flashing with the rapidity of lightning, all connected with the brutalizing vice which could alone bring a man in the height of popularity, flushed with success and possessing all that wealth or admirers could bestow, to this pitiable perishing condition—a houseless wretch thrust to the winter's blast, to die abandoned by humanity. Thought and action were coexistent. The shock experienced and the train of ideas excited by this humiliating spectacle, did not render Spiffard less prompt in his endeavours to ascertain the extent of the evil, and to apply all possible remedy. His friend was alive, but helpless as a corpse. Spiffard, though active and strong, could not lift him, or he would have borne him to the fire he had just left. He next thought of alarming the neighbours and gaining a shelter for the almost inanimate body.

He had strength enough to place the unhappy man, leaning and in a sitting position, against the lamp-post, with his face turned from the cutting wind and driving snow. His head sunk upon his chest, in deathlike sleep.

As he prepared to execute his purpose of knocking at a neighbouring door and calling for assistance, he perceived that an effort was making by the old man to speak, and with great difficulty the paralyzed organs indistinctly uttered, "let me alone—let me sleep—don't—don't."

At the same moment he saw some persons approaching from Broadway with a light; and to his astonishment he soon perceived that one of them was a female. The image of Emma had been driven from his mind by the surprise of finding Cooke in such a place at such a time and in such a condition. His surprise was as great when he saw the lovely girl advancing in a direction opposite to that in which he would have sought her, and accompanied by two watchmen. It is unnecessary to say that Henry Johnson was one of them.

The explanations that took place were made briefly and rapidly. Henry determined to convey the helpless man to the house of his mother for present shelter. The three men raised him—he protesting against being disturbed. They bore him towards Mrs. Johnson's: Emma leading the way and carrying the light.

Here were three votaries of temperance, saving from death and conducting to the house of the sick and poor, the wealthy and admired victim of a vice they abhorred.

On, Emma Portland made her way, against wind and snow; a guide to the encumbered and labouring group. She might be likened to the "bright particular star," the mariner's safety in trouble.

Spiffard's ever active mind, notwithstanding his bodily exertions, was comparing the light and fragile figure braving the blast and the snow-wreath to save a fellow-creature, with those whose charity is bounded by the gift of alms. The charity of action, was like an angel moving before him. When they arrived at Mrs. Johnson's dwelling, Emma had already knocked and was waiting for admission.

In the meantime her followers had many surmises and some words. We will not endeavour to penetrate the thoughts of Henry Johnson during this laborious walk: it is not too much to suppose that admiration of the conducting messenger had an ample share in them. But his brother watchman—the *altogether*

watchman, who was not of that feeble or lame decrepid family which dramatists and novelists have delighted to describe, but a sturdy American mechanic, who added the wages of the night to those of the day to procure present comfort, and future increase of it, for a wife and children, and whose strength was adequate to his share of the inert burthen he helped to bear—what were his thoughts as he laboured with his companions to support the heavy frame of the half dead tragedian? "Poor wretch!" said Henry "but we shall soon get a comfortable place for his shelter. My mother's doors will not be closed against the sufferer."

"The devil's doors," said the watchman, "would open to receive a fellow creature in such a night as this. The young lady said he was a gentleman. The devil's a gentleman too, they say. She called him Cooke. The cook has made a pretty kettle of fish of it to-night. Johnson, do you know who he is? She called him the great something—by George Washington! he would soon have made something less than nothing if that pretty little girl hadn't brought some of us little folks to help his greatness."

The motion had so far roused Cooke that the word George caught his attention and he muttered heavily, "George—George Frederick—let me alone— you black—I'll never go to his house again—a blow!—George Fred—a blow—" and he sunk again into lethargic slumber.

"What is he?" asked the watchman.

"A great player," answered Spiffard.

"Player? at what?"

"He is a great actor," said Henry.

"O, he *makes believe* great and good on the stage, and plays the devil every where else—and see what it comes to."

"He is not always wise," said Spiffard. "Who is?"

"That's true," said the watchman. "I have heard of lawyer's breaking the law, and preachers forgetting the gospel, but some how or another I am apt to put great and good together, like Franklin or Washington: but it's hard to couple great with such a thing as this."

Each step the bearers took, their burthen became heavier. They were silent for want of breath, for every foot was encumbered with snow, and the furious blasts resisted their efforts to proceed. The watchman shifted his part of the burthen from one hand to the other. Spiffard stumbled, and to save himself relinquished his grasp. Henry saw that Emma had reached the door, and stood knocking without admittance.

"Stop!" said the watchman, "let us try—"

"Let go!" said Henry.—With the strength of athletic youth he snatched the old man from his companions, and treading in Emma's steps he reached his mother's door, where the almost exhausted girl was striving to make herself heard.

Again the watchman and Spiffard assisted the youth to support the ponderous load, while all impatiently awaited the moment that should give them shelter, but none so intensely felt the delay as he who saw the guiding minister of mercy before him, shivering, almost sinking—and saw in her a creature he loved more than life.

"Don't alarm your mother, they hear me, let me go in first."

The sick woman did not sleep; but the little black Hannah was so thickly encompassed by the blankets of forgetfulness that although in the same room with her mistress, it was with difficulty she was awakened, and even then, could not comprehend for some time the direction to "see who knocked at the door." Emma, to prepare Mrs. Johnson, whose voice she heard through the thin tenement, said, "open the door! it is me, Hannah." And with an exclamation of "O, it's Miss Emmy!" the girl did not wait for further orders, but unlocked and opened. Mrs. Johnson's alarm was for her young friend, whose voice at such a season, and heard amid the howlings of a storm, filled her with bewildering apprehensions.

The street-door of the uncomfortable dwelling-place opened upon the only apartment below, which was the bed-chamber of Mrs. Johnson and Hannah, as well as the receptacle of kitchen utensils, and all the furniture poverty had left to the poor. The garret-room served her son as a resting-place.

Emma, entered and begging Mrs. Johnson not to be alarmed, took her hand and said in a low tone, "It is Henry, humanely assisting a man in distress," and then returned to the door (which the bearers of Cooke had left open) and closed it.

A lamp on the hearth threw a faint light over the chamber. The lanthorn which Emma had borne was deposited on a table near the door immediately on her entering. The sick woman had started up in bed and thrown aside the curtain between her and the door on the first alarm; she gazed wildly on the three figures as they came in supporting their senseless burthen.

The bearers of Cooke entered the room in such wise as to present his feet to the hearth, from whence the strongest light in the place proceeded. Henry Johnson, (who supported the head and upper portion of the old man's person), at this mo-

ment so lifted his head that the rays fell full on the face, and the eyes were convulsively opened, as if to catch them. Shaded by her situation from the light, the sick lady had for a moment a full view of the face of the unfortunate creature, thus borne into her hovel by her son. It was but momentary; for the bodies of Spiffard and the watchman, who bore the inferior extremities of the corpse-like object, intervened, and cast a shadow over the features.

Emma was advancing towards her sick friend, after closing the door against the storm, and was hastening to explain appearances so extraordinary; but was shocked to see the expression of her countenance. Her eyes, following in wild gaze the group, (as they approached the fire-place, and put their burthen down), seemed almost starting from their sockets. A flash of light again fell on the old man's head; and before Emma could speak, the sick woman exclaimed, "My God! my God!" and fell back, covering her face with the bedclothes. She had fainted.

This might have been occasioned, in her weak state, by the agitation which the incident produced; for to see a man borne into her chamber after midnight, in a state of insensibility, from whatever cause, was sufficient to overpower a stronger frame than Mrs. Johnson's. But Emma's quick eye saw—or her quick imagination suggested—something more; she knew not what. She flew to her assistance. The men, occupied with Cooke, did not notice either the looks or exclamations of the invalid. They proceeded to rekindle the expiring fire; and after placing the wretched man in a chair, they by degrees restored him to a consciousness of existence, although still under the influence of the fatal cause of his degradation.

The efforts of Emma Portland were successful. Mrs. Johnson revived; and seeing herself in the arms of her young friend, her first exclamation was, as she gazed in her beautiful face, exposed fully to view by throwing off the drenched snow-covered hood—"Thank God! it was but a dream. I did not see——"

Before she had finished the sentence, the hoarse discordant voice of the object of her terror gave assurance that he was still in her presence. She heard him calling for brandy; and uttering curses and imprecations on those who were endeavouring to save him.

The sick lady hastily drew the curtains of her bed between her and the group at the fire, and then throwing herself with

her face on the pillow, murmured wildly, "Save me! save me!" For a moment Emma's astonishment rendered her immovable. She then heard the sobs of her friend; and hoping tears would relieve what she supposed was an hysterical affection, produced by fright, endeavoured to quiet her agitation; but for some minutes no attention was paid to her soothing and encouraging words. Such conduct in one usually calm and resigned under every suffering, created a confusion of ideas, and a tumultuous thronging of half-formed conjectures, in the mind of Miss Portland, that bade defiance to every effort she could make, for the recovery of her self-command.

At length Mrs. Johnson, becoming more calm, inquired in whispers the meaning of Emma's appearance, under such circumstances, and at such a time. She was briefly told, that detained late by her attendance on the sick, she had, in going home, found Mr. Cooke in a state of insensibility, and, as she thought, perishing; that Henry had saved him and brought him to her hearth. But, again, to Emma's astonishment, the agitation of her aged friend increased, and she murmured—

"You—brought Henry—to rescue him! He saved him—from death! Henry—bore him—in his arms—to my fireside—O, heavenly Father!"

And again she hid her face, and sobbed aloud. Emma looked with bewildered feelings at emotion so strong as to be unaccountable; for although the incidents were strange, they were apparently inadequate to produce such effects upon such a person, so mild, and piously resigned.

The scene became more calm. Mrs. Johnson appeared quiet. Emma sat by her in silence. The voice of the turbulent George Frederick sunk to mutterings; and finally, as the warmth of the room and fire produced their effect, was lost in a lethargic sleep. The watchman declared that he must return to the hall and watch-house; undertaking, at Henry's suggestion, to represent to the Captain the necessity for his remaining with Cooke. Spiffard, assuring Mrs. Johnson that at an early hour he would come with a sleigh and remove his friend, obtained permission of Henry, that he might remain under his protection until morning; and then representing to Emma the propriety of their hastening home, where her long absence must occasion great alarm, she prepared again, with Henry's assistance and Spiffard's protection, to encounter the storm—Henry lamenting the necessity for his remaining with his mother and her unexpected inmate.

CHAPTER XIII.

An unexpected family-meeting.

Tis our own wisdom moulds our state:
Our faults and virtues make our fate."—*Cowley.*

" The power that ministers to God's decrees,
And executes on earth what he foresees:
Called providence, or chance, or fatal sway—"—*Dryden.*

" The heavens have bless'd you with a goodly son,
To be your comforter."—*Shakspeare.*

" For what we learn in youth, to that alone,
In age we are, by second nature prone."—*Dryden.*

" I look as if all hell were in my heart!
And I in hell! nay surely 'tis so with me."—*Otway.*

" Are these things then necessities?
Then let us meet them with necessities."

" Pay her the debt you owe her, and unpay the villany you have done with her; the one you may do with sterling money, and the other with current resistance."—*Shakspeare.*

THE progress of our story brings us to the description of a scene, such as I believe is new to the readers of romance, and could only have been produced by the fatal effects of that vice which it is my object faithfully to portray.

As the little black Hannah had long retired to renewed sleep, by taking refuge up-stairs, the apartment was left to the sole occupancy of Cooke, Mrs. Johnson, and her son.

The object of his late solicitude being now safe from immediate peril, and asleep by the fire, Henry approached the bed and drew aside the curtains to inquire how far this intrusion had disturbed his mother. Having been assured by her, that although she had been frightened and agitated, still she was glad that he had brought the unhappy man to her house, he said, " I presume, mother, that Emma has told you who it is

that we have prevented from freezing to death, like an outcast from the human race, in the streets of this populous city. Is it not strange, that the celebrated Mr. Cooke, after whom thousands run to enjoy the effects of his skill, and night after night hail him with delight, and crown him with applause, should be abandoned to perish like a dog, unsheltered from such a storm of wind and snow as now howls around us? Is it not strange?"

"Strange! It is *all* strange."

"That we should succour him?"

"Yes, Henry, that *we* should succour him."

"We, who however much we might wish to share in the pleasure his talents afford—and all say he is unrivalled—that we, who are by poverty prevented the gratification thousands enjoy, in seeing and hearing him during the proud exhibitions of genius—that we should see him thus, and be instruments in saving him from destruction. That while his admirers and his intimates should be unconscious of his peril—that he should owe his safety to us, who have never even seen him!"

"To us! To us, who—to *one*——Henry, my son, did you —did *you* bear him in your arms to your mother's roof for shelter?"

"Yes. After, by the assistance of Mr. Spiffard and George Crosby, he had been raised from the pavement, and brought near the house, I, alone, took him in my arms until we reached the door; and then they assisted in bringing him in."

"O, merciful father! what a picture is this!"

"Mother!"

"The son—Henry, the time has come—you must know—"

"Mother!"

"The son, bearing his degraded and almost lifeless father in his arms to the hearth of the deserted wife—the cherished mother!"

"For heaven's sake, mother!" And he turned his eyes to the man of whom they spoke, with emotions so conflicting, that his countenance assumed the appearance of one without thought. But when his sight was fixed on the disgusting object occupying the chair which *he* had prepared for his feeble mother, and muttering incoherent sentences in his troubled sleep, he could not withdraw it, but gazed as if fascinated by an obscene spectre. At length he exclaimed, "This! this! *My father!*"

"Yes, Henry. That man, on whom your straining eyes are fixed as though they would start from their sockets

—that man, from whom, for your sake, I would willingly withdraw *my eyes* forever—that man is my husband, and your father."

Thus were three beings brought together in one small apartment—drawn, as into an enchanter's circle, by a power beyond all sorcery—forced against will to approach each other by a chain of causation forged from all eternity. Ordained to meet for good purposes, and the exercise of charity, by the great and all-beneficent Artificer of that great universe, whose revolving worlds and central suns cherish life and motion, beyond our faculties to comprehend—of that great system in which the man, and the worm, and the mite are parts: all provided for by that infinite wisdom, against whose will they seem to struggle, but struggle in vain.

In this, as in all things, his will shall ultimately prevail. Three of the human family so connected—so dissevered—so dissimilar—are here brought together by means unsought and unknown. There stood the son, between the sick and long-suffering mother, and a father whose faults and cherished habits had caused that wife and mother to fly for shelter to a foreign land, that her child might not be sullied by his father's vices. A mother who had withheld all knowledge of his father from her son, until she saw him the pure and high-souled being who would only be more firmly fixed in worth by the knowledge of a father's weakness.

Such were the beings brought thus strangely together. Such is the picture I would place before my reader.

Mrs. Johnson, now in the decline of life, who had by twenty years of penitence, united with well-doing, expiated the follies of youth, and suffered with humility and resignation the inevitable consequences of self-willed rashness. Mr. Cooke, still further declined "into the vale of years," conscious, when capableof thought, that by the gratification of selfishness and sensual propensities, nourished into habits, he had brought disease and premature decay on himself, and blighted all the good gifts of nature. But the third figure in this incongruous family picture, stood between them, in health, strength, bright intellectual faculties, perfected by ardent study, and crowned by moral and religious habits.

"No, mother, no! A father is one who protects, instructs, blesses. This man did neither for me. My father must have loved and cherished my mother. This man did neither. I have but one father! He did all this for you and for me! To this man I owe nothing, for he has done nothing for me; and

the blessings *I enjoy*—for which I owe you my gratitude—are owing to my never having known that man: being separated from him I have escaped pollution!"

"Do not speak so, my son! He is your father! Sit down by me, Henry. You are agitated by the thoughts that this discovery suggests."

He sunk down on the bed and embraced his mother.

"That you, a being so pure, should have been united *to* such——"

"Hush! He is your father!"

"That you, mother, whose soul is truth, should, for a long series of years, have lived in a foreign country, and sheltered by a false character! *You*, who have taught me to shun all mystery, and have even disapproved of this pious disguise which I now wear; though I have never denied what I thought my name, but am enrolled in the city watch as Henry Johnson—a name I will always retain! Even this dress, put on when my duty as a clerk is over, to gain a pittance for your comfort in sickness, appeared to your mind too much like deception; and yet that man's baseness has forced you to assume a false name, and hide from me, your son, the knowledge of your marriage with one, whose name has been bruited in our ears, year after year, and who has for months occupied the public attention in the land to which he had driven you for refuge!"

"I have never said that he drove me from England."

"Circumstances speak louder than words. But now there can be no objections to my knowing all; and while he sleeps under the influence of the poison which has caused *his* ruin, and so much sorrow to *you*, tell me the leading facts of your story; let me *know—Mister Cooke!*"

Mrs. Johnson, at the earnest solicitations of her son, briefly related the facts connected with her marriage; which I will give, as briefly, in my own words, in the next chapter.

CHAPTER XIV.

Domestic life of the intemperate.

"Mens' vows are womens' traitors."

"False as the wind, the water, or the weather;
Cruel as tigers o'er their trembling prey."

"——— Though those that are betray'd,
Do feel the treason sharply; yet the traitor
Stands in worse case of woe."

"Make me acquainted with your cause of grief."

"To be entangled with those mouth-made vows,
That break themselves in swearing."

"By all the vows that ever men have broke.
In number more than ever women spoke."

"The purest treasure mortal times afford,
Is spotless reputation. Mine honour
Is my life."—*Shakspeare.*

All we have to do with the story of George Frederick Cooke, is to account for his connection with the fate of Mrs. Johnson.

Cooke was the son of an Irish serjeant of dragoons, and of a Scotch lady. He was born on the 17th of April, 1756.

The serjeant died soon, and the lady was received again by the friends she had abandoned, (for the drum or the bugle;) at least, so far as to be enabled to live above want, and give her only child, George Frederick, a good English education, in the town of Berwick upon Tweed.

He had been married to a Miss Daniels, and divorced from her legally, and was at the height of his celebrity, when it was the ill fate of a Miss Lamb to be thrown into his society. He, in common with General Williams, and Richard the Third, had

a wheedling tongue: and the young lady was flattered by the attentions of the man whom the people "delighted to honour." She was told that his habits had long been of the worst kind, "but, "as all is mortal in nature, so is all nature, in love, mortal in folly." She considered all these tales as "weak inventions of the enemy;" and, like many other young ladies, preferred her own inclinations to the advice of her friends.

Miss Lamb, as the London Witlings of 1808, said, "was basted by the Cooke," she, like many young people of both sexes, formed erroneous ideas of the stage, and those who tread it. She had seen and admired Cooke at Covent Garden, before she met him in private company. She had witnessed the enthusiastic admiration of others. To be the admired of the admired, turned the head of the young and artless girl. In vain she was forewarned: his fame, and his bewitching manners, when sober; (as he could continue long to be, for any subordinate purpose, though not to preserve health, reputation, and well-being,) surmounted all opposition: the lady became Mrs. Cooke.

But long before this sacrifice of the Lamb, say in the year 1790 or '91, for nobody ever knew the exact date, a similar sacrifice had been made at the same altar. Indeed, we have reason to believe that George Frederick was as little scrupulous in forming matrimonial engagements, as he was in entering into theatrical ones, and broke them as easily. This early engagement was with the lady who we know as Mrs. Johnson. Cooke was then the hero of Manchester, Liverpool, Bath, and Bristol; and even then was noted for long continued, and oft repeated seasons of intemperance. However, the lady thought love would cure all faults, and she married him. Of this marriage I can find no record; certain it is, he married twice in England, and once in America afterward.

With some little outbreakings, now and then, we may suppose that months passed almost happily. George was fond of reading, and really loved his wife—for a time. It was impossible that any creature, possessing human feelings, could do otherwise. Attractive in personal appearance, though no beauty—with all the good habits rendered permanent by a tender domestic education—with love and admiration of her husband, approaching to idolatry—in short, with every qualification to render a retired matrimonial life happy—how could a man, endowed, by nature, with good sense and good feeling, fail to love such a being?

But habit—that devil, or that angel, as it is good or evil—the habit, which, in this unhappy man, had weakened the best

feelings of our nature, and proved the worst of devils, resumed that sway, which, the desire to gain a fine young girl, and the novelty of a happy marriage, had interrupted. The bottle, and the riot, and the madness of intoxication, increased by the waning of love, and perfected by former associations, prevailed over every consideration which ought to guide a rational creature.

The sufferings of the wife were beyond the power of pen to portray. Long she pined in solitude, for she only saw her husband when he required a nurse or a servant. No reproach, by word or look, escaped her. Her tears were unseen; her smiles and tenderness unappreciated. She became a mother, and saw that her child had no father. From bad to worse—from insensibility to brutality—down—down, sunk the victim of vice; and lower and lower in misery, the victim's victim.

The friends of the lady interfered; but the pride of the conscious criminal was roused, and defiance to them, and reproach to his wife, was the consequence.

Let us draw a veil over the scenes which could induce such a woman as Mrs. Johnson to adopt the resolution of flying, with her child, from their native country, to seek a refuge from the husband and the father. To mitigate her own sufferings, might have proved a sufficient motive for assuming another name, and crossing the seas; but she had *another*: to remove her boy from such a parent, and hide from him the knowledge of a being, whose example might cause ruin, and whose conduct must cause shame.

She was assisted by sympathising friends; and the measures taken for her flight were so judiciously planned, and carefully executed, that she was placed in safety, with the means of present support, on the shores of the new world.

Cooke never knew where she had gone, or how she had been enabled to accomplish a retreat which left no traces behind. The event awakened him to remorse. His pride, too, was hurt. But every voice that cried *shame*! was drowned by the voice of intemperance. In time, the wife and child appeared to be forgotten, as though they had never been. But although he married again and again, *they* visited his dreams; and in those moments when images of the past come unbidden; the moments of feverish and unquiet sleep; moments appropriated to themselves by the intemperate; in those moments when the present is shrouded in clouds and darkness, then would a flash from awakening conscience illumine the figures of his wife and child. She, holding the boy up, as if to invite the father's hand,

and suddenly snatching the infant away when within his grasp. Sometimes in bodily torture, his own groans would sound as those of his dying wife; and he would see her and her boy sinking amidst waves. But to the world he appeared as if he had never had wife or child; and of his early marriage the world never knew. Much-dreaded solitude could not be avoided. Then came the pangs of wakeful conscience, or the visions of troubled sleep, with physical suffering and mental anguish, intolerable.

Such was George Frederick Cooke in England, and in the sick chamber of his long-lost wife in New-York.

The romances with which he amused himself and his hearers, in hours of incipient ebriation, always turned upon adventures occurring to himself in America. This makes it probable, that in the musings upon his wife's flight, he suspected that the United States was the place of her concealment. American history was the subject of his reading. He was intimately acquainted with all the scenes of the American revolutionary war. He delighted in imagining himself to have been an actor in them, and so to represent himself to his companions. His memory and imagination were sufficiently strong to produce descriptions and narrations that puzzled his hearers, and produced effects upon them, that flattered the narrator in those moments when reason and conscience were drugged by the undermining opiates applied to the senses. It is even possible that this suspicion, (relative to his wife's place of refuge,) influenced him, when, in one of his many moments of madness, he inlisted in a marching regiment, as a common soldier, and was only prevented being transported to America, by the accidental discovery of his purpose, at the time, and in the act of embarkation.

CHAPTER XV.

A morning after a snow-storm.

"Blow, blow, thou winter's wind,
Thou art not so unkind
As man's ingratitude."—*Shakspeare.*

"For lordly want is such a tyrant fell,
That where he rules, all power he doth expel."—*Spenser.*

"——— O, that men's ears should be
To counsel deaf, and not to flattery."

"Swift as a shadow, short as a dream;
Brief as the lightning in the collied night,
That in a spleen, unfolds both heaven and earth;
And ere a man hath power to say, *behold!*
The jaws of darkness doth devour it up:
So quick-bright things come to confusion."

"——— Whereto serves mercy,
But to confront the visage of offence."

"In the corrupted currents of this world,
Offence's gilded hand may shove by justice;
——— but 'tis not so above:
There is no shuffling, there the action lies
In his true nature."

"Master Fang, have you entered the action?"——*Shakspeare.*

A WINTER'S night is long, even to the happy healthful sleeper; but to the sick, the afflicted, or the faithful watcher, it is doubly long. The agitated, suffering mother, knew no rest. The son, tormented by conflicting thoughts and images, knew not the balm of sleep.

The pious matron poured her soul in prayer. If, for a moment, her sighs and sobs were not heard, and her tears ceased to flow—if slumbers fell upon her exhausted senses, visions ot years long past, made the reality of the present more bitter after the momentary cessation of pain.

Henry, at times, paced the floor; at times sat motionless, gazing at the pitiable object whose presence banished rest, and scarcely breathing in the hope that his mother slept; but when a sigh or sob fell on his ear, he started.

"Can I help you to any thing, mother?"

"No, my son."

And again he walked the floor, while the past, the present, and the future, revolved again and again in his troubled mind. The last was a cloudy prospect, but hope seldom deserts youth, and a light broke through the darkness, and discovered the form of Emma Portland. But the clouds of the present encompassed him around. His only resource for the support of his mother through the winter, was the scanty wages he received as a watchman—a pittance earned by the sale of that rest which youth requires. The last quarter's rent for the hovel they lived in, had not been paid, and another had become due that day. He had served the stipulated time, within a few weeks, as a clerk, and had qualified himself for the salary, he was, by agreement, to receive for the succeeding year, commencing at the time his present service of probation ended; but, in the mean time, for months to come, he had only his present inadequate resources to support his mother and himself, and no means of pacifying his landlord, even by a payment of a small portion of the debt, without depriving his mother of necessaries for subsistence.

His father was present—was before him—was rolling in wealth—but he shrunk from him with loathing. He congratulated himself that he was unknown as his son. There sat, in deathlike insensibility, the husband and father, who was the cause of misery to the wife and son; whose wife was sinking prematurely to the grave prepared by him, and who was himself committing the most cowardly suicide.

"Time and the hour runs through the longest day." And so, the longest night. Day dawned on the mother and son: but a winter's day on the first of February 1812 did not promise much consolation to them, although worthy of "joy and gladness." Long as is the night when the snow covers the earth, and the winds howl around the poor, the sleepless, and the sick, the day will come; but it came unattended by comfort to Mrs. Johnson. She looked from her curtained bed, a luxury yet preserved to her, and saw the disgusting object, still sleeping, who might claim her as a wife, and her beloved Henry as a son. She turned again to her pillow, and drew the curtains around her.

The fire had almost expired, and Henry, chilled by long watching, felt that the room had become cold: he brought fuel from the ill-supplied wood-pile in an adjoining closet. He brought it reluctantly; for he saw that the scanty store would barely suffice to warm the room for his sick mother for the coming day. It is only day by day that the poor can purchase, and that at the dearest rate, *that* article necessary for the support of life. The city authorities aid the poor in the last extremity; but it is such as those we are now contemplating, who are the last to look for such succour. They suffer in silence, while the improvident and vicious complain.

Freely could Henry Johnson have given to the stranger and the sufferer; but he reluctantly threw down the wood on the hearth, and turned away again with a degree of irritation, from the man for whose immediate comfort he was about to sacrifice what might be required for his mother's support. The noise made by the falling wood roused the lethargic sleeper. He looked with blood-shot eyes sleepily around him; and that face, which native intellect had so often brightened into all the flashing changes of the most energetic passion—that countenance, on which thousands of admiring spectators had gazed, and testified their delight at the intellectual powers which illumined it by shouts of applause, was a bloated, discoloured, disgusting mask, incapable of any expression but that of idiotic vacancy.

"Where am I?" he asked. "Who are you? O, ay—the watch-house. Watchman! Fellow! I'm cold—cold—cold—"

The last words were muttered as to himself, and he continued in the same tone.

"The scoundrel!—Strike me—*me*—in his own house."

And his face assumed an expression of despair and malignity as he growled somewhat louder, "I've been ranging all night in hell!—Watchman!—Get me a bottle of brandy!"

O, who can feel—who can realize the agony which these sounds conveyed to the hearts of the hearers? To a wife! To a son! To a mother!

When we see such objects, (they are even yet sometimes seen) and hear them uttering sounds of insensate joy, or desperate and, perhaps, blasphemous defiance. When we ask, has he a wife, and children? has he parents? heart-stricken parents certainly—if death has not mercifully removed them! How painful is the question to the benevolent!

Henry cast a look on the face of the wretched man and hastily withdrew his eyes.

"Fellow, I tell you I am cold—here's money—get me brandy!"

The young man kneeled down and blew the fire.

"Watchman! I say, get me a quart of brandy! I am cold!"

"I will make more fire."

"Brandy! I say, brandy!"

"You have had too much already."

"Ha! do you talk to me! who are you, sirr?"

"A man, and in my senses. A man who has not drowned the voice of conscience by strong liquor, or reduced himself by indulging his vitiated appetite to a state of helplessness and idiotcy.".

The youth stood erect before his father. The returning reason of the unhappy being, on whom his stern eye rested, seemed to be quickened by its flash. His eyes brightened into partial speculation, and the pupils dilated as if to gain distinct images for the sluggish and diseased soul they served. He gazed in Henry's face—then around the room—at the fire—and again on the young man's face—and the muscles of his own visage betrayed emotions of pain and confusion.

"This is not the watch-house?—The watchmen brought me into the watch-house—the snow—the street—I was sleeping on the street—yes—it would have been my last sleep—Oh, God!—"

And he shuddered as awakened reason presented images of the past, and of the imagined future, mingled and twined, and succeeding each other in mazes, now bright, now indistinct, but all fearful; and his face assuming the demoniacal expression which he had studied *for*, and his admirers had applauded *in* the horrible character of the unnatural father in Massinger's play, he groaned as he shouted—"brandy—bring me a quart of brandy!"

"Not a drop sir. I see that you can understand what I say, and I tell you that you are in the room of a sick woman. My mother! and you *must not* disturb her by this vociferation. You were found perishing in the street, and brought hither by those who wished to preserve your life; you shall have shelter, and warmth, and food, until your friends come to you, or until you can remove yourself, provided you behave with decency, otherwise——"

During these words the tragedian had rouzed himself, and sat erect on the chair he occupied, and now, with a tone of more sanity, he interrupted the speaker with—"What sirr?—otherwise what?"

"I will thrust you from walls your presence pollutes."

Cooke's eye kindled, and he was preparing a reply, when his attention was called to the bed by a loud groan from the sufferer within. The fire blazed a momentary flickering light, and he saw in the partial opening of the curtain, a thin pale ghastly face, and heard a faint exclamation of "oh no! no!"

"Who is that?—what's that?" cried the conscience-stricken man, and he crouched down in the chair, his eyes still fixed on the curtain, now closed, and his lips moving in convulsive horror. He then cast down his head, closed his eye-lids, and covered his face with his clasped hands.

Henry went to the bed-side, and the son and mother communed in whispers.

Some minutes elapsed. The aged misguided sufferer seemed to sink into the insensibility from which the awakening of reason and consciousness had aroused him. Suddenly he exclaimed.

"I saw her!—I saw her before!—Where am I?—I have seen her and heard her all night—sick—well—young—old—dying—saving me—cursing me—"

The sick woman sobbed aloud, and her son advanced to still the raving dreamer.

"Hush, sir, you disturb my sick mother."

"Your mother? That face—O, ay, I recollect now—the street—the storm—the snow—you preserved me—you saved me from perishing like a famished cur in the street of a populous city—thrust out and dishonoured by a blow—no matter—but you were not alone—there was a female—a guiding and a guarding angel—she appeared alone—and strove to help me—she disappeared—and devils came in her stead—she appeared again—she hovered round me—she strove to save me!"

"Yes, there was a female, one *but* for whom you had perished, a frozen outcast in the night storm. There *was* an angel that guided the strength which rescued you. Was she the first female who, by her efforts, has rescued you from death? Who, by her cares, has tried to save you from destruction?"

"Who are you that ask that question? Fellow, do you know—Fellow!—good fellow—you saved me—give me—give me—some water—some water."

He threw himself back in the sick woman's chair, for it was that he sat in, and Henry, softened to pity, flew to present a glass of cold and refreshing water to his burning lips.

Again the old man shut his eyes, seemingly offended by the

light which now streamed in through the ill-closed shutters, and silence again reassumed her reign, only interrupted by the noises of the busy street, the cries of those who administer to the comforts of others, and the tinkling of sleigh-bells, from the hackman's, the cartman's, or the milkman's, sleds.

Henry walked the floor, or occasionally approached the bed of his mother. He suppressed his groans. He knew that the day had commenced on which his landlord had threatened to distrain for rent. He knew that he could only offer a small portion saved from the wages of night watches. He knew that his all, and the savings of his mother's industry, had been exhausted by the expenses attendant on a sick bed. And now he knew that his father, rolling in riches, and wallowing in destructive excess, was before him.—The thought occurred, "shall he be the means of our deliverance—has his vices driven him unknowingly to save the being who suffers for his sins?" But he spurned it from him. "Rather let her go to the poor-house—she is entitled to that shelter—rather let us perish—perish!—am I not young and strong?—Is there not a God above us?—but my mother!—she shall to the hospital, rather than receive aid from——"

These thoughts were interrupted by a knock at the street-door, and Henry went out of the room.

Cooke was now thoroughly awake, although still under the influence of the poison which was destroying soul and body. Thought had been aroused, and retrospection tormented him. He then recurred to the present situation, and felt a wish to repay the poor people who had succoured him. His attention was called to the voices of the supposed watchman, and some other person at the door. He heard sentences which, as his senses became more acute, he put together, and formed the conclusion that a bailiff was demanding rent, and threatening a sale of furniture. He looked around and saw tokens of poverty, and some remains of a better state, and proofs of taste above the state of the habitually poor. He listened to the words of those without.

"Speak lower—she is very ill."

"He says I must sell to-day."

"I will write to him again. I can pay——"

"He says it will not do."

"She is very low—kill her—"

"Hospital—"

"She cannot be moved."

"Gracious heaven!" thought Cooke, "are they going to turn

poor sick creature out into the storm, from which she has sheltered me;" and he strove to rise from his seat, but his abused and stiffened limbs failed, and he sunk down again—he heard the voices louder.

"I must obey my orders."

"I will resist. She shall not be removed! I have another proposition—"

"I can't be going backward and forward day after day."

"Who's there?" shouted Cooke. "Come in!"

"I will write to him—I will compensate you. A day's delay—"

"Who's there? I say?"

Henry hearing Cooke's voice, and fearing that his mother would be more disturbed by that than even by the presence of the constable, came into the room with him.

"Henry, come hither, my son." The young man obeyed, and the officer walked to the fire and placed himself between it and the squalid figure in the chair, of which he took no notice, until he was addressed with the imperative, "Fellow, take off your hat!"

"For what?"

"Don't you know me, fellow? I am George Frederick Cooke."

"Poh! poh! hold your tongue."

"Stand from before me!"

"Well, well; I wont keep the fire from you, poor devil!"

"Poor devil!—Yes, yes; I am, I am!"

"Well, Mr. Johnson, if you have any thing to offer, do it soon. I will go to the landlord once more, for I do not want to inconvenience the old woman; but, right's right, and the rent must be paid, and *I* must be paid."

"Sit down, if you please, I will write once more to Mr. Jones." And Henry took from a hanging shelf (on which were a few books) some paper and an ink-stand, and sat down to make his proposal to his landlord, with little hope but of a short respite, and time to think and to remove his father from the scene of his mother's suffering.

In the mean time Cooke put a bank note into the constable's hand, unperceived by Henry, and gained information immediately, from the astonished officer, of the sum for which the landlord's warrant was issued.

Henry having written a short note carried it to his mother. It being now broad-day, she read it without opening the curtains.

"This will not do, my son. Why not apply to your em-

ployer. He has promised that after next May you shall have a salary in his counting-house, and he would, if he knew our situation, advance enough to relieve us."

"Mother, I cannot. He reproached me lately, on finding me asleep at my desk, and accused me of dissipation; supposing my sluggish senses were overpowered in consequence of night-watchings of a very different complexion from the reality. I cannot apply to him. This application to Mr. Jones will gain us time."

"Young man!—Come here!" said Cooke in a tone of command.

Henry obeyed; unconscious of the mixed motives which guided his steps.

"I am George Frederick Cooke!" Henry was about to retire again with an air and feeling of disgust. "I will be heard, sirr," continued the excited tragedian. "I have a right to be heard and to be obeyed." Henry shuddered. Cooke continued. "You have saved my life, sirr, and your mother has sheltered me in this house, from which your landlord threatens to eject her, and to snatch the bed from under her on which she is, perhaps, languishing in her last sickness, and for the paltry sum of fifty dollars for two quarters rent. I wil pay the rent. Give me the pen and ink, and I will write an order for the money."

"No."

"Why not, sirr?"

"My mother cannot, shall not, receive aid from—from—*you*."

"From *me*, sirr? George Frederick Cooke! Constable, give me the table, and pen, and ink, and paper."

"No. I say *no*. Never!"

"Henry!"

"Mother!" and he again shrouded himself within the curtains of his agitated, almost exhausted mother.

The constable, at the request of Cooke, placed the table and writing materials before him; he attempted to write an order on the treasurer of the theatre for fifty dollars; his hand would not obey his will; he gave an unintelligible scrawl to the officer.

"What this? This won't do."

It was handed back and torne. Cooke then thought of Spiffard, and in a scrawl, scarcely legible, he wrote a few words to him, desiring him to come to him quickly.

The little black girl had by this time ended her second

peaceful slumber, and had come forth from her dormitory and taken her place by the fire.

Cooke having finished his scrawl, now first saw the child's black face, and eyes wide open and fixed on *him*. "Come hither, blackey, can you take this to Mr. Spiffard?"

"If misses pleases."

Henry again came forward, and in a collected manner addressed his father. "Mr. Spiffard was assisting in bringing you hither, sir, and has promised to be here again this morning. He will remove you from hence."

"He will bring the money, and discharge this debt and this constable."

"No. That he *shall* not. All we ask of you is your absence, and that you will forget that you were ever sheltered by this roof."

As Henry Johnson now stood proudly rejecting the assistance offered by the man who had wronged his mother, his tall and athletic person drawn up to its utmost height, gave additional dignity to a face which would not be selected by the sculptor or the painter as a model of beauty, but rather for one of power; a model for a leader in the field, or in the council. The reader may observe, in Sully's portrait of Cooke, that breadth between the eyes, at the junction of the nose with the forehead, which has been supposed to characterize strength of intellect. It may be seen likewise in the portrait of Washington, by Stuart, and in Ciracchi's bust of the hero. This same feature marked the face of Henry Johnson, combined with a fine open broad forehead, large hazle eyes, and mouth of uncommon beauty, in all which he resembled his mother.

The extraordinary situation in which Cooke found himself placed, (extraordinary even for him, and as *he* understood it, but beyond measure more so in reality), consciousness of the *present*, and indistinct recollections of the past night, seemed to recall his mental faculties to their healthful operation, and he spoke with the tone of restored reason.

"Young man! what do you mean? Do you think I am a beast, devoid of reason or gratitude? Do you think I can ever forget the obligation I am under to you and your mother? Am I not under the greatest possible obligation to her?"

"You are—you are!"

"Am I not bound to assist her?"

"Yes; you are, indeed! More——"

"I owe my life to you and to her. And do you deny me the privilege of doing my duty towards her?"

"You cannot."

"Am I not rich?"

"Rich! rich! Money! riches and money! Thus, in *your* world, everything is swallowed up in the thought of money. Money covers all—sanctions all. Can your riches restore to that dying woman the years of peace and health which a ruffian's baseness has robbed her of? Can your fifty dollars pay her for country—friends—peace of mind—health?"

"Henry! Henry!"

"I have done. Forgive me, mother! Keep your riches, sir. We will do as we have done, without your—without them! You will be removed to your home, and then we shall be restored to that quiet which is necessary to the sick—perhaps the dying."

"But you want a friend——"

"Friend? We shall find a friend. We have a friend who has never deserted us, and never will desert us, as long as we confide in him, and do our duty towards his creatures."

The energy of the young man—the discrepancy between his rough watchman's dress, and his comparatively polished language—the mystery which, to Cooke's apprehension, appeared to surround him and his mother—combining with the agitation and confusion existing in the old man's mind, now overwhelmed him. He sunk back again in the sick lady's chair, and covered his face with his hands.

"But this won't do for me, Mr. Johnson," said the constable. "I must do my duty. Why not take this old man's offer, and let me go."

"Never, sir! never! If Mr. Jones will not consent to the proposition in my note, you must do your duty. My mother can die in the hospital."

NOTE.—Two facts are used by the author which are recorded in the memoirs of Cooke. He was found in the street covered with snow at midnight, and conveyed by watchmen to a poor woman's house; and he not only offered but actually paid a quarter's rent, and prevented the sale of the poor widow's furniture.

CHAPTER XV.

Some sunshine.

"Look how we can, or sad, or merrily,
Interpretation will misquote our looks."

"O, how full of briars is this working-day world."

"Sweet are the uses of adversity.
The icy fang,
And churlish chiding of the winter's wind,
Which when it bites, and blows upon my body.
Even till I shrink with cold, I smile and say
This is no flattery."

"I am strong and lusty:
For in my youth I never did apply
Hot and rebellious liquors to my blood—
Therefore my age is as a lusty winter,
Frosty, but kindly."

"There is a tide in the affairs of men,
Which taken at the flood, leads on to fortune,
Omitted, all the voyage of their life
Is bound in shallows and in miseries."

"'Tis not enough to help the feeble up,
But to support him after."—*Shakspeare.*

SPIFFARD'S first thoughts on awaking, were occupied by the events of the past night, and the recollection of the situation in which he left Mr. Cooke. The storm was over. Clear, bright and cold was the morning. He was soon equipped for a walk through the untrodden snow, and proceeded without delay to Mrs. Johnson's. Before he entered that lady's door, he very unexpectedly encountered a friend, with whom he had had no communication for some weeks.

Mr. Littlejohn's attention had been occupied, as a merchant, by the difficulties of "the times," and, as a father, by the joyful recovery of his son and his re-establishment under his roof. Restored to perfect health, he now resided at home, and occu-

pied himself in those studies which belonged to his clerical profession, and accorded with his serious character. For the present he withheld himself from the duties of public instruction, as he knew that the nature of his late malady might, in the public mind, injure or weaken the effect of his exertions, until time should cast his veil over the past. The presence of the son in bodily and mental health was (more than his mercantile prosperity), a subject of congratulation to the father.

Among the eccentricities of the elder Littlejohn was a habit of early rising and strenuous pedestrian exercises before breakfast, at all seasons of the year and in all weathers. In summer he enjoyed the hour before the sun had overpowered the freshness of the morning air, but with his rays had called forth the notes of a thousand birds in the shades of Greenwich, and gilded the broad expanse of waters where the two rivers meet in our beautiful bay. In winter, he did not wait for the lazy luminary, but as soon as his approach afforded sufficient light, the old man, already long prepared, issued to the cold and nipping air, and by a rapid walk prepared himself for an early American breakfast of coffee and buckwheat-cakes.

On this clear and cold morning, Mr. Littlejohn was as usual out for a walk of three or four miles, and making the first tracks in the snow that had fallen during the night. Not far from the door of Mrs. Johnson's humble dwelling, he was surprised to see his young friend Spiffard approaching Broadway; surprised, because he knew that players are obliged to sit up late, especially those of the *sock*, and after returning late from the theatre, being fatigued and exhausted, usually take late suppers; and he knew, that although a water-drinker would not be so likely to over-eat or over-sleep himself as a wine-bibber, yet "late to bed makes late to rise." He turned to meet him.

"How's this, my young friend? I never greeted you in my morning rambles before. Have you become an early riser?"

"Not usually so early as to-day, sir."

"I must reproach you for neglecting me. It is long since you called upon me. My son is now at home with me."

"And well, sir?"

"Perfectly restored. Come and see him. He will be pleased, now, to be acquainted with you. Your professions are supposed not to assimilate, but I think your minds would."

"Society has raised a bar between the preacher and the player; perhaps it would have been better had it never existed; but as it is, I would not advise your son or any other

clergyman to step over it. When players, by their conduct, remove the bar, then let the intercourse commence."

"That, *you* have done; therefore be it as you say. Come, shall we take our walk together?"

"I am on an errand of business, sir; and business in which I think you will be interested and become a partner."

"Indeed! I should not have thought that a young actor and an old merchant would have entered into a business partnership upon so short an acquaintance."

"I know, sir, that there is one feeling that is common to us —a feeling that young and old ought equally to partake of— the feeling of love to our neighbour, which generates pity for his weakness, and the desire to strengthen and relieve him. It is a business of this nature to which I invite your partnership."

"I believe we understand each other pretty well, young man; but, before I agree to open a partnership account with you, I must know something more particular than the mere nature of the speculation. Communicate."

"I will, sir. If you will turn about with me, I will show you the contrast of sickness by surfeit, and sickness from want." The merchant took Spiffard's arm, who retraced his steps, (for he had advanced towards Broadway to meet the old gentleman), and they proceeded to the place where he had left Cooke.

"Here, sir, we shall find the unfortunate man who attracted your attention by his excesses at Cato's, and by his urbanity at Doctor Cadwallader's."

"Here!"

"In this abode of sickness and poverty."

"Brought here by his benevolent wish to relieve it?"

"Brought here by others while in a state of insensibility; a wretched outcast, perishing on the pavement in the storm of last night. This place, the residence of a poor woman, sick, and, I fear, dying, was the nearest place found open to receive him."

"But how—why——"

"You shall learn the whole. Let us enter the house. He was saved by what is called accident; or the idol of the public would have been found frozen to death in the streets of New-York, surrounded by the well-warmed mansions of his idolaters."

This meeting of the young actor and the old merchant happened, by what we call chance, at the moment that Henry Johnson was persuading the constable to carry a note to the

landlord, requesting a suspension of the law's dread mandate, and the creditor's unchristian cruelty.

"She shall not die in a hospital!" cried Cooke, throwing off a handkerchief with which he had covered his face, and glaring at the young man like a tiger. "I will pay every debt she owes. The shelter of her house has preserved my life—not that it is worth much! No matter! I owe my life to her and to you. I'll pay my debt by paying her debts! And, by God! she shall not die in a hospital!"

"I neither drink nor swear, sir. The being on whose will my mother relies, may relieve her present distress. From you she shall receive neither favour nor relief!"

"Do you know who I am, sir?"

"Too well!"

"Who shall prevent my paying her landlord, and saving her from the distress he threatens? Who?"

"Her son! Her son will not suffer her to be —"

What the excited youth might have said was lost. A second and louder knocking at the door, (the first was unheard, except by the little black girl, owing to the high-raised voices of the father and son; the louder knocking) cut short the angry dialogue; and the girl opened the door, and Mr. Littlejohn, followed by Spiffard, entered the apartment.

It may be supposed that Henry Johnson had not had either opportunity or inclination, during the rapid succession of events so distressing to him and his mother, to change his watchman's dress for that suited to the counting-house; and he now stood in the presence of, and fronting, Mr. Littlejohn, in the rough costume of a guardian of the night, except that the leathern helmet had been removed. Their eyes met, and both started.

"What is the meaning of this, sir?" said the merchant.

Henry was silent.

"This watchman came hither with Mr. Cooke," said Spiffard.

"Watchman, indeed! Both, I suppose, from the same scene of masquerading riot."

"He is the watchman that —"

"He is a clerk in my counting-house."

Spiffard was silent; Littlejohn proceeded—

"So, Mr. Johnson, my unwelcome suspicions are confirmed. You have been masquerading with this man of noted intemperance. Your unseemly situation in the counting-house is fully explained. My good opinion of you has been on the wane for some time, and this discovery seems likely to prove a death-

blow to your character: the blow that must sever us; and that, too, when your period of probation is nearly past; when, in a very short time, you would have been entitled to claim a salary."

The undenied assertion, that the pretended watchman was a clerk to the merchant, kept Spiffard silent. Cooke paid no attention to what was passing.

Although Henry Johnson had been long known to Emma Portland, he was not known to Spiffard, who, it will be recollected, had been but a short time an inmate of the family of Mrs. Epsom; and during that time occupied by perturbed thoughts, and associating with men unknown to Henry Johnson. In the character of a watchman, for such he had acted, as well as appeared, during the events of the night, (and even now,) he did not recognise a youth who had only been seen and not noticed. He stood a perplexed and silent beholder of a scene, to him as extraordinary as those he had witnessed relative to Cooke. That he was one of the watchmen who had assisted in bringing the tragedian to this house, he knew—and nothing more.

Henry stood with his eyes fixed on Littlejohn, but unabashed. His colour changed frequently, coming and going with the changing emotions which seemed almost to suffocate him. Mr. Littlejohn continued:

"Twice—nay, thrice, have I found you asleep over your desk. You gave me no excuse—no explanation; I now see that there was none to give. I laboured to find excuses for you. Your confusion, and the appearance of your face, suggested a thought that I dismissed, but now see might have been entertained; for the night reveller will seek support from that which has disqualified him for the labours of the day."

"Sir!" the youth exclaimed, indignantly, but checked himself, and again became silent. His face was flushed—its muscles quivered, but his eye quailed not. It was fixed on that of his accuser. The merchant proceeded:

"Yes, sir! What other inference could I draw from your appearance and conduct? What else could I think? Either that you was under the influence of stupifying poison, or that you had been watching the preceding night; passing the hours of natural rest without necessary sleep."

"It is true, sir. You had surmised the truth. I had been watching. I had been sleepless."

"Is this a garb for a clerk in the counting-house of Littlejohn and Company?" The merchant paused. For a moment, Henry made no reply; then calmly said: "It is true, sir, that you have surmised the cause of my sleeping at my desk;

but it was after labouring faithfully for hours, and fulfilling my assigned task. It is true, as you supposed, that the cause was sleepless nights; and for the sake of the *cause* of my sleepless nights, I will now show you the cause. See it here, sir!"

He stepped to his mother's curtains, and, for a moment, threw them open. He closed them; and again resumed a firm, but respectful attitude.

"There lies the *cause*. A sick, and, I fear, a dying mother. As for this dress, which draws upon me the titles of masquerader and reveller; this dress, unfit as you deem it, for the associate of a counting-house, has fitted me to associate with brave and manly companions, in an honest and honourable vocation. This dress fitted me for the duties of the sleepless nights which enabled me to procure necessaries for one who had laboured through life to give me an education and place in society that might guard me from vice or crime. Those sleepless nights which caused my strength to fail after the duties of the day, and dulled my senses, and suffused my eyes with blood, were endured cheerfully for a sick mother—and such a mother! A reveller and a drunkard! If I might feel pride for having done a duty, I should be more proud of this dress, than of that which fits me for your counting-house!"

"My son! my son! forbear!" said the afflicted mother.

There was silence after these words, and it continued for what appeared to be a minute; only that Cooke, on hearing the exclamation of Mrs. Johnson, whispered to Spiffard, "What's that? Who spoke?" and all was again silent.

Littlejohn was much affected. His agitation seemed to prevent speaking; but with an effort, he at length exclaimed:

"Young man! young man! you have humbled me! How little do we know of what is beneath the surface! What? have I so mistaken you, and the causes of your actions? Have I done you, by thought and word, such base injustice? For your mother—for your sick, widowed mother, you have watched night after night, to earn a pittance which our niggardly economy denied, though justly due to your daily toil at the desk!"

"Now, sir," said Henry, (his eyes filling with tears;) "Now you do yourself injustice. You gave me an opportunity of acquiring that knowledge which would entitle me to wages sufficient for my mother's support."

Littlejohn appeared not to hear him. "I, who have flattered myself that I was an honest and a just man; a man of some observation and penetration into character—I have accused you of revelry, dissipation, and even odious ebriety—because

overwearied nature sunk under the weight filial piety had laid upon it."

Cooke repeatedly had inquired wildly, "Whose voice was that?" and Spiffard was employed in persuading him to return to the house from which he had wandered in the storm; but his only reply was, "never! never!" Then again his confused thoughts reverting to Mrs. Johnson's voice, he would ask, "Who spoke? what voice was that?"

When Littlejohn ceased speaking, he appeared deeply affected. Henry was silent. The silence caused Cooke to look around him, and seeing the constable sitting opposite to him, by the fire, very much at his ease, and totally inattentive to what was passing, he cried out in his harshest and most discordant tone of voice, "Get up, sir!"

The officer remembering that he had pocketed the bank-bill, and not willing to provoke inquiry, obeyed with wondrous alacrity, without speaking.

"Go about your blood-sucking business, elsewhere, you harpy. I command you! Avoid the house! Avaunt! I—George Frederick Cooke, command you! I pay the rent!"

"Never!" said Henry.

"What, Mr. Hipps," said Littlejohn; "are you here to dis train for rent?"

"Yes, sir," respectfully answered the officer.

"How much is due?"

"Fifty dollars, sir, for two quarters."

"I will be answerable."

"I cannot repay you, sir," said Henry.

"I pay the rent!" shouted Cooke. He was unattended to.

"You shall repay me out of your salary."

"My salary?"

"The highest the firm gives is a thousand dollars. That is yours, commencing from last August. It was in August I first saw you sleeping at the desk. It was then I first did you injustice. A half year's wages are due. Take care that your mother has the best medical advice. I need not give you a charge as to any thing else; but, by all means, call in Doctor McLean. I shall deduct the fifty dollars from the half-year's salary, and send you a check for the balance, for you must not come to the counting-house to-day. Good by! You forgive me! But no more masquerades," said the benevolent merchant, smiling through tears, "and no more sleeping at the desk. Mr. Spiffard—you and I and Henry and my son, must meet soon over a dish of tea, or a sparkling glass of water."

And taking Henry's hand, he pressed it, repeating, "forgive me;" then pointing to his mother, said, "go to *her*;" and he ran, rather than walked out of the house, without noticing the person he came into it to see.

The tide of which the poet speaks had now commenced its flood—the flood that leads to fortune. Henry Johnson was ready to embark upon the favouring current. Had he not himself caused the propitious flood? Does not every man create the flood of his own fortune?

Henry approached the bed, took his mother's hand, and sat down by her, enshrouding both by the curtain. Mr. Hipps, the constable, slunk unperceived away. Spiffard very soon engaged a sleigh that happened to be passing, and fortunately a covered sleigh; for without hat or overcoat, Cooke, (who had consented to go to Jemmy Bryden's), would have made a pitiable appearance by daylight in the streets. Spiffard interrupted the conversation of the mother and son.

"Mr. Johnson, I have seen and heard enough to make me wish to know more of you. I have seen you before, without knowing you; and, in the confusion of the last night, had no recollection of ever having met you."

"We shall meet again, Mr. Spiffard. Your character is well known to me, and I sincerely respect you."

"At present, this gentleman must be attended to."

"The sooner he is removed from this place——"

"The better. I think so."

Cooke appeared unable to comprehend what had taken place in regard to the rent, and insisted upon paying it. With difficulty Spiffard quieted him, and removed him from a place to which he had been brought by means so strange, and for purposes hidden from all but the benevolent cause and source of all good.

Henry had sunk again on the bed-side, and drawn the curtain about him.

"My dear mother," said he, "we are unknown to him; we must remain unknown."

"He wished to assist—to relieve us, Henry."

"Heaven forgive him for—for——"

"I forgive him, Henry."

"I cannot—*yet*. I will watch over him, and, if possible, save him from the effects of his——. I would do anything to serve him, but I cannot forgive him—not *yet*."

CHAPTER XVI.

The hoax goes on.—Confidence, and the lack of it—their consequences in domestic life.

"Heavy lightness, serious vanity."

"Griefs of mine own lie heavy in my breast."

"I, from the orient to the drooping west,
Still unfold
The acts commenced on this ball of earth."

"I would the surfeit of my too abundant riches
Cure by enlarged bounty."

"Women will love her that she is a woman
More worth than any man: men, that she is
The rarest of all women."—*Shakspeare.*

"There are men who let their lives pass away without a single effort to do good, either to friend or neighbour; but wo to the man who is incapable of feeling that the greatest possible good he can do for himself or for others, is to *do his duty*, and leave the consequences to God."—*Coleridge.*

WHERE was Trustworthy Davenport at the time his employer so needed his *help?* He had remained at the Tontine Coffee-house, (Cooke's usual boarding-place), during a visit to the house of an admirer, waiting only occasionally upon the tragedian to receive orders. The morning after the storm, Trusty called, and was informed that the old man had left the house after it was thought he had retired to bed, and that there was no trace of him. Returning to the Tontine to consult Bryden, he arrived just in time to relieve Spiffard from his troublesome charge, and convey the yet bewildered old man to his chamber and bed.

Spiffard returned home, content as man should be, with having done his duty. The active scenes he had been engaged in made him forget for the present the domestic evil he felt and dreaded. He was ready to enjoy his breakfast. But even this enjoyment was denied him. He found the fol-

lowing letter awaiting. The Philadelphia post-mark and handwriting took away all appetite before he broke the seal, on which an anchor was impressed: so careful and minute had the idler Allen been in his industrious preparation for mischief. Not that mischief was meant in the serious import of the word. But who knows when he deviates from the track of truth where the by-path may lead him?

I do not like to receive a letter when I am preparing to sit down to breakfast or dinner. Good news is least wanted when a good meal is before me, and bad news spoils the most savoury dish. Spiffard read what he anticipated from the outward signs.

PHILADELPHIA, Jan. 30, 1812.

SIR:—I have to apologise for not meeting you at the Albany Coffee-house at the time appointed. I was called to this city on an affair that did not admit of delay. I will be in New-York on any appointed day, previous to my departure for Europe, if it shall be necessary. My friend Thomas Beaglehole, Esq. is intrusted with the adjustment of our affair, and has received my instructions. He will wait upon your friend and receive your determination. If he is satisfied, I am: otherwise, on receiving a line from him, I shall wait upon you with all speed.

Your obedient servant,

JOHN SMITH.

It is difficult to conceive the feelings of a man who, for the first time, is engaged in a duel. One who places himself in a situation intended to tempt his fellow-man to aim at his life, and intends to aim at the life of his fellow-man; one who has decided, or pledged himself, at the will of a third person, (called a friend or second), to place himself in a situation which may make of him a corpse or a murderer.

Such a man, after having given or accepted a challenge, and placed himself at the disposal of a second, is in a state of torture, troubled fluctuations, misgivings, or passionate excitement. His reason does not approve—cannot approve. He knows that he is acting contrary to the dictates of conscience and the will of his Maker, from fear of man's opinions. He makes his preparations for murder with affected calmness, while his mind is a chaos. He screws himself up to the deed, or the suffering, and while he must appear cheerful, curses on

his adversary burst from his tortured soul, and he eagerly grasps at the hope that his second may *yet* prevent blood.

The situation of Spiffard was not similar to this. He thought himself the injured party, but did not wish revenge for the injury. He was convinced that in repressing insult, he had done his duty as a man and a husband. He had agreed to meet Captain Smith at the suggestion of his companions, whose good opinion he did not wish to lose, and of whose good faith he had no doubt; but he went to the meeting neither to apologise nor fight, but to show his supposed adversary that there was no call for either. Now, however his situation was changed, and he was called upon to place himself at the disposal of Mr. Allen, of whom he knew little, and of a Mr. Beaglehole, of whom he knew nothing. He hesitated as to the course he should ultimately pursue. Uncertainty, wavering, and irresolution, had taken possession of his mind. He was sick at heart. His moments of self-approbation were few and far between. As the progress of this hoax went on, Spiffard became discontented, peevish, and a feeling approaching to loathing of himself and all around him weighed upon his spirit and withered his strength. His natural paleness was increased to a corpse-like livid hue. His eyes lost their fire, his lips their colour, and his muscles their elasticity.

How little did the gay young men who produced this misery appreciate the pain their sport inflicted! Did they wish to inflict pain? Certainly not. The whole plot was the result of overflowing animal spirits, kept in perpetual ferment by the incessant recurrence of the feast and the stimulants accompanying it. The hot blood of youth pouring fire—adding fuel to the already overheated furnace. There is a mist which appetite raises to cloud reason, and to this the fumes of the "sparkling glass"—the all-destroying alcohol—were (in those days) habitually added, so that the minds of some were always enveloped in a many-coloured cloud, sometimes bright as if illumined by a thousand suns; sometimes dark as night; but ever false—ever leading to misapprehensions and endless error.

The injury unintentionally inflicted on Spiffard, was shared by his wife. Her own errors rendered her peculiarly obnoxious to suspicion. The husband was silent, or peevish. The question, "What's the matter, Mr. Spiffard?" was answered laconically by "Nothing." But this word was accompanied by looks that spoke volumes to the unfortunate woman, yet left her in suspense. Sometimes the question was put, "What *is* the matter, Mr. Spiffard?" and the answer was even more

unsatisfactory, though the word was still "Nothing." But I am anticipating.

Spiffard could neither eat his breakfast nor remain at home, in the state of mind which the renewal of the affair of Captain John Smith produced. After the ceremony of the morning meal was over, he went in search of Allen.

He met Henry Johnson, (no longer the watchman), and passed him with a friendly salutation, and "The ladies will be glad to see you."

Henry, (after certain arrangements with his mother, and the necessary attentions to his appearance), hastened to impart to Emma Portland the tidings which imported change so great to her. Emma had left him poor; he was now blessed by competence. She had made a discovery, which, although redounding to his honour, pained her, as it seemed like a want of confidence in her; something approaching to falsehood in him.

The two couples which the thread of our story brings us to consider under the same point of view, were strangely contrasted. They were alike as being young; for still Mr. and Mrs. Spiffard were in the prime of life. They were alike in being blest by nature with physical and mental powers. In what then consisted the contrast? The one pair was miserable, the other happy. What the cause? Early education and early associates. Johnson and Spiffard were both moral men; but the first had been strictly trained; and the path of life pointed out by a pure and religious parent. The second was left to the guidance of his blind fancy, and misled by one who had been selected for his guide. Henry had chosen a partner in the house of God, from among those who were teaching the orphan, and the abandoned of earth, to seek heaven. Spiffard had selected from among those who delight the mingled throng who seek pleasure more than improvement.

The interview which took place on the present occasion, was of great interest to Henry Johnson and Emma Portland: but as I am aware that such scenes are not of the most fascinating kind to the general reader, I shall leave the imagination of my admirers to supply the terms in which the young man made many explanations, and informed the lovely girl of those discoveries which led to the unravelment of the intricacies which were gathering around Mr. Littlejohn and himself. But we must take a peep at the scene of happiness, notwithstanding.

He found Emma alone. That was just as it should be. For a short time he was embarrassed, and she was thoughtful. He

considered her as an incarnation of truth. She was so; and like Milton's Truth, "an immortal feature of loveliness and perfection." And Henry, in the spirit of truth, sought to explain any appearance that might offend her purity.

"I am delighted to find that the exposure to the storm of last night, has not made you sick, Emma. And yet you do not appear as cheerful as usual."

"I do not think that my health has suffered. The cold was great, but I was well guarded, and the snow was dry."

"But your eyes do not sparkle as they were wont."

"Perhaps they want sleep; but no, I slept very soundly, and later than I commonly do. Henry, it was a night of wonders."

"Wonders, indeed!"

"And you do not know that I came from a death-bed before I saw you; and a sudden and unexpected death, although one serene and prepared for. When I awoke this morning, I could not but think I had been dreaming. The situation in which I found Mr. Cooke—and, Henry, the situation in which I found you. The dying woman—the storm—the old man lying helpless, and perishing with cold—the watch-house—and the watchman, Henry! I would as little expect to find Henry Johnson in such a dress, and with such companions, and in such a place, as to find Mr. Cooke perishing in the street in a snow-storm."

"I can explain to your satisfaction, Emma."

"Had I not a right to expect confidence from one, to *one* who has confided in him most implicitly?"

"You had."

"I will not hide a thought from you, Henry. Meeting you, as I did, when I little expected to meet any one whom I had even seen, and when I trusted for the success of my mission upon the common dictates of duty alone, was little short of a miracle. At the time, it was a source of unmingled joy; but since, I have thought upon it with sorrow. With all my confidence in your purity and honour, I have not yet been reconciled to finding you so disguised, and so associated."

"For my mother, Emma! for my angelic mother! For her who has toiled and suffered, that I might be instructed, and made useful in society. You know what my expectations were; and that I toiled at the desk all day, to be prepared, at an approaching period, for a lucrative employment. In the mean time, my mother was rendered incapable of exertion. I did not tell you how very poor we were. I thought, for the short time of,

my probation, I would watch during the night, as well as work through the day, and when my promised salary commenced, then resign the pittance, which has been, for some time, my mother's support. Thus my days were occupied in labour for future comfort, and my nights for the present means of subsistance."

Emma gave him her hand, and her eyes filled with tears.

"But, Henry, did you think I could not appreciate such motives? Why not confide your necessities and your plans to me?"

"My reasons may not appear sufficient to you, although they were so to me. I thought that you might suppose the hardships and exposures I should encounter, greater than they really are; and therefore that the knowledge of this mode of relieving my mother's wants, by depriving myself of rest, would cause unnecessary anxiety to you. You must forgive me. It was with difficulty that I persuaded my mother to be reconciled to the temporary resource, (for it was only to last a few weeks;) and I was, perhaps, vain enough to think it might be as difficult to obtain your approbation, and might cause unnecessary pain."

There was a pressure of the hand, and a smile through tears, that spoke perfect forgiveness. Never do the rays of the sun appear more beautiful, than when they are seen through the mild, refreshing showers of summer, giving promise of a goodly time to come. Such a smile was an assurance of future happiness to Henry Johnson.

"And now, Henry, I *do* believe that the watchman who twice followed me, was the same that assisted me last night."

"You may believe it."

"Even yet I cannot be reconciled to a disguise."

"The dress was not put on as a disguise. I put on the habit with the employment. I obtained the employment by the recommendation of a neighbour, who had himself served as such, but was disqualified by infirmity. I told no untruths. My name and my motives were known to my companions."

"But such companions!"

"Do not misconceive of them. Do not, because European books describe the watchman as a rogue or a fool, therefore suppose the useful guardians of our cities to be such. They are honest, industrious mechanics, and as well informed, on all subjects, as men who gain their bread by the labour of their hands can be. They have appreciated my superior education, as, by degrees, they discovered that I possessed that advan-

tage. I have been of service to such of them as imagined ardent spirits of use to them in times of exposure, by convincing them of the contrary. Most of them have been apprised of my motives for putting on the garb, and sharing the hardships of the band; and they have given them their due weight. But Emma, neither they, nor you, nor I, have known who I am."

"We do not know ourselves to be sure. Who does? I do not know myself; but I thought that, perhaps, I knew you better than you knew yourself. I had my doubts, last night."

"I do not mean *that* self-knowledge."

"What then?"

"The discoveries of this morning are even more extraordinary than those of last night."

"Of this morning."

"After you left my mother, and even after the storm had past, and the sun had risen."

"They must be strange discoveries, indeed, if more strange than I made. For I last night discovered, in a poor, perishing outcast, dying on a snow-heap, the idolized George Frederick Cooke; and in the sober, industrious, moral Henry Johnson, a tenant of the watch-house."

"And I saw Emma Portland in charge of a watchman, and ushered, at midnight, to the cognizance of the captain of the watch. But the discovery that followed, and which I am to impart to you, affects us both most seriously."

The playfulness of Emma gave place to anxiety; her smiles to an expression of fear.

"While we are conscious of our good intentions, Henry—"

"I have no disclosure to make that can injure me in your opinion. But I at length know my father."

"And living?"

"Living. His life saved by you."

"Mr. Cooke?"

"Is my father, Emma. My unworthy father."

"Owing his life to his son! Does he know you?"

"No. Nor shall he ever."

"And your mother?"

"She shall remain unknown to her unworthy husband. He supposes her dead. Let him suppose so."

"That might disturb his last hours, Henry. We must forgive. Your mother—?"

"I shall obey my mother. You must see her, and speak on the subject; and on another, if possible, more near to us, but of a very different character."

"I will see her to-day."

"But, Emma, does not the knowledge that I am the son of such a father, change your feelings towards me, whom you have heretofore considered as the offspring of misfortune, allied to intelligence, virtue, honour, and religion; and now find that I am the son of one noted for vices and stained by cruelty to your friend and my mother!"

"If you had been educated by and lived with your father, such as you now describe him, I might fear to trust my fate to your guardianship; but I know that the virtues of your mother have been your inheritance; I trust myself to the son of Mrs. Johnson."

"Of her, driven by *him* from her native land, home, friends; turned adrift, like Prospero, with a helpless infant, upon an unknown ocean!"

"But, Henry, *you* were like the poet's Miranda, the protecting angel of your parent. You are still her support. You have saved your mother from want; and now you have saved your father's life. Indeed, I have not before known you."

"That he is my father, must be a secret from all, but us three, Emma. He must not know it—the world must not know it. But I have more to communicate."

Henry recounted the circumstances attending his interview with Mr. Littlejohn; and the young folks could not but rejoice in a futurity which was opening to them as bright as it was unexpected—lucrative employment bestowing independence on the son, consequent comfort, and perhaps health on the mother, and a matrimonial union promising every blessing that virtue can bestow on the deserving, or that sanguine youth can anticipate.

CHAP. XVII.

Hoax continued. A sick-bed repentance.

* * * "The spirit's ladder,
That from the gross and visible world of dust,
Even to the starry world, with thousand rounds
Builds itself up; on which the unseen powers
Move up and down on heavenly ministries."—*Coleridge.*

"The love of wine, like the love of money, associates itself, and the means of its indulgence, with all things else in heaven and on earth."—*American Monthly Magazine.*

"O'er the dread feast malignant chemia scowls,
And mingles poison in the nectared bowls.
Fell *gout* peeps, grinning, through the fleecy screen,
And bloated *dropsy* pants behind, unseen:
Wrapt in his robe, white *lepra* hides his stains,
And silent *frenzy*, writhing, bites his chains."—*Darwin.*

"Their virtues else * * *
Shall in the general censure take corruption
From that particular fault. The dram of base
Doth all the noble substance oft do out,
To his own scandal."—*Shakspeare.*

ALTHOUGH Henry and Emma had escaped unscathed from the adventures of a winter's night and a snow-storm, not so the unfortunate, misdoing, George Frederick Cooke. He had taken that night a long step towards the grave. His friendly physicians, and his invaluable valet, or help, trustworthy Davenport, watched over him; and though his case had become desperate, and the water had found its way without the aid of the warm-bath, still the termination of his eventful and misspent life was delayed, as far as human means could turn off the dart of death, by medical skill, and by the unwearied attention of the faithful Yankee traveller, who, like his countryman, Spif-

fard, seemed to be attached to the old man from motives inexplicable to mere worldlings.

Spiffard, as we have seen, had had his breakfast spoiled by receiving Captain John Smith's letter; and, as was expected by the writer, the letter was brought back to him by the unsophisticated Yankee. Allen received the document and read it with as much gravity as though he had not written it; then folded it, and said,—

"We shall of course hear from Mr. Beaglehole."

"I suppose so."

"We shall then know how to proceed."

"Do you know this Mr. Rabbithole?"

"Beaglehole."

"Ay—do you know him?"

"Yes, we all know him. He is a man of honour," said Allen; "a fellow of spirit. Hops like a flea. Can beat any man in the country running on all fours."

"Like a pig or an ass."

"Hands and feet against feet—arms and legs against legs."

"As a proof of his honour?"

"O, he has proved that by shooting his man," said Allen. "Hits a button ten times in succession—he is up to a button any day. If he has received Captain Smith's instructions, which he has no doubt, as the captain is a man of honour and says so—"

"'All honourable men,'" thought Spiffard.

"He will wait upon you, and, of course, you will refer him to me."

"Of course?"

"Certainly if I am to settle the business."

"I shall settle the business."

"You will not apologize?"

"Certainly not."

"Well—nothing more can be done till we hear from Mr. Beaglehole."

Mr. Beaglehole was an agent for a Birmingham button-maker. These agents are a class that in England are called riders; but, when in this country, pass for gentlemen, and *were*, "thirty years ago," received as such by the simple folks of the day I am speaking of, and admired accordingly. They felt a great contempt for the natives, had money at command, (no matter whether their own or not) dressed well, fed well, drank hard, and gave a false impression upon Americans of the character of Englishmen. We now know better.

Spiffard left his *friend* Allen, who chuckled at the thought that the sport went "bravely on," and little thought of the misery he was preparing for others. Indeed it was not possible for him and his young companions to anticipate the consequences; although, when men of dissimilar habits become associates, evil may be predicted; and, when truth is violated in jest, no good can arise from it. Truth, as well as temperance, "is a delicate wench." They are both strong, and the cause of strength in others; yet are they both very obnoxious to injuries, and shrink from contact with their opposites, as if possessed of instinctive sensitiveness. The water-drinker was not a fit companion for the disciples of Anacreon.

The business with Allen so far arranged, our hero turned his thoughts to the deplorable old man, who was a slave to the vices which truth and temperance abhor.

To explain the immediate cause of Cooke's terrible situation on the night of the storm, it is necessary to say, that he had on the previous day dined with one of his admirers in a large company, and indulged himself without restraint. He remained at table until all the revellers were gone, and his host, without difficulty, prevailed upon him to retire to a bed-chamber. He retired, but would not go to bed, demanding brandy, and abused his friend for not giving it. In attempting to leave the room, his host, by main force, prevented; and, placing him on the side of the bed, thought he had prevailed upon him to remain quiet; but, after he had left him, the wretched madman, when all the house was quiet, found his way out, and, without hat or over-coat, rushed into the street, where he wandered until oppressed by liquor, fatigue, and cold, he had sunk to sleep—the sleep of death.

Spiffard found him a sick and wretched penitent. He found that, although courted and feasted, when he could be exhibited as a curiosity, as a lion at the soiree or the dinner-table, he was, in his sick chamber, a poor abandoned solitary individual, left to reflect with remorse upon those vices which flatterers and admirers had encouraged for their own amusement; abandoned by all except his kind physicians and his trusty trustworthy Davenport. Under these circumstances, Spiffard's feelings prompted unwearied attention to the comfort of the unfortunate old man.

He had before, as the reader will remember, devoted himself to the same efforts. He had recounted the incidents of his former life for the sick man's amusement; but he had avoided

that circumstance which, perhaps, unknown to himself, impelled him to take such deep interest in the fate of one, whose conduct constantly reminded him of the miseries which similar self-inflicted madness had brought upon all his own family. Every good feeling of the young man kept him mute on the subject of his mother's failings. It was a source of mortification and grief which he cherished in secret. He looked upon his own fate as connected with it. He contemplated, in retrospect, the scenes of his youth, and their consequences, with fearful misgivings, as it respected the future.

Cooke had often reflected upon the earnest devotedness with which a youth and a water-drinker attached himself to an old man of habits so opposite to his own. He took this occasion to question him on the subject, and express his surprise. With that suavity of manner which distinguished him when he was not brutalized, he addressed Spiffard thus; at the same time raising himself in bed and leaning on his elbow.

"More than once, before this, you have appeared to take a particular interest in me, at times, when by my unfortunate disease—or, as some would say, my wretched folly and propensity to debauchery—I have been prostrated thus on the bed of sickness and unavailing regret. I never met with any one before—yes, one!" He paused, turned his head aside, and wiped his eyes, by hastily, and as if to avoid being noticed, passing the shirt-sleeve of his right arm before them. He continued, "I never met with *a man* who appeared to take such interest in me. Why is it?"

Spiffard, if he had been conscious of the true causes, (which I doubt), was too delicate to avow them. But, although the images of his mother and his wife flitted before his mind's eye, he thought he answered sincerely when he said,

"Surely, sir, admiration of superior talents, and the hope of rescuing them (you must pardon me) from a vice which you have suffered by degrees to assume a sway—a most despotic sway—over them, are sufficient motives to account for my conduct towards you."

"I do not know that. Your attention to me—your patience when I am harsh in speech—your firmness—your candour—all are very singular. No one else has treated me so. Yes, *one;* but *there* firmness was wanting. I feel my obligation to you."

He grasped Spiffard's hand hurriedly—pressed it—and then threw himself back upon his pillow. There was a minute's silence, Suddenly raising himself again to his former attitude,

he said, in a high tone, "Vice! Why vice, sirr? Sirr, it is a disease—an incurable disease! a disease implanted by nature! Sirr, a man is no more blameable because he is the victim of it, than if he suffered rheumatism, calculus, fever of the blood or brain, or any other of the 'ills that flesh is heir to.'"

"'That flesh is heir to?' Flesh is not heir to the diseases which proceed from intemperance: The indulgence of the appetite that grows by what it feeds on. Natural appetite becomes vicious and criminal, as it is hurtful, when it throws off the restraint of reason; and it becomes ten times more criminal in me to indulge appetite after once knowing that it is injurious to my own mind and body, as well as to those most intimately connected with me."

Cooke groaned. Spiffard continued. "The diseases that you have enumerated, and others to which we are subjected by our natural constitution, or the constitution of society, have no disgrace attached to them. Not so intemperance and its evils. They bring shame as well as suffering."

After a pause Spiffard continued, "Rheumatism may be brought upon us by causes over which we have no control; accidental exposures to heat, damps, cold. Epidemics with pestilential influence sweep off their thousands. Diseases visit us beyond the reach of medicine; we suffer; we die. These are the 'ills that flesh is heir to.' In the course of our allotted duties, while performing our parts worthily in life's drama, we are subject to accidents and various maladies, by which we are deprived of health, and brought to the tomb. But although we suffer, we do not feel the stings of conscience—we have not acted in opposition to our better knowledge. We may indeed say, resignedly, these are 'ills that flesh is heir to.' But the diseases which we bring upon ourselves by sensual indulgence, it is blasphemy to lay the flattering unction to our souls, that *they* are evils inflicted by heaven, and not entailed by our own vices."

Cooke was not willing to abandon the sophistry with which he had endeavoured to lull his conscience.

"Surely," said he, "we are to be pitied when we suffer from the dictates of passions and appetites which are implanted in us by nature without our will?"

"I would pity and endeavour to relieve," said his young mentor, "but I would not encourage the belief that he is not himself the cause of his sufferings. Reason is given us to control passion and appetite. The will of God is made known to us, to preserve us from following the dictates of those pas-

sions and appetites, which, when not improperly indulged, are necessary to our welfare. But we find a momentary gratification in the indulgence of appetite, or in obeying the dictates of our passions, and *our* wills, and forget the lessons of reason or of revelation. We bring disease and misfortune upon ourselves, and we are so prone to self-flattery as well as self-indulgence, that we say, 'I could not avoid it; I obeyed the dictates of nature.' Thus we charge our own faults and their consequences on our Creator. The intemperate man says, 'I only seek the gratification which nature points out or makes necessary;' he fires his blood with wine and brandy, and then flies to the haunts of impurity. Still he says, 'I have these impulses from nature.' If strife and murder, or disease and death, follow, all must of course be charged on nature. There is no evil which man brings upon himself by his own selfishness that he does not endeavour to impute to necessity, fate, nature, or the Creator of the universe. Even the fears and torments of the slave-dealer, whether on the coast of Africa, or at the seat of our government; or of the slave-holder, whether in Havanna or Savannah, Cuba or Carolina, are all charged to the same cause. He says, in excuse for all the misery which slavery inflicts on slave and master, 'Nature ordained it so.' He will tell you, even in the solemn assembly of a nation's sages, (a nation that boasts its freedom, and has declared all men equal in rights), that God has marked a certain portion of his creatures as slaves to a certain other portion. 'Has he not made them black? Has he not given them wool instead of hair? He has given them the form of man, merely the better to accommodate them to my purposes.' What crime can man perpetrate, that he does not in self-delusion charge upon nature? No, sir! Man has the choice of good and evil; and his Creator has given him the power to restrain every impulse that leads to his destruction."

"But there is a point," said Cooke, "which, if passed, we can never return to. I have been irresistibly impelled to what I knew was destruction: an incurable disease has been upon me for years." He threw himself back, and hid his face. Spiffard continued as if under an uncontrollable influence, although advocating the doctrine of a self-controlling power; but reason approved the impulse.

"It is a lamentable self-delusion to say 'My desires are irresistible, or the habits of intemperance, of any description, incurable.' While life, with reason, remains, the sanity of the mind may be restored, and comparative bodily health regained.

The only irredeemable step is that which has led to death. I conjure you, sir, not to give way to the thought that your sufferings, or the habits which have produced them, are beyond remedy. I beg you to recollect that when you have had any *particular object in view*—when you have wished to appear well in the eyes of an individual, or the public—when you have desired to outdo a rival, or make a favourable impression on coming to a strange place—you *can—I know* it—I have *observed* it—you *can*, and have, repeatedly, refrained from touching 'the accursed thing.' And if for a comparatively trifling object you can do it, *can you not do it* for health, strength, life, good name? Think, sir, think how infinitely more important *these* are, than the paltry consideration of appearing to advantage in any given character on the stage, or before any individual in private life; or to attract more plaudits from a motley crowd than are bestowed on a rival! What are *these* in comparison with the will of God, and the blessings which follow the doing his will?"

While Spiffard spoke, his countenance kindled—his eyes sparkled—benevolence shone in every feature, action, and word. The hearer of truth cannot be offended, even if it condemns him, when he is convinced that the speaker has no selfish motive; but that the counsel, or even the reproof, springs from pure benevolence. Spiffard spoke with more energy than any one could have done who had not seen and suffered so much from the cause of Cooke's misery. The arguments he used to save the friend before him, had been used, in different language, to save one nearer to him. His feelings, though not *selfish*, were so far connected with *self*.

Cooke made nor further defence. He raised himself in bed, clasped Spiffard's hand with both his, and the big tears coursed each other down his furrowed cheeks till they became a torrent. He sunk again—hid his face on his pillow, and sobbed audibly. His young friend was affected most powerfully. The scene was touching: the humiliation of age before truth from the lips of youth. Spiffard was silent for a time, and then resumed in a soothing tone and manner.

"It may appear improper for a young man like me to counsel one of your age; but my motive must plead my excuse. The sufferings of those dearest to me, and the most poignant sufferings of my life, have proceeded from the errors I so ardently combat. I have seen a mother destroyed—a father's peace and fortune blasted—all my kindred swept away—lost—immolated at the altar of this demon. Let me persuade you

that you have only to resolve to do what you have done for temporary considerations, and you can retrieve all yet—health, fame, and peace of mind."

Cooke had been motionless; his face buried in the bed-clothes. He started up.

"No, no, no!" he exclaimed; "I cannot recall the past. For myself, I might amend health and life; but misery inflicted on others is past remedy, and can never be obliterated from my memory. It has been to deaden the sense of my own unworthy conduct towards others—towards one, the best, the most patient; to drown the thought of the past, I have continued the same practice which caused the guilt I lament. I cannot undo what is done: I cannot recall the dead! Would you believe it? Even this resource now fails me. Even in my hours of madness she appears to me! As I live, I saw her—heard her—in a miserable hovel—sick—stretched on her death-bed—poor—starving—dying! I have had such visions before in my sleep, after my waking thoughts have been employed on the past; but never like this. I heard her voice! It rings in my ears still! I know it was a dream, caused by an imagination distempered from the previous day's excess: I have had such visions before, but never so wild or so vivid. Would you believe it? I thought I saw myself, as I was in my youth; and then I thought I had a son, and I saw him before me! I shook off the image; it was a watchman. I know *they* are dead. But these images haunt me! Where was I last night when you found me? Where did you bring me from this morning? Or was it last night? I think it was. No, no. I lose time—time! I have lost time, indeed!"

Spiffard recounted the transactions of the night as far as he had seen them; and being convinced, himself, that his friend's imagination had conjured up unreal images, and transformed Mrs. Johnson and her son into personages connected with his former life, he easily persuaded him that it was so.

Whether this conversation, or the solicitude of Spiffard, would have been of avail under happier circumstances, must be left in doubt. The irretrievable step, as it respected health and life, had been taken.

CHAPTER XVIII.

Hoax continued. The button duellist.

"For let the gods so speed me, as I love
The name of honour more than I fear death."—*Shakspeare.*

"Within my bosom dwells another lord—"
Reason—"sole judge and umpire of itself."—*Home.*

"Fought all his battles o'er again,
And thrice he routed all his foes,
And thrice he slew the slain."—*Dryden.*

It would be "stale, flat, and unprofitable" to go into a detail of the boyish scenes which the young companions of Spiffard planned and executed as a trial of his unsuspicious character, and as a source of amusement for themselves.

Beaglehole was a man who would enter with all his heart into Allen's plot, and with the more glee as it was to be played off upon a Yankee. Having been informed of the preceding transactions—the particulars of the first acts of what was intended as a comedy---he undertook the part of Captain John Smith's friend, and waited upon Spiffard.

"My name is Beaglehole, sir." Spiffard bowed. The visitor repeated, "Beaglehole, sir."

"I have no acquaintance of that name."

"My friend, Captain John Smith, you know him, sir."

"I do not, sir."

"You addressed certain words to him at the theatre which require explanation."

"I spoke very plainly."

"He demands an apology."

"I have none to make."

"I am directed by him to call on you, and, if no apology is made, I am requested to see your friend. You have nothing further to say to me, sir?"

"Nothing. I was called to a meeting with a Captain Smith, and went with the intention of representing the impropriety of

his conduct; with you, sir, I shall not enter into any discussion of the subject. I neither know you nor Captain John Smith.

"You have consulted a friend on the subject?"

"I have spoken to several on what I considered impertinence. The last person was Mr. Thomas Allen."

"I know him well. A man of honour. I will wait upon your friend, sir."

"As you please. You certainly may wait upon whom you choose to serve."

The button-merchant was not satisfied that the scheme worked well; but he reported to Allen—not exactly the words as delivered.

It was so contrived by the *quizzers* that the next day they were to meet in front of the theatre, and draw Spiffard from his business of the stage, so that he might witness a preconcerted pantomimic interview between Allen and Beaglehole. Accordingly, Spiffard's attention was drawn to the gentlemen by a remark made by Hilson.

"What are Allen and Beaglehole so earnestly talking about over there in the park?"

"Settling a race," said one of the club, "or a hopping-match. I will pit Young for a hop against anything."

"Except a flea," said Hilson.

"But for a race I'll back Beaglehole."

"Do you think he could carry your weight?"

"None of your quibbling, Tam. He'll beat any man I know at a run."

"The Colonel shall beat him, if the enemy is in the rear."

"Tom, I must fight you yet; by this I must." And he touched a bauble suspended by a riband on his breast.

"*What?* the goose-and-gridiron at your button-hole?"

"The eagle, sir."

"Your Ben Franklin—poor Richard—says the eagle is a dishonest bird. The goose would have been much better as the emblem of rusticity or wisdom."

"Beaglehole shall beat any man in America at a race on all-fours," said Cooper.

"High, low, jack and the game," said Hilson;" that's all-fours."

"You know what I mean: at running on hands and feet."

"That depends on length of arms. The Colonel's are longer than any man's since Rob Roy. But see, the two gentlemen

are taking leave of each other. How formally they bow and touch their hats. The match is made."

Spiffard saw the two *gentlemen* apparently conversing with great earnestness; and after a considerable time he saw them separate, each bowing with that kind of ceremony, which, to the attentive comedian, indicated an appointment, in the fulfilment of which, he, like the felon on his way to the gallows, was to be the principal performer.

Those who were in the secret enjoyed the earnest and eager glances of Spiffard at the two ceremonious *friends* of himself and Captain Smith. Mr. Beaglehole having disappeared, Allen joined the knot. But the result of this important interview must be reserved for Spiffard's private ear, and the torture of suspense protracted as long as possible.

"What have you and Beaglehole been settling so gravely?" asked one.

"Nothing."

"'Nothing comes of nothing,'" said Hilson. "What match have you been making? His bay against your gray, or himself against *Young* for a hop?"

"It's most likely a pistol-firing at Tyler's," said another.

Although Spiffard had determined not to fight a duel, yet the thought of controversy with a duellist was excessively annoying. He might be insulted—perhaps reduced to the necessity of repelling blows by blows. At length he was informed that Mr. Beaglehole would immediately acquaint Captain Smith that an apology was denied, and of course the captain's presence necessary. Spiffard did not see the necessity. He said nothing—but he was impatient to have the affair over.

Two more days pass gloomily at home. The teasing question again is asked, "Wat's the matter, Mr. Spiffard?" and the uncharacteristic answer made—"Nothing."

Then comes a notification that Captain Smith's second having written to his principal, said principal would be in New-York the next day. Accordingly Beaglehole informs Allen that Smith expects the rencontre at 7 o'clock the next morning. Notice is given to Spiffard by Allen that he had agreed to the appointment. And thus, although without fear of death or the necessity of committing murder to avoid it, the young man is doomed to another day and night of anxiety. He had said enough on the subject to have made a real second throw up the office; but it was not the wish of Allen and his partners in mischief to *understand;* therefore preparations were made; and Spiffard, willing to be from home, (where his looks were

watched with very different feelings from those they produced upon the hoaxers), was induced to pass the hour of dinner which engrossed the evening with the same circle of convivialists, who were sporting with his honest credulity, and enjoying every token of his uneasiness.

It was now necessary that a new cause should be assigned for the disappointment of the next morning. A pretext must be found for the not meeting of combatants both so ready to meet, but who never could meet. A plot was suggested, discussed, agreed upon, and put in practice.

The first time that Spiffard joined the party, (after the important arrangement), it happened that he entered, as frequently occurred, sometime after the cloth had been removed, and the nuts and jokes had been cracked until attention was called to the colonel's history of his first campaign, or some other story which was a joke to the company.

"The invasion of New-Jersey had broken up the school at which I had been flogged, in the hope of fitting me for Princeton college; and to my great joy, I was at liberty for any mischief, without having the fear of the ferule before my eyes. I have told you, that when the volunteers and minute-men turned out and trained, the boys of Burlington formed themselves into a company and trained too."

"Yes, Colonel," said Hilson, "you *have* told that once—or *twice*."

"No, not twice. I never tell my stories twice to the same company. I never fight my battles o'er again—give us that decanter—over again, more than once to the same—listeners——"

"Well, fill, and push the decanter this way; and push on—"

"Where was I?"

"Just out of school."

"Home didn't suit me. My head was full of drums, and—by the by, did I tell you that I was drummer to our company, and——"

"You were determined to make a noise in the world."

"A stale joke, Hilson. Well, colonel——"

"I determined to join the army, and run away——"

"A most heroic resolution!"

"From home."

"I thought it was from the enemy."

"Tom, none of your jokes."

"Go on, colonel."

"I was thought too small for a musket, and so I offered my-

self for drummer in a Pennsylvania regiment, and was accepted. Well, my first knowledge of the whistling of a bullet was at Trenton."

"Ah! That was when you stooped down and pretended to buckle your shoe, while the Hessians made the balls whistle about the ears of those who carried their heads too high."

"Let me light this cigar before I give you the battle of Trenton."

The entrance of the Vermonter gave an opportunity to change the subject which was gladly seized, and the battle of Trenton, which had been made rather familiar, was postponed for the present.

When Spiffard was preparing to go home, Allen accosted him thus:

"It is necessary, Mr. Spiffard, that our watches should be in unison. We must be punctual. Rather before the time. How is yours?"

"It wants five minutes of twelve."

"I'm exactly half past eleven."

All the company applied to their watches, and all in concert cried, "half past eleven," except Hilson, who said, "it is only fifteen minutes past eleven, by Saint Paul's, the orthodox clock, and by Saint Paul's, I go."

"Every time you go to the theatre. No: it is exactly half past eleven."

All cried out, "Half past eleven;" and Allen, asking Spiffard for his watch, and putting it back twenty minutes, said, "there now, it is exactly ten minutes too fast. It is best for you to be before the time."

"I should not think so, if I was going to be hung, or shot," said Hilson, "but every one to his liking."

"I tell you what, Spiff," said the colonel, "you had better go to bed and sleep soundly, or you may not be in nerve. I make it a rule on such occasions to take a hearty supper, my bottle of sherry or madeira, as it may be; then sleep till my waiter calls me; take a bracer; keep my hands warm during the ride or the sail, as it may be; and, with all my muscles in order, coolly take my ground and my aim. Then, quick upon the trigger, your man's down. Good night."

It will be perceived from the foregoing that the *meeting* was talked of freely by the company; and as a meeting of death-doing purpose. Spiffard had given hints, or more than hints, of his intentions, but they were passed by as unheard. The tormentors were determined to try him.

CHAPTER XIX.

Another victim.

"—— It presses on my memory
Like damned guilty deeds to sinners' minds."

"—— Those that can pity, here
May, if they think it well, let drop a tear."

"The pale-faced moon looks bloody on the earth."

"Though what I am I cannot avoid, yet to be what I would not, shall not make me tame."

"And when I ask'd you what the matter was,
You stared upon me with ungentle looks."—*Shakspeare.*

WHILE Spiffard was passing his time with companions so unlike himself, what was doing at the house which ought to have been his home?

It was past eleven o'clock, and fast approaching midnight. In the same apartment, which the reader may remember being introduced to at the commencement of this history, sat Mrs. Epsom, her daughter, and her niece. They were all, at this late hour, busily employed. They surrounded, or occupied, different sides of a table, in the centre of the room, on which towered a brilliant lamp, throwing a pleasant mellow light, through its transparent shade, over the three very dissimilar figures and the materials on which they were employed. All were silent. The two actresses, mother and daughter, were intent upon what they called, in the technical language of the stage, study. Each had a manuscript before her; that is, a

part. Before the old lady was an empty tumbler and a snuff-box. The lips of the *students* occasionally moved, though no sounds proceeded from them. Mrs. Spiffard, at this moment, leaned with her elbow on the table, shading her fine eyes with her right hand; the next she darted a look to the ceiling, her lips moved with greater energy, and her sable brows were almost brought in contact.

Emma Portland's countenance was as serene as the sky of an American October night, when every star shoots its light, and seems to smile on the face that is upturned to heaven. She was occupied by the mysteries of the needle, and seemed to approach the happy termination of the evening's labours, for she lifted the "fringed curtains" which had veiled her eyes, and glancing them rapidly upon her all-absorbed companions, let them fall again, as she inserted her needle into the green cloth of the table. She then, with both hands, raised and extended the garment she had been working on, and cried, with an air of satisfaction, as she exposed the glittering dress to view, "look, cousin! it is done!"

She received no answer. She turned her eyes from the gay and gorgeous robe to the person who was to wear it before delighted thousands. That person was in tears. This is not only a picture of mimic life. The gay and the gorgeous is the mask of misery in "city, camp, and court."

Emma folded the stage-dress carefully, and removing it and the instruments of seamstress craft, lit a small brass chamber-lamp, and withdrew, unnoticed, to pass a few minutes before sleep, in reading, thought, and prayer.

Mrs. Spiffard threw down the manuscript. "It is all in vain. The words convey no meaning, while my mind is elsewhere, contemplating the past. Thinking of what must come. It shall come!"

"My dear, you took no supper. I will mix a little brandy-toddy. Let Mr. Spiffard say what he will, you need it." And she left the table, and prepared two large tumblers of the beverage. Having left her spectacles on the table, she put a greater portion of brandy, by mistake. The unhappy daughter walked the floor; then sat down and attempted to read. The mother drank her part of the mixture, and placing the other tumbler near her daughter, sat down demurely to *study*, after mixing another glass for herself.

Again Mrs. Spiffard rose and walked the room. She broke the silence as if unconscious of her mother's presence. "Sure

mine is no common lot! To lose one who adored me! A man like Trowbridge? Torn from me at such a moment—in such a manner!—driving me to—O! why did I live?—Why *do* I live?" She approached the table, seized the poisoned mixture—lifted the tumbler to her lips—suddenly put it down—and again walked the floor. Her agitation increasing every moment, she abruptly stopped and addressed her mother:—

"But for you, madam, I should never have married *this* man. I have been a hypocrite. I have deceived him. We *must* be miserable. Trowbridge was my countryman! Shall I be tyrannized over—neglected—by a man I do not—yes, you know it—I do not love." She approached the table and seized the fatal vessel, and, as if possessed by a demon, emptied the poisoned draught to the dregs. "I will not be a slave to any man, I will not be a hypocrite."

"You need not be, my dear, your talents will enable you to live independant. The stage—your profession—."

"Talents! Cursed be my talents, and accursed the stage on which they have been exhibited. I did not choose this vile profession, which has led me to shame, and guilt, and misery! You taught me to tread the stage, and fitted me for the outcast thing I am. I have been shunned—am despised—no, no, no—" She approached the table and seized the glass her mother had prepared for herself, more potent than the first; in fact, half brandy; and which she had been sipping to prolong enjoyment, and left almost full. In an instant the unhappy victim of ungoverned passion swallowed the whole.

"Bless me—why you have drank my toddy—," and she helped herself to another glass, bade the daughter good night, and went to bed.

Mrs. Spiffard now was braced to a pitch, little short of madness, and, with the looks and movements of a fury, she paced the room, revolving in her mind past scenes, and working herself up to a state of defiance and determined warfare. She at last heard her husband knock. She had been wishing for the moment when the thunder she had accumulated should be discharged on the tyrant; but instantly a revulsion of feelings took place that occasioned her to sink in a chair. Was it conscience? She felt that she had been wrong-doing for months and years, and was then unfit to see the man she had made her husband. All the proud feelings, and the train of proud thoughts, inspired by the forbidden draught, were gone; all the unnatural strength which the fell poison had imparted,

fled and left her: nerveless mists, and clouds, and darkness, gathered round her. Again her husband knocked, and she recollected that she was the only person *up* in the house—she started—she felt that her limbs were not at her perfect command, and the apartment swam and danced, as she with effort seized the chamber-light. The thought of her degraded condition flashed on her, accompanied by the perfect recollection of the last serious warning uttered by the man she was now to encounter.

Her husband had parted from his mischievous tormentors in no very enviable mood. He took his leave with a forced nonchalance. "Pleasant dreams to you Spiff," said Hilson. Spiffard turned as he strided through the door-way, and as he saw every eye fixed on him (for they all waited his departure for a burst of merriment) he felt an undefinable suspicion which he would have been glad to have welcomed as reality: but it passed—"good night," and moistening his lip, by passing his tongue rapidly over it, he strode from the meeting. Should he go home? Not yet. He had parted from his wife ungently. Her image recalled that of his mother. His mother in that form which had haunted his imagination through life; that form which was his evil genius. He turned into Broadway and sought the cold breezes with which the broad expanse of waters pour on that unrivalled public walk, the Battery.

"My life has been chequered and full of events to overflowing, yet but one hope did I ever entertain of rest or happiness. One hope suggested by one image. I had seen the misery consequent on marriage where the wife was beautful, but unendowed with mind. I knew I could only be happy or contented in the marriage state, and I sought a partner who had intelligence, genius, spirit. I found one."

Our hero was doomed to suffer, during the spring and summer of his life, from *one* cause. He had seen that his unhappy parent was devoid of intellectual powers or cultivation, and he attributed her fall to *that* alone. He had mistakenly concluded, that where a strong mind, wit, spirit, genius, and intelligence, resided, so sordid a vice as that he most abhorred could not have gained an entrance. He had seen that his theory was contradicted by the practice of the great tragedian; but this conviction came after he had become the admirer of the brilliant and spirited woman he had made his wife. He did not know that the want of good early education, of that education which teaches the love of God and our neighbour, (that enduring love which is founded on the contemplation of the Crea-

tor's infinite goodness and mercy, filling the heart with thankfulness to him and charity to his creatures, and comprising the second command in the first)—he did not know that the want of this early education, which teaches our duty in society, and a knowledge of the organization of that society, of which we form a part, and on which our happiness depends—in short, he did not know, that without these fundamental principles of religion and morality, the most splendid talents availed nothing in the struggle man, or woman, has to maintain against passion within and temptation without. He proceeded soliloquizing almost audibly. "Yes! she has a quickness and strength of mind that I never expected to have found in woman! Could I have thought that such an one had yielded to the same demon who had poisoned my father's days! And for her sake I am now engaged in what may terminate in violence! And she—perhaps—no—no—after what has passed it is impossible. I will go home—I was too harsh—I will say so—I will not press my pillow without forgiving and forgiveness—Forgiveness!—As we forgive.—She has probably been unhappy all day, and now waits for me in anxiety and tears." He had turned his steps homeward at the first thought of reconciliation, and now stalked along with more than usual length of stride. He reached the door and knocked. The interval between his first and second knocking was filled by thoughts varying so quickly, that to attempt to fix them *here* would be to chain the words; but regret for the harshness of his former expostulations and tenderness towards his wife preponderated. She opened the door, and the light she held in her hand displayed, as in the noon-day sun, her face, and the terrible realities therein written. She smiled—but such a smile!—She attempted to say, "I am glad you have come"—but her tongue—no! the picture is too horribly disgusting—let the consequences suggest it to the reader's imagination.

The whole truth flashed upon the unhappy husband, and he stood a moment motionless. The thought passed through his mind of turning from the door.—"Then I must account for my conduct to my friends—they will attribute it to the approaching meeting." He passed on in silence, leaving his wife at the door. He entered the dining-room, and saw the disordered appearance of the table; the manuscript, tumbler, extinguished lamps, spectacles left behind by the mother, were seen by the glimmering light which the wife held in one hand, while with the other she fruitlessly endeavoured to lock and bolt the street-door; willingly protracting the absence from her husband.

Reason, so cruelly banished, returned with a whip of scorpions brandished aloft and threatening destruction. Conscience frowned with the aspect of Medusa. The torpor of the senses gave way rapidly, and the truth appearing through the mist of intoxication, was discoloured and distorted, and exaggerated into monstrous forms that cried, "despair."

"She had bolted the street-door, and could no longer defer the interview she dreaded. She came into the dining-room rigidly bracing her limbs to a steadiness they refused; the lamp she bore threw its glare over her features; an effort at counterpoise partly succeeded as she lifted her sight to the figure of her husband, who had seated himself without taking off his hat, and resting his hands on his cane, fixed his piercing and projecting eyes upon her face with an intentness that seemed to her supernatural. She again attempted to speak and to smile—but the mental powers were restored before the physical—the smile was ghastly—the sound of the voice was discordant. "I am glad you have come—I—" At that moment the comb intended to ornament and support her massive hair, and which had been previously displaced without her consciousness, fell on the floor, and her thick, disordered, unseemly locks rushed over her neck and face, adding a wildness to the features that may be pictured by the imaginative, but cannot be described.

Spiffard had collected his discomfited thoughts and brought them so far into subordination, that his mind was made up for the exigence of the moment. He rose from his seat, took up the fallen comb which the unhappy woman was endeavouring to recover, but which, as her desheveled hair streamed over her eyes by the action of bending to the floor, she could not see. He took the lamp *from* her hand, and placed the comb deliberately *in* it. He threw aside his cane, and taking her by the unoccupied hand led her silently to her chamber; the unhappy woman suffering herself to be assisted, and seeming utterly abandoned to despair.

Spiffard did not go beyond the door of the chamber; but, having placed her within, he put the lamp in her cold hand, and, in the act of retiring, stept back from her, at the same time taking hold of the door, and gently drawing it between his wife and himself, showed his intention to depart.

A terrible thought presented itself to the miserable woman. She bent her eyes upon her husband, all their brilliancy more than restored, while she said, in a faltering tone, "are you going?"

"Yes."

"You will not leave me—you will come—" She paused. He gently pulled the door towards him, as he said solemnly, "never."

They were separated for ever.

She did not attempt to open the door. It was not fastened. The key was in the lock, and inside. She looked at the door as if she still saw him. She heard him slowly descend the stairs in the dark. She heard him enter the room they had left, and heard him shut the door after him. The lamp fell from her hand as she threw herself on the bed, where sleep was never more to visit her. She could not weep. She heard her husband's heavy steps as he walked the floor beneath by the light of the fire. The word "never," rang as a knell incessantly in her ears!

CHAPTER XX.

The plot unveiled—almost.

"Have I laid my brain in the sun, and dried it, that it wants matter to prevent so gross o'erreaching."

"If I be serv'd such another trick, I'll have my brains taken out and buttered, and give them to a dog for a new year's gift."

"'Tis a kind of good deed to say well; and yet words are not deeds."
Shakspeare.

"He is a good fellow after all, and injures no one but himself." Such is the "bald disjointed chat," *that* thoughtless, mischievous, vice-encouraging, talk, which we frequently hear even from those who ought to know better. No one can injure himself without injuring others. Very frequently, (perhaps always) the pain is felt more by others than by the victim of intemperance.

It is the very nature of a good deed to reward the doer; while it not only adds to the happiness of those who receive the immediate benefit, but it adds to their disposition to do good to others. It makes the recipient better, and promotes his future, with his present happiness. It is like the poet's mercy, "twice blest. It blesseth him that gives, and him that takes." The light flowing from a good example has no limit. "So shines a good deed in a naughty world." Its influence is through all time to eternity.

On the other hand, every evil thought, if not rejected instantly with horror, contaminates the thinker; and probably leads to the act which was thought of. The desire to do evil has already corrupted the heart. The indulgence of a criminal wish, gives it strength; and the disposition to good is proportionably weakened. Criminal indulgence spreads its baneful influence like a pestilence. Who shall calculate the misery inflicted by one bad example; or set bounds to its influence?

It had been the lot of Spiffard to see one vice in all its native deformity; and to contemplate, for years, the misery inflicted by the weakness of one individual, on all connected with her. Here example did not produce imitation, because the evil *effects* were seen and understood as soon as the *cause*. The scenes presented to him in his father's family, when a child, though not then understood and appreciated, unfolded themselves in their deformity, as his mind expanded. "And is my father's fate to be mine?" he asked himself. "No, no! Though a fascination, beyond my comprehension, has drawn me thus far within the net, I can and *will* burst it! I have been rash—precipitate—have deceived myself; but I will not be the father of children whose mother is *no mother*; who are born to disease; and whose only refuge is death."

Such were his thoughts as he walked the floor, or occasionally threw his exhausted limbs on an uncushioned sofa, for change, not rest.

As soon as it was light, he sought the open air. It was cold, but he felt it not. He walked the pavement, trying to devise some means of extricating himself without injury to his unhappy wife. He had yet determined on no mode of procedure, when his watch gave him notice that the time he had appointed with Allen was close at hand. This appeared to him, now, a secondary business; but it must be attended to; and accordingly, he met his false friend at the time appointed, as guided by the time-indicator, purposely set wrong on the preceding evening, by the plotters against his rest. The town-clock, he perceived, did not agree with his watch; but then Allen and Beaglehole had set their watches together, and *their* time was to regulate the affair, and not town-clocks, or even suns.

The principal and his friend were on the ground at ten minutes before the time, but no opponents appeared. Spiffard was not only disappointed but chagrined, that there was no Captain Smith to be found. He wanted this affair off his hands; he had something of more importance on his heart. After waiting the time deemed necessary by the code of honour, as Allen chose to read it, they departed.

Spiffard had been silent, serious, firm. Allen gave him great credit for courage: of course he knew nothing of the cause which produced so great an alteration in his deportment. The unhappy young man was no longer anxious and restless; but calm, solemn, deliberate. The quizzers had expected a report from the pretended second, that would convulse them with laughter at the anticipated trepidation of their victim.

Allen denounced Captain John Smith as a poltroon, and asserted his intention to call upon the second, Mr. Beaglehole, for explanation and satisfaction. He went so far as to advise Spiffard to post the captain. This would have been a capital joke. To expose his friend to redicule for posting a nonentity, —an imaginary antagonist—as a coward. Spiffard only answered by, "No more of it."

The friends separated. The second to recount to the combined hoaxers the result of the appointment between his principal, and the shadowy Captain Smith; in which they were disappointed; not that no meeting took place, but that their *butt* had behaved in such a manner as to give no cause for merriment at his expense.

Spiffard was undecided what course to pursue in his unhappy situation. Should he consult with Mr. Littlejohn? Should he make known his misfortune and perplexity to Miss Atherton? Objections started up in his wavering mind to both; and before he had determined on any mode of procedure, he found himself in Wall-street, and on his way to Cooke's lodgings.

It may be fairly inferred from the incidents I have detailed, that if the water-drinker had only associated with water-drinkers—if he had not, by his choice of a profession, been thrown into the intimate society of men whose habits were at variance with his own, he would not have been involved in the perplexities, uneasiness, pain—not to say misery—arising from a supposed quarrel with a supposed personage; which, although in fact, unreal, was *real* to him, and productive of *real torture.* It is further probable that if he had not been made unhappy in his mind by the mischievous sport of these young men, that he would not have been peevish and irritable at home; that he would not have had a secret which he thought necessary to hide from his wife; that instead of making her unhappy by his apparent distrust, he might have gained her confidence *by confidence* and kindness; and thus, as well as by the force of reason, have reconciled her to herself, and weaned her from a habit which could not but destroy their domestic tranquillity.

Still, let it be constantly kept in mind, that the young gentlemen who had been led, step by step, to contrive and continue this practical joke, which inflicted most acute pain, most real and substantial misery, on a companion, did not intend his suffering, and had no knowledge or thought of its extent. They found Spiffard so unexpectedly credulous and confiding, that to their imaginations, he appeared almost as a creature of another species—one made for their amusement. Every successful

experiment led to another and another. Sometimes they feared that by dropping the plot too suddenly, their victim would discover the trick that had been played him, and they were conscious that they were obnoxious to his serious displeasure. Again, when over the festive board, which, in those days, was the daily-board, they, in mere gaiety, contrived further modes of continuing the existence of Captain Smith; who, as a creature of their own, was a favourite. Of the domestic woe experienced by Spiffard, they had no knowledge. They could have no conception of the addition their mirth made to his pain. The man who was the leader in the plot, would have risked fortune or life to serve the person he tormented. Allen was a well-meaning young man, overflowing with wealth, health, and animal spirits. Cooper was a man who had proved, again and again, that he would share his fortune, however hardly earned, with those who wanted a friendly and open hand to assist them; and confront any danger in defence of a worthy or oppressed object.

Cooke was still in bed. His fatal symptoms daily increased; and it was only by means of stimulants that he could feel any enjoyment in life, or fulfil any of its duties. His physicians knew his case to be desperate, and only watched over him to prolong existence, and make it as comfortable as disease and decay would permit.

Before Spiffard entered the old tragedian's bed-chamber, he encountered the faithful Trustworthy Davenport, in an outer apartment, and after receiving answers to his inquiries respecting Mr. Cooke, he was puzzled by his brother Yankee's requesting permission to ask him a question. This appeared very unnecessary, as it was Trusty's constant practice to ask as many as he pleased.

"It's none of *my* business, Mr. Spiffard, to be sure, but it seems to me that you have been troubled of late: and though it's none of my business, yet I think it is every man's business to be concerned for any body he thinks well of."

"But what's your question, Trusty?"

"Why I've no right to ask—but isn't Mr. Allen a good deal of what may be called a quizzer?"

"After your country fashion, Davenport, I will answer your question by asking one. Has Mr. Allen been quizzing you?"

"No, no! He knows I've seen salt water without shore, as well as himself; and for that matter, so have you, sir. But I'm not the game for such sportsmen."

"What is it *you* aim at?"

"Don't you think, sir, that the same set of quizzers that made Mr. Cooke fight a duel, and no duel, might be playing the same sort of frolick again?"

A beam of light flashed on the mental vision of the comedian, but only to confuse him. A sea of troubled thoughts tossed tumultuously on his brain. "Is it possible that any trick has been played off on me? Impossible!" And all the circumstances connected with Captain Smith were called up and examined in haste. They were dismissed. They were recalled. "Impossible! Could they? Would they, dare?" All this, and more, occupied but a moment. Davenport gazed inquiringly in his face; but could gain no intelligence from the mingling and shifting expressions he saw there.

"Again?" At length, said Spiffard, choosing the last word. "Again? Surely there has been no attempt at quizzing Mr. Cooke while in his deplorable situation."

"O, no! That would be too bad."

Trusty paused. He was afraid he should do mischief. He wished to communicate his knowledge and his suspicions; but, thought he, "I may do more harm than good." He was silent and looked confused.

Spiffard inquired—"What do you mean? What do you know?"

"Why, Mr. Spiffard," said Trusty, "I do know what I mean, and I know I mean right, and I know you mean the same."

"I know," said Spiffard smiling, "that I don't know what you mean."

"I have admired at your endeavours, sir, to save Mr. Cooke, who, for all his faults, I do admire, though I should be sorry to imitate him; but, as I was saying, I feel interest for you the more for your interest in him. But as to what I know, I don't know but I had better keep it to myself, and *that* can do no good. I doubt whether I ought to tell, because I *overheard* it; not that I listened; that I scorn; but I was obliged to hear; and yet I heard nothing that I could make head or tail of; but I heard them talking in a way that made me think, whether I would or no, that some scheme was on foot, and going on, for their fun; and that it concerned you; and yet, as to what I know, I know nothing; for all I heard was altogether beyond understanding, because it was incomprehensible."

"Truly, Trusty, you make out a plain case; but, if it was plainer, I don't see how I am concerned in it."

"Now, Mr. Spiffard, I can't tell, for it was all buzz like, a little here and a little there; and if the thought had not struck me that it concerned you, I should not have put it together. One said, 'let Simpson do it.' 'No,' said another, 'he will know him.' Then somebody said, somebody, I did'nt rightly hear the name, 'he's the man.' 'Ay,' says another, 'he don't know him.' And then they laughed, and all talked together, so that I could only catch a word now and then; but what made me certain that it must be either you or me that they meant, was, that I heard one say, 'If we could make him drink a glass of brandy, it might do; but it's hard to blind a water-drinker.' 'Pooh,' said another, 'he'll believe any thing.' Then, thinks I, 'they can't mean me.'"

Spiffard bit his lip and frowned; and the possibility of his having been made a sport for these young men again occurred; but how, was a perfect enigma. Besides, they were his friends. Some of them had proved themselves so. The thought was not to be reconciled to his previous knowledge of them. Captain Smith again occurred, and some misgivings; but these thoughts were so confused; so irreconcileable; so many circumstances appeared to contradict the images which Trusty had conjured up, that he dismissed them as mere creatures of the good fellow's imagination, entertained by him through good will.

"Do you know any thing more, Davenport?"

"I know nothing, as I said before: it might 'a been *me* that they meant when they said, 'it's hard to blind a water-drinker;' but when they said, 'he'll believe any thing,' I knew they couldn't mean Trustworthy Davenport. Not that I mean to say—but I have sometimes thought that you were a very easy-believing gentleman for one who, like myself, have been a traveller."

Further colloquy was interrupted, and perhaps further discovery prevented, by the arrival of another person, whose communications and their consequence *we* shall communicate in due time. We must return now to other persons of our dramatic history.

CHAPTER XXI.

Real repentance. Love.

"And what is love, I praie thee tell?
It is that fountain and that well
Where pleasure and repentance dwell;
It is, perhaps, that passing bell
Which tolls all into heaven or hell:
And this is love, as I heare tell."—*Anon.*

"Christianity embraced all speculative and contested maxims in these two great practical and incontestable truths;—adoration to one God and fraternity and charity amongst all men."—*Lamartine.*

"For charity itself fulfills the law;
And who can sever love from charity?"—*Shakspeare.*

"Those words which sum up all human godliness—My father, not *my* will but *thine* be done.—*Lamartine.*

"These are thy glorious works, parent of good,
Almighty! Thine this everlasting frame,
Thus wondrous fair: thyself how wondrous then,
Unspeakable."—*Milton.*

"——— Like the lily
That once was mistress of the field and flourish'd,
I'll hang my head and perish."—*Shakspeare.*

"Mercy and truth have met together,
Righteousness and peace have kissed each other.
David King of Israel.

How beautiful is that religion which teaches to love God above all things, and my neighbour as myself! religion is benevolence, and benevolence includes every virtue. The truly benevolent cannot be uncharitable, cannot be unfaithful, cannot be censorious, cannot be impure in act or thought, cannot be selfish: they love God and their neighbours, and they do as they would be done by.

But who is religious? Who is benevolent? Who is at all

times pure in thought and deed? Who is at all times free from censoriousness, from uncharitableness. None. No, not one. The precepts taught us as those on which "hang all the law and the prophets," *the love of God and the love of our neighbour*, may be impressed upon the heart and have the whole undivided assent of the understanding; while the mind is in this state the individual is religious. But the cares of the world must at times occupy the thoughts, and its jarring collisions divert the mind from this wholesome state. The passions which have been cherished by bad education; the indulgencies that have become habitual before the beauty of wisdom was perceived; the thousand and ten thousand occurrences which tempt the rich to uncharitableness, and the poor to envy and malice, all, by turns, banish truth from the mind. This has led men to the desert and to the monastery; to become hermits and monks; forgetting that religion requires to *do* as well as to suffer. Truth becomes effective by frequent contemplation; and the habitual recurrence of its precepts induces practice.

The mother and brother of Emma Portland had taught her those truths by precepts and example. And though the cares and conflicting incidents of life might have distracted her mind from them, and sometimes even suggested thoughts in opposition to them, yet she habitually cherished them, assiduously recalled them, acted in conformity to them, and drove from her pure breast the intruders of an opposite character as soon as she detected their presence; perhaps this is all that we can do; perhaps it is all that is required of us.

Eliza Atherton was another creature whose purity and whose soul was love. Her lot had been in all things different from Emma's. Yet the result was nearly the same. Miss Atherton had not enjoyed that love which begets love, or received that education, either by example or precept, which leads to wisdom. The education of Emma Portland guarded her from the intoxicating effects which the consciousness of possessing uncommon beauty, aided by the admiration it elicits from others, might have produced. Miss Atherton had not this temptation to contend with. And the almost repelling aspect produced by disease, added to the neglect of her weak parents, and the preference given to her beautiful sisters, had operated to produce the cultivation of her mind, the love of wisdom, the desire for truth, and the practice of forbearance, forgiveness, love, and piety.

These two beings, so unlike in appearance, but so similar in

mind and inclination, were kept asunder by circumstances, at this time, which we have communicated to our readers.

On the night, the events of which, as they are connected with Mr. and Mrs. Spiffard, we have dwelt upon at some length, Eliza Atherton, and her trusty English servant, Ellen Graves, by turns watched with the almost exhausted Mrs. Williams. Though both were watchers, the difference between mental and physical, was, as the night waned, apparent. Ellen slept. Her mistress approached her sister to administer medicine, which was to be given at stated hours, and found that although under the influence of an anodyne, she was struggling and in agony. The tender sister raised her, to assist the efforts of nature; she opened her eyes wildly, with an expression of terror, and a cry of "save me, save me!"

"Be calm, dear sister!"

"Help me! I can't go! He forgave me! Eliza!"

"I am here, sister! be calm. You are in my arms."

"Save me, Eliza! I am dying!"

"You are not yet awake!"

"O, such terrible sights!"

"It was only a dream!"

"I know I am dying. I never felt so before. There is no hope for me here or hereafter! I saw my mother—my father! I murdered them! I am without hope!"

"They forgave you. I will send for Doctor Cadwallader."

"Send for Mr. Carlton to pray with me. I can't pray."

"Ellen! Ellen! I will pray with you. Ellen! Ellen!"

Eliza Atherton promptly roused the sleeping Ellen. The other servants were called, and one of the men was dispatched for Doctor Cadwallader, while Ellen being sooner ready to go out, from the circumstance of being a watcher, and dressed, was sent to request the attendance of the Reverend Doctor Carlton, whose church, she, as well as the rest of the family, attended, and whose place of residence was near. Ellen was unsuccessful. The reverend Doctor Carlton had not returned from a concert of sacred music then performing in his church. It was past eleven o'clock. As the young woman was descending the steps from the clergyman's door, and debating with herself whether she should go to the church, or return home, she saw a person approach, wrapt in a black cloak, and otherwise having a clerical appearance. She hastened to meet him, and addressing him as Doctor Carlton, requested him to attend Mrs. Williams, who, as she said, was dying, and wanted his prayers.

"I am not Doctor Carlton."

"But, sir, you look like a clergyman."

"I am. But I am a stranger to Mrs. Williams."

"She's dying, sir."

"She may not wish to see a stranger."

"But, sir, are you of the church of England?"

Ellen was one of those who had been taught that there was but one way to heaven, and that the key of the gate was intrusted to but one description of men.

"I am an episcopal clergyman," the stranger replied, "and, I hope, of the church of God."

"That's what I mean, sir; but I am a stranger in America, and do not know your modes of speech."

"I will attend you, and see Mrs. Williams. If she will permit me to join with her in the prayers of the church, or of the heart, I will attend and assist, as far as in my power, to reconcile her to her Maker."

"She will, sir; and Miss Atherton, her sister, will be happy to join, sir, for she is as good a church-woman as ever lived."

And Ellen Graves led the way to the bed-side of the dying woman, after having received her mistress's permission.

The clergyman was a tall, thin man, of a pale complexion; in fact, his face was destitute of any warm tint—it was white, and contrasted strongly with his jet-black eyes and hair. His features were all strongly marked, but well formed; and his countenance far from austere. His eyes were brilliant; his hair, in large dark masses, caused the whiteness of his forehead and cheeks to appear like alabaster. The intense darkness of the colour of his eyes, and their prying fixedness, would have been overpowering, but for the serenity of his brow, and the expression of benevolence which seemed native to his well-formed but colourless lips.

Mrs. Williams was tranquil. Ellen brought a prayer-book, and presented to the priest. He kneeled by the bed-side. Eliza Atherton kneeled at the foot of the bed. Her faithful servant kneeled a little behind, in habitual deference, even in what she felt the more immediate presence of Him, before whom all are equal. The clergyman looked at the sick woman, and her opening eyes met his. He commenced, "Let us pray!"

"I cannot pray!" was uttered in a voice, harsh, broken, unearthly. "I cannot die! O, save me!"

Miss Atherton rose, and gently approached her sister; raised her in her arms, and supported her."

"Let us join in prayer to him who can save," said the stranger.

"I cannot! I am dying without hope! I murdered my father and mother! I have caused my own death! Murder and suicide!"

"You are repentant."

"Dear sister! our parents lived to an advanced age; your mother—your father, died blessing and forgiving you. You have suffered from and repented the errors of youth; and although those sufferings misled you to further error, you are penitent, and heaven is merciful!"

"Your earthly father," added the priest, "forgave you; how infinitely greater is the forgiving love of your Father who is in heaven. To doubt his mercy is sin; and that sin must be eschewed, otherwise you cannot die in peace, or feel the love of the Father, who is all love. I will read to you the words of him who is all truth; and of whose love there is no end."

---

* Having requested of my friend, Dr. J. W. Francis, to give me, as a medical man, some notices of the effects of stimulants upon the unhappy persons who have been induced to have recourse to them from various causes, he has favoured me with a very interesting letter on the subject, a part of which I will here introduce, and reserve other portions for subsequent pages.

NEW-YORK, MARCH 31, 1836.

DEAR SIR—Your interrogatories are distinctly within my recollection, and I would be happy to give them the fullest answers, were the subject susceptible of illustration within the compass of an ordinary letter. Your desire to embody some of the more prominent facts connected with the phenomena of intemperance, so far as they are associated with morbid changes in the physical structure, occurring in persons who have long indulged in spirituous potations, is such, however, as induces me, though with little time at command, hastily to put together a few leading facts, from which you and other general readers, may, perhaps, derive the strongest arguments which can be adduced, on medical grounds, against the practice of using ardent spirits. It is for the divine, the moralist, and the economist, to attack the pernicious habit on other principles equally potent. All that I aim at on this occasion, is to group together, for your special use, a number of the most striking occurrences which we encounter, when professionally called upon to prescribe for the intemperate, or to perform a more unpleasant service, which occasionally presents itself as a duty; I mean the drawing up a report of the disordered changes wrought by alcohol in the corporeal system of the inebriate, when dead.

The *malade imaginaire* affords a pretty good proof that Moliere drew some of his leading illustrations from cases of what are now denominated *delirium tremens*, or *mania a potu*. The disturbed, unequal, and often exhausted state of the faculties of the minds of persons who have long indulged in spirituous

Such was the effect of the reading of this gentleman, which was like a pure full stream, issuing from the heart, that the unhappy, conscience-stricken woman was restored to a quiet resignation to the will of her Maker, before Doctor Cadwallader arrived. He saluted the clergyman as Mr. Littlejohn.

This pious and tried man, now possessing health of body and mind, was no other than the son of the benevolent merchant with whom the reader is acquainted, restored to the world, and to his father. He had likewise been attending the concert of sacred music, but had left it earlier than the rector of the church, Doctor Carlton.

---

drinks, is familiarly known; and the same condition of the functions of the body has as often been observed. Hypocondriacism, or other species of mental aberration, are noticed in one class of patients, and functional derangement in another, but oftener both in the same individual; and hence, too, we see alcoholic insanity conspicuous among the numerous forms of deranged manifestations of mind in many of our public institutions, appropraited to the treatment of lunacy. In our *mixed* population, (I mean of *foreigners* and *natives*,) we find this type of disease more abundant than in any other of the disorders which are classed under the denomination of insanity. Gloomy as this picture may seem, it has this cheering feature, that inasmuch as the mania of intemperance is more medicable than several other forms of the complaint, we may, in cases of this origin, promise a success in our means of cure, when capable of carrying our remedial measures into full effect, that might be altogether unwarrantable in some cases arising from a different source."—*See the chapter entitled "Lunatic Asylum," Vol. I.*

CHAPTER XXII.

The hoax concluded.

"Thus ended the scene, plotted and conducted by these ingenious gentlemen; but not thus ended the consequences which resulted from it."
Godwin.

"Thus we play the fool with the time, and the spirits of the wise sit in the clouds and mock us."

"Whose nature is so far from doing harms,
That he suspects none."

"I do not like this fooling."

"Go to your bosom—
Knock there—and ask your heart what it doth know
That's like your brother's fault."—*Shakspeare.*

When the sportive, unintentional tormentors of Spiffard again met, (which was while he was at Cooke's lodgings,) they, after receiving Allen's report, again debated whether the affair was to be dropped or continued; and if continued, *how*.

The credulity of their victim had been so great, that Allen, who was flattered by the success of his own skill, (like the sportsman who is reconciled to the torture inflicted on the harmless bird, by the self-applause which the proof of his unerring aim produces,) could not yet give up what appeared to him such a *capital joke*. He therefore proposed "getting up" a plausible apology for the failure of Captain Smith.

"It was not his fault. He and his second had been on the ground, and left it. We were too late by reason of our watches being half an hour too slow. Thus Spiffard had not been at the appointed place in time; and, in consequence, Captain Smith, and his second, Mr. Beaglehole, had just cause to be offended. Therefore, an apology or explanation must take place, and if they require another meeting, which they *must*

do, it must be given. In the mean time, Captain Smith must go to Baltimore, and, of course, the meeting be deferred. This will give time to keep up the joke capitally. Spiff must be made to practise with the pistol. We will take him out—load both my hair-triggers—and I will bet two to one, that I make him believe that he can snuff a candle at twenty paces."

"I don't believe he ever fired a pistol in his life," said Cooper. "He can't hit a barn-door at ten paces."

"If that was the case before Captain Smith's birth," said Simpson, "now that you have wasted Spiffard to a skeleton, he will not be able to hit a barn."

"I'll give him a few lessons with the pistol," said the little colonel. "I trained Jack Oglevy of Magra's Pennsylvania Regiment, so perfectly, that in three weeks practice, I had the pleasure, as his second, to see him wing Bob Tenterton, of Sheldon's Dragoons, and make him spin like a humming-top."

"It will never do," said Cooper. "Drop it."

"And they fought with Tenterton's horse-pistols; no hair-triggers then—"

"The thing has gone far enough."

But Allen persisted. "Only let him try at a mark, the size of a dollar, and I'll convince him that he has hit it, though he shoots ever so wide."

"By dint of argument profound."

"No. I'll stand behind him and fire over his head. My ball will pierce the centre; and it will be no difficult matter—especially if we all say so—to persuade him that my shot-hole was made by his bullet—the result of his steady aim."

"Allen, you must have a very high opinion of your persuasive powers."

"Why, a man who can be persuaded that the blackguard he bullied in the Shakspeare box, was a gentleman, may be persuaded to any thing."

"By those in whose words he has confidence," slily remarked Simpson.

"Your plan is impracticable. He will see into the trick, and that will open his eyes to the whole affair. Besides, I don't believe Spiff ever intended to shoot, or be shot."

"Surely," said Allen, "he would not have gone to meet the man, otherwise."

"I don't know that," was Cooper's reply. "Spiff thinks that truth is as powerful as lead; and that a frank explanation, and cool reasoning, will settle any difference."

"That may be the case now, but it was not so with us," said

the colonel. "When Tom Dickson, of the first Maryland Regiment, said Jack Tomlinson—"

"But," said Allen, "suppose his adversary's arguments should be blows."

"He has no fears of personal violence. Though he never practised pistol-shooting, his boxing and fencing, as I know by experience, are of the first quality. He can make a decided hit, and a hard one. He is as strong and active as a Sadler's Well's Hercules, and boxes, cudgels, and fences, like an 'admirable Crichton.'"

"Besides," said Simpson, "it is quite time to drop it. We have gone too far already. If ever he should find out the tricks we have been playing him, we may have a serious quarrel, although no duel. He has suffered in both the spirit and the flesh."

"Why you don't think his lank sides and hollow cheeks are caused by the doughty Captain Smith?" said Allen.

"What else?" was asked.

"For some time past," said the manager, "I have had my suspicions that there is a more formidable as well as a real personage, the meeting with whom at home has thrown him into the snares prepared for him abroad. Poor Spiff, I wish I could free him from all his engagements as easily as from this of Captain Smith."

"I'll tell you what, my masters," said Hilson, "Spiff certainly does look miserable, and we ought to make an end of the hoax."

"Well, well," said Allen, "but don't let us break off too abruptly. He will expect some account from me of the reason given for the challenger's non-appearance. He has a right to expect it. I have promised it. Therefore he must have the explanation, as I have told you—it was owing to the difference of the watches and all that—and this explanation I am supposed to receive from Beaglehole."

"You forget that you told Spiff that Beaglehole's watch was set to yours."

"True. I forgot that."

"There's an old proverb on that subject."

"You mean, that 'Liars should have good memories.' If it was not a company concern I'd challenge you for *that*."

"For what? It was your conscience that said it—not I."

"I do sometimes think that we have gone too far; but we can't stop now. I must excuse the watch business; then I

must not receive the excuse of Smith's second; I threaten to post Captain Smith; Captain Smith threatens to horsewhip Spiffard. That will do! And, then, as Captain Smith is a big bully of a fellow, Spiff must be persuaded to buy a pair of pocket-pistols; and I will parade him up and down Broadway; and every now and then I can see Captain Smith waiting at a corner, ready to put his threat into execution."

Thus, forgetting his late qualms of conscience, the youth delighted himself with anticipating the triumphant conclusion of his long-protracted boy's-play.

Some of the party protested against any further prosecution of the boyish sport; others agreed with Allen that more must be done to prevent suspicion; and he, tracing Spiffard to Cooke's lodgings, entered the antichamber in time to interrupt the colloquy between our hero and his brother yankee, and to prevent some further notions being communicated which would have defeated the intention of Allen's visit.

As it was, some thoughts had been generated by Trustworthy in the mind of Spiffard which were adverse to Allen's scheme; but anything like the truth could not be imagined by one so guileless.

Allen told Spiffard that he came to inform him of the result of his interview with Beaglehole.

Spiffard made no reply, but looked in the face of the informant as though he would read more than was spoken. Still he had no suspicion of deliberate falsehood. He was obliged to view the faces of those with whom he conversed, from that point which portrait-painters prefer. He looked up to the face of Allen, and saw nothing but manly beauty. He saw nothing dishonest in the half-opened lips, disclosing their even and white indwellers; or in the quiet grey eyes, surmounted by lofty arched brows that never had been bent by care. All was as fair as the herculean youth's complexion. The scrutinising look was continued from absence of mind. Spiffard was thinking of something else after the first glance.

Allen blushed.

The supposed conversation was recited nearly as we have given it in anticipation; concluding with Captain Smith's threat of personal chastisement.

"I do not fear the arm of any man."

"He is a stout muscular fellow," said Allen.

"You have seen him, then?"

This was a thrust not to be parried. Another of those false-

hoods which men of honour can tell under the paltry shelter of "it's a joke," must be resorted to. One lie begets another. A falsehood cannot stand alone. To hesitate would not have comported with the acknowledged reputation of Allen in the art of quizzing, and he boldly answered, "I saw a very stout, athletic, nautical-looking man, part from Beaglehole as I approached him."

This (although pure fiction) was spoken with such an undaunted air of confidence, and so much in the manner and tone of truth, that joined to the probability (all the preceding circumstances being believed as undoubted facts) that Spiffard's incipient wavering doubts—if he had any—were dispersed.

"I do not fear the arm of any man," he quietly repeated.

"But to receive a blow!"

"I can arrest a blow."

"But from a horse-whip?"

"I trust my activity, skill, and strength, to wrest such weapon from the hand of an antagonist."

"But the scandal of such a contest in the streets?"

"I do not seek it."

"If you carried pistols, you might, by presenting one on his approach, prevent an attack; and if assailed, you would be justified in shooting him."

"*I* think *not*. I will not shed blood. I have never intended it."

"But self-defence."

"I can defend myself."

"The probability is, that by merely showing a pistol, bloodshed will be prevented; for if you undergo his chastisement you will challenge him; I shall insist on *that*. You must have satisfaction, otherwise you cannot look your friends in the face."

"I shall not do wrong for fear—even of my friends. You must act as you please."

"It is you that must act. These fellows must not boast that you have kept yourself out of their way through fear. I have been to Bonfanti's and purchased a pair of little bulldogs. We will walk Broadway to show the bullies that we are not to be frightened into hiding-places by blustering. You had better take the pistols."

"No, sir. I am going into Broadway as soon as I have seen Mr. Cooke."

He went into the old gentleman's chamber, and Allen followed. Spiffard, having determined to visit Mr. Littlejohn, made his stay very short with his sick friend; and, passing through Wall-street, he took his way up Broadway, accompanied by Allen. Mr. Littlejohn's residence being in the lower part of Courtlandt-street, the young man proceeded thither. Some of the conspirators followed, thinking that Allen had succeeded in his plan, while Spiffard was almost unconscious of his presence. Allen at times thought he saw in the countenance of *his pupil, that* anxiety he wished to see; and then, again, was puzzled by the abstracted air of the unhappy man, whose friend he really was, notwithstanding this worse than boy's-play. But little did he think whence arose that abstraction. In this state of bewilderment, they passed the house of Mr. Littlejohn unnoticed, and the absent-man was roused by the voice of Allen, hitherto unattended to: "There he is!"

"What do you mean?"

And looking up he perceived the ferry-boat just pushing off for Paulus Hook.

"There he is!" cried Allen again.

"What and whom do you mean?"

"I mean Captain Smith. There he goes!" pointing to the ferry-boat. "That's the man. There he goes, the cowardly braggart."

Spiffard, more fully aroused from his revery, asked quietly, "Which is he?"

"That fellow in the watch-coat with an enormous horse-whip in his hand. The fellow with three capes to his overcoat, and a whip which he had not courage to use. Do you see him?"

"I see a man with a great-coat and horse-whip."

"That's the fellow I saw with Beaglehole. His second has not been able to keep him up to the mark. Would you have known him?"

"No."

"That's the man, depend upon it."

Spiffard doubted not that he had seen Captain Smith; but he thought little of it, and turned to retrace his way to Mr. Littlejohn's. He was somewhat surprised to see several of the usual club or knot, near the wharf. Allen joined them, pointing to the boat, and he heard the name of Captain Smith as he passed. He heard a laugh—he thought of Davenport. It was

dismissed in a moment. He left his friends to laugh at his credulity, and wearied by long watching, anxiety, and forebodings of evil, he sought and found a counsellor in his friend the merchant; a friend whom he ought to have consulted before his affairs had arrived at this fearful crisis.

CHAPTER XXIII.

A promising match; and an old acquaintance very unpromising.

"Your mind shall no longer suffer by your person; nor shall your eyes, for the future, dazzle me into a blindness towards your understanding."
Steele.

"Restor'd to heaven and heaven's ways,
'Tis rapture that all woe repays!—*Anon.*

"But this lies all within the will of God."

"Thus may we gather honey from the weed,
And make a moral of the devil himself."

"Compare dead happiness with living wo.—*Shakspeare.*

The Reverend Mr. John Littlejohn, when he returned home from his accidental (and almost midnight) visit to Mrs. Williams, was filled with thoughts that had of late been strangers to him. They were not thoughts inimical to the holy functions he had been performing; and, indeed, they were intimately connected with the scene at the bed-side of the sufferer.

He found his father anxiously waiting for him, having sat up beyond his usual hour of retiring. Although he had every reason to suppose that his son was restored to a sane state of his reasoning faculties, yet the father could not forget the past, and every minute that the son overstaid the time of his expected return, caused a pang, such as none but a parent, who had suffered from such a cause, can conceive.

Saint Paul's clock struck twelve. The old man closed his book and crossed his spectacles on its cover. He looked at his watch, although he knew that it agreed with the clock. He got up and traversed the room. He took up his book again, and tried to read. He snuffed the candles and wiped the glasses of his spectacles: still he could not read. He listened to catch the sound of every passing footstep on the pavement. He heard the approach of steps—"it is—no." They pass. Another, and another. One step—the bell rings—the

impatient father flies to the door. It is his son—such as he wished to see him.

It is somewhat singular, but as true as the generality of this history, that all the principal personages concerned in it were sleepless on this night: some the whole night, others much beyond the usual time of sinking to rest. We have seen Spiffard and his merry companions; his unfortunate wife, his mother, and Miss Portland; Mrs. Williams and Miss Atherton; all awake: Cooke and his faithful Yankee may have rested or not; Williams was at Philedelphia, seeking pleasures adapted to his character; Mrs. Johnson, improving in health, slept soundly; and Henry, no longer a watchman, enjoyed the repose, not of the monarch on his couch of down, but of the ship-boy rocking on "the high and giddy mast." But return we to Courtlandt-street and the Littlejohns.

"I was in hopes, sir, that you were in bed and asleep. I fear, from appearances, that you have been made uneasy by my protracted absence at this time of night."

"I ought not, perhaps, to have felt any uneasiness, but your late indisposition—"

"I believe, sir, that you need never be anxious in that respect again. And yet we cannot soon forget the past."

The father was silent. He pressed the hand of his son and tears filled his eyes; but he remained silent.

They entered the parlour, and the son proceeded.

"When I look back to the past it is like a horrid dream. But that which preceded the dream can never occur again. It appears to me that I have attained to a clear view of my duty to my Creator and his creatures, since the aberration of my intellect. And a clear view of man's duty presents a clear view of his interest. But I have seen one, even this night, within this hour, who, if her conduct is uniformly such as I have witnessed, would insure peace and sanity to all who came within the sphere her brightness illumines. A steady continuance in the right path to any one who could be fortunate enough to have her for a companion." Thus frank was the accustomed intercourse between this son and father. There was, however, an evident excitement in the young clergyman which might have alarmed the old gentleman; but the son went on to detail the incidents of the evening with so much collectedness, that, although he dwelt rather minutely on all that concerned one person, his father had no fears for his intellects. The young man inquired, rather earnestly, what he knew res-

pecting the sister of Mrs. Williams. His father had never heard of the existence of such a person.

After a pause, the young priest said, "she is a very fine woman. A very extraordinary woman."

"Mrs. Williams," said the father, "is said to have been a beauty; and her sister may be such now, if younger and—"

"She is not like her sister. Never could Mrs. Williams have been like *her!* she is all mind, soul, purity, piety?"

"And beautiful?"

"O no. Not according to the world's view of beauty: excepting the beauty of gracefulness and form. She has neither what I once thought *youth*, nor beauty. Her face is marked by the scars left on it by that disease which modern science has banished from the civilized world: yet her countenance is lovely, because animated by benevolence—her eyes beam with intelligence—and her lips, although colourless, are in form and expression perfect."

"Why, Thomas, I do not wonder that you staid so long," said the old man smiling.

"I only staid for prayer, and to read to the unhappy Mrs. Williams, and for a few moments conversation with Miss Atherton."

"Atherton? True, I have heard that was the name of the family. Good night. I suppose we shall hear more of this wonder."

Next day the young clergyman left his father's door to visit Mrs. Williams, as he had promised, at the request of Miss Atherton, the previous night; the night of sleeplessness. The thought of seeing again that scarred and seamed face did not deter him. But he was always a "man of his word."

As he descended the steps he met Spiffard, and recognising him as the person he had seen with his father in the lunatic asylum, he bowed to him and passed on.

Spiffard looked at him as at a stranger. He did not think of the unhappy man he had visited on that occasion. The graceful figure and intelligent countenance of the person who saluted him, could not be reconciled to the remembrance of the sick, and haggard, and wild appearance, of *that* son he had seen; and he could not forbear, almost as soon as he was admitted to the merchant's presence, saying, "have you more than one son, sir?"

"No—not now. You must have met my son as you came in; but so happily changed that you did not recognise him.

Heaven has restored him to me, only made more dear to me by the trials he has passed and the sufferings we have both endured. I had another son, older than Thomas. He was even brighter in intellect and richer in every endowment of nature than this: he was pure, stainless, body and soul; brilliant and quick of apprehension, rich in knowledge, which flowed upon him as if by the attraction of love to its lover. But his ever active mind exhausted his perfect frame, and he fell dead at my feet, with the pen in his hand, and an unfinished essay on death spread open on his desk."

"I am sorry I have recalled the memory of past sorrow, sir."

"O, we see the evils of the past as through a veil. The hard lines and sharp angles are lost. Their connection with our present existence is felt in mitigated sorrow, and sometimes as adding beauty to our hopes of the future, shedding sun-light through the mist on the distant prospect. Happily for man, the brighter passages of former days come out to his retrospection with additional brilliancy; and he possesses the power to linger on the review of them. The griefs we have sustained lose their poignancy; resignation to the will of God, founded upon the contemplation of his attributes and his works; upon the events we have seen and see; and upon the knowledge communicated to us by his word; takes the sting from every evil, and from death itself. I thought when you accompanied me to the asylum of the deranged, and heard my remaining son utter the ravings of insanity, that the affliction was beyond bearing: yet that aberration of intellect now appears to me, at times, as a surety for a healthful state of mind and body for a long futurity. Certain it is he is made dearer to me, and I believe better, by his sufferings. O, how beautiful is the parable of the lost son restored!"

This conversation restored the hopes of Spiffard. He opened to the merchant the recesses of his sorrows. He confessed the headlong rashness which had precipitated him into an engagement for life with one whose former life and private habits he had not made himself acquainted with. He confided to this man, whose benevolence he had witnessed, and whose wisdom he heard, the whole of his matrimonial sorrows, and exposed their cause. He expatiated upon the miseries he had witnessed in youth, as inflicted upon his father and his household. He blamed his own blind credulity in taking a woman to wife, however admirable, merely on the knowledge of her obvious talents, and apparent strength of intellect. He attri-

bated his reliance upon his wife's being above the reach of temptation, to that confidence he placed in the powers of her mind.

Mr. Littlejohn encouraged him to hope. Advised him to repress his feelings in his wife's presence, and remember that he had had too great confidence in himself. He conjured him to return home; treat the erring one with kindness rather than passion or sternness. Examine himself, whether he had not, by negligence or want of confidence, irritated a quick and feeling temper. His conscience said, "guilty;" but, "could I help it?" whispered something, perhaps self-love.

After a long conversation, in which Mr. Littlejohn played the friendly monitor, our hero resolved to return home, pour the balm of reconciliation and forgiveness into the wounded spirit, (for such he knew it must be) of the faulty creature he had left with harshness, and he went his way encouraged to hope that he yet might find a wife and a home.

As Spiffard was about to depart, the merchant, remembering the behaviour of the young comedian at Doctor Cadwallader's, on seeing Mrs. Williams, and now interested in what respected her, from his son's eulogiums on her sister, asked him if he had learned any thing more of Mrs. Williams since that evening.

"Yes, sir, she is my aunt, the sister of my mother."

"Your aunt? And the lady, now attending upon her—is her sister."

"Her younger sister, sir, and consequently likewise my aunt; but no more like her elder sister than the morning star to Erebus. The likeness of Mrs. Williams to my mother, both in person and in the badges of weakness which were so apparent when I first saw her, occasioned feelings and conduct that must have appeared very extraordinary. This lady is an angel. She has, (her parents being dead) come to this country from motives of love and benevolence: and when her sister shall have departed this life, she will be without friends or family connexions, except in me."

Mr. Littlejohn did not pursue the subject further, and his young friend departed.

As Spiffard passed rapidly through Broadway on his return home, (or what he hoped once more to make a home,) he was much excited. He walked fast. All the apparent listlessness of the first part of the morning was gone. He no longer felt the lassitude resulting from a sleepless night, and many hours of extreme anxiety. All thoughts was determined to one ob-

ject. He heeded nothing; he saw nothing in the great thoroughfare; the main artery of the great commercial metropolis. Many passed him who knew him, but saw him not. Intent on their own purposes, hurrying from their dwelling places to South-street, Water-street, Pearl-street or Wall-street, to the store-house, counting-house, bank or exchange. Others, to whom he was known as the favourite comedian of the day, laughed as they looked at his care-worn face, and thought it very comical; while some, pointing to the man whose talents had delighted them, while he gave life to the *clowns* of the poet, which are to live when he is forgotten, said, "that's Spiffard! how pale he looks."

He heard not, he saw not, when suddenly, "Ho! Spiffard!" was shouted in his ears, so loud and discordantly, that he could not but look up to see whence the salutation came.

He saw, a few paces from him, crossing the street, and advancing to place himself in his path-way, a man much taller than himself, with his eyes glaring on him, and his face glowing through a mask of dirt. His mouth was distended by a smile as he shouted the name of "Spiffard," but the smile contradicted the expression of the eyes, which was wild and ghastly. He lifted aloft and swung round his head a piece of hickory, plucked from a load of fire-wood recently thrown on the pavement; which enormous club he wielded with the strength of a giant. He stood directly in front of Spiffard, obliging him to stop. With arm uplifted, and rags fluttering in a north-west wind, he repeated, "ho! Spiffard!" and added, "stand at my command!"

The young man looked mildly but firmly in his eye, nd said quietly, "how is it with you, Knox? I am sorry to see you thus—so thinly clad in this biting wind."

The poor wretch, who thus barred his passage, and accosted him, had been last seen by him in the lunatic asylum, as has been noticed. He had escaped, and found means to exchange the decent apparel which had been supplied by the liberality of George Frederick Cooke, (and which, of course, he wore at the time of his escape) for the motley tatters in which he now appeared. The exchange was effected at the "Five-points," and he imagined his present dress a disguise. Those who had robbed him, administered the poison that wrought him to the lamentable frenzy in which he now presented himself.

His miscellaneous apparel was composed of all manner of decompositions. Part of a check handkerchief round his close-

shaved head, and straws fantastically entwined with it. The *debris* of a surtout coat, formed a waistcoat for him, covering one thigh to the knee. The remnant of what is commonly called a plaid cloak, was thrown over his shoulders, like a Roman toga, or a Mohawk's blanket. Coat he had none. A pair of tattered nankeen pantaloons, hung a little below the knee on one leg, and to the ankle of the other; otherwise, his unhosed legs and feet were seen through the rents of an off-cast pair of short boots. His toes were at perfect liberty.

Soothed by the calm and familiar manner in which his boisterous address was met, he dropped his ponderous staff, and said: "Is it not an excellent dress for Edgar? 'Poor Tom's a cold. Tom will throw his head at them.' Would you believe it, Mr. Spiffard, the manager refused me an engagement; four nights—as a star. I only asked a clear benefit. Spiff! I want money! I must be obeyed! I want brandy!"

This man had been well educated; had prided himself on being a gentleman. Showed scars obtained as a duellist in his own country. Talked of the infamous climate of "this country." Came from home as one of the theatrical *corps* for the New-York Theatre, and had been discharged for excessive intemperance. He had been known to drink two quarts of unmixed brandy to prepare himself for acting. Cooke lectured him, and pointed out the evil and its consequences, and after his discharge, supported him. But what was given for food or raiment, was bartered for poison; madness followed, and he was consigned to the hospital.*

---

* This wretched victim of intemperance resided at one period in a garret room in Courtlandt-street, before his final discharge from the theatre; and has been known to go to the business of the stage, after a preparation of the kind above mentioned. He would find his way to his garret—drink again that he might sleep—what a sleep! and then in a species of raving somnambulism, escape by means of the garret-window, and ramble the streets, until exhausted nature deposited her loathsome burthen in some cellar, or some bulkhead. He died of apoplexy. In connexion with this case, I subjoin an extract from Doctor Francis's letter, before mentioned.

"As medical witness in our courts of criminal judicature, I have often been summoned to give testimony in cases of death occasioned by intemperance, or by other causes which have eventuated fatally: and for the better discharge of this duty, have, within the period of the last twelve or fourteen years, examined many bodies deceased by accident, or other causes, operating suddenly. The details, therefore, which I now communicate, are derived almost entirely from autopsic examinations thus made.

"The body of the dead inebriate, often exhibits in its external parts, a physiognomy quite peculiar, and as distinctive as that which presents itself when life has been terminated by an over dose of laudanum. Sometimes

Spiffard endeavoured to soothe him, and persuade him to return to the asylum. He offered to call a coach for him; and, as he appeared for a moment to listen, represented the comfortable state in which he had seen him in the hospital. Suddenly he broke out:

"Return! Return to the house of bondage! Ha! ha! I'm free! No chains! No wife! You are married! ha, ha, ha! Huzza for liberty and brandy! Go to your wife! To your wife! Ha, ha, ha!"

Shouting with violent gesticulations, he brandished his club; and the poor creature rushed past, crying—"Go to your wife! Your wife! To a nunnery go! To a nunnery go!"

---

the surface, more especially at its superior parts, as about the head, neck, or face, betrays a surcharged fullness of the vascular system; and the cutaneous investure of these parts, and of the extremities, is characterized by the results of an increased action of the exhalents, by blotches, &c.: and this state, the consequence of previous over action has so impaired the vital energies of the surface, that effusions of a serous or sanguineous quality are to be observed. I remember a most striking instance of this last circumstance, occurring about eighteen months ago. The individual, a middle aged adult subject, had long indulged freely in the use of distilled spirits. He died of universal dropsy. Some few days previous to his death, hemorhagic discharges from the surface of the inferior extremities, were noticed in several places, and they continued until the close of his life. Nor would creosote, or pyroligneous acid, or any other means, modify in the least the sanguineous discharge. I have also known old cicatrized wounds to bleed anew in such subjects previous to their decease; and blistered surfaces to become extremely annoying.

"The brain of the intemperate is the rallying point of much disorganizing action; but to notice the morbid changes minutely, would be too technical for your purpose. Dissections have shown preternatural fulness of a venous character. The membranes of the brain over distended with blood. Effusions of serum, to a great extent, between the substance of the brain and its immediate coverings; and in the lateral ventricals large quantities of serum. Dr. Cooke, of London, in his work on nervous diseases, has recorded the case of a man who was brought dead into the Wesminster Hospital, who had just drank a quart of gin for a wager. The evidences of death being quite conclusive, he was immediately examined; and within the lateral ventricles of the brain was found a considerable quantity of a limpid fluid, distinctly impregnated with gin, both to the sense of smell and taste, and even to the test of inflammability. Dr. Kirk of Scotland, has demonstrated a like truth, by the dissection of the dead body of an inebriate. The fluid from the lateral ventricles of the brain, exhaled the smell of whiskey; and when he applied a candle to it, in a spoon, it burnt with a 'lambent blue flame.'

"I have repeatedly had cases of a similar character within my inspection. Upon removing the bony covering of the brain, the exhalation of ardent spirits, on several occasions, has been strongly manifested to the olfactories of the by-standers; and the effused fluid conspicuous for its quantity and quality. On one occasion, some spectators who were entering the room while the anatomical examination was going on, asked what puncheon of rum we had opened."

Even these words from a maniac—but in madness self-inflicted—sounded portentous to the ear of the husband, and recalled the scene of the past night. His new raised hopes sunk, and he continued his walk with a sickened and despairing spirit.

On entering the house, his hopes could not but revive upon seeing Emma Portland, with her book in her hand, sitting by a cheerful fire; and the breakfast-table ready for the family, as usual. He was welcomed with smiles, which showed that she was unconscious of aught amiss.

She supposed that Mr. Spiffard had gone to take a morning walk. Mrs. Epsom, she knew, had gone to market. Mrs. Spiffard, as is usual with most players, passed the morning, until late, in bed.

To look on innocence and beauty, is quieting to man's spirit; and innocence and beauty were united in no common degree, with taste and intelligence, in Emma Portland.

CHAPTER XXIV.

The denouement of a tragedy.

"Sorrow ends not when it seemeth done."

"——— these external manners of lament,
Are merely shadows to the unseen grief
Which fills the soul."—*Shakspeare.*

"Mercy is seasonable in the time of affliction, as clouds of rain in the time of drought."—*Ecclesiasticus*

"Against self-slaughter
There is a prohibition so divine,
That cravens my weak hand."—*Shakspeare.*

"——— So lovely fair,
That what seemed fair in all the world, seemed now
Mean, or in her summed up, in her contained,
And in her looks."—*Milton.*

THERE is a charm in simplicity of dress, a conviction of which ought to be deeply impressed on the mind of every female. It is confessed by all, that when they look at a beautiful Madonna, by Raphael, where the silken hair, parted on the forehead, falls in natural ringlets on either side the face, adorning that which it shades. Yet, what fantastic forms have been adopted by females between the time of Raphael, and that of Emma Portland, who sat now before the hero of our story, as she might have sat before Raphael or Guido, for a saint or a muse.

But even the presence of beauty, taste, purity, and virtue, could not long quiet the troubled spirit of Spiffard. The appearance of his wife, as he last saw her, was as vividly present to him, although but in his "mind's eye," as that of Emma Portland, and attracted more of his attention. He sat down. The circumstances under which he had parted from Mrs.

Spiffard; her figure so deplorably degraded; the words he had uttered as he left her; all recurred. He became fearful of he knew not what. His suspense became intolerable, and he started up to proceed to his wife's chamber; but he had only reached the door, and placed his hand on the lock, before he stopped. He returned.

"Perhaps your cousin is asleep?"

"I have not heard her stirring."

"You can steal softly into the room; my heavy tread might awake her."

Thus his fears would thrust another before him. It would be well if she should be awake, for another to tell her that he had returned—had inquired for her—intended to see her—notwithstanding the word, "never."

With cheerful alacrity Emma proceeded on her errand, and with noiseless foot-fall. Spiffard sunk down on a chair, scarce breathing, and endeavoured to catch the sound of her steps. He heard her descending, and she entered the room.

"The door is locked, and I don't hear any movement within."

"Go up again, my dear; it is late; knock at the door."

She went. He opened (and stood listening by) the parlour door. He heard her knock at the chamber door. Breathlessly he strove to catch a reply. He heard none. The knocking was repeated; this time louder: and he heard Emma call, "Cousin! cousin! cousin Spiffard!" But there was no answer. Again the knocking was repeated, and the call upon his wife; but no answer. He trembled, and again sank on a chair. He heard the descending footsteps of Emma, who entered, and having no cause to dread any sinister event, calmly said, "My cousin sleeps uncommonly sound, as well as late, this morning."

These words sounded like a knell on the ear of the husband. He unconsciously echoed, "sleep—sound," and then hastily inquired, "does your cousin usually lock her chamber door, after I have gone out."

"No, never. I never knew her to do it before. I have been accustomed to enter and call her to breakfast,—you know I am a restless one."

Spiffard conquered his prostration of muscular power and sprung suddenly from his chair. Almost before Emma ceased speaking he was rushing up stairs, and only paused when he had reached the chamber-door. It was a dreadful pause. He

listened, though without hope. All was silent, and to his apprehension it was the silence of death. He knocked, and called, but received no answer.

"Mrs. Spiffard!—Mary!—My dear!—My dear Mary!—If you hear, answer! Forgive the words I made use of when I left you."

His impatience had arrived at that height, that it was distraction. He knocked louder. He attempted to force the the lock.

Emma stood trembling in the room below.

At this crisis Mrs. Epsom entered the street-door, having returned with her servant woman from market. Spiffard did not heed, did not hear, the entrance of his wife's mother, and the lock resisting his efforts, he called still louder for admittance.

Mrs. Epsom, hearing this clamour, demanded from the foot of the stairs to know what was the matter; and Emma, encouraged by her arrival, rushed out of the parlour. Her appearance was so dissimilar to that which characterized her, that Mrs. Epsom's alarm was increased, and she began to ascend the stairs; but suddenly stopt, and descended, on hearing the crash made by bursting open the chamber door. Knowing the violent temper and habitually ungoverned passions of her daughter, her vulgar imagination (and perhaps her vulgar experience) suggested as the cause of the noise she heard, some difference between husband and wife; and her dread of her daughter's resentment, caused her to retrace her steps, and to carry Emma back, with her, into the parlour, where, after shutting the door, she began to question her.

The apprehensions of Spiffard, which had a few minutes before deprived him of strength, now gave him a tenfold portion; and by the exertion of his powerful muscles, urged by fears that drove him to madness, he burst off the lock, and, rushing to the bed, beheld the lifeless corpse of his wife.

The disheveled hair and disordered dress of their last interview had disappeared. It was evident that deliberate preparation had been made for the death-scene; and the corpse, but that it was habited in the dress of the day and not in night-clothes, and disposed on the surface of the bed, instead of being covered, as the season required, for warmth, might have been mistaken for a sleeper, at the first glance, by a stranger. But the husband saw it was death, and doubted not. His agony was extreme, but, after the first moment, his thought

was to prevent knowledge of the cause. He listened. No one was approaching. He saw a paper near the bed and a phial. He eagerly seized upon these witnesses of suicide and secreted them upon his person. This barely accomplished, he heard the footsteps and voices of the females on the stairs. Before he could decide whether to prevent their approach, Mrs. Epsom and Emma entered the chamber.

The scene that followed is not for my purpose to describe, if I could.

When Spiffard had an opportunity he read the contents of the paper he had secreted.

"Let whoever finds this convey it, unread, if they value the injunctions of the dead, to Mr. Spiffard or Miss Portland.

"I have been most unfortunate—more erring. I was never taught my duty by my parents—parents? I had *none*. I was never governed by them, and I only governed myself but to accomplish some object I desired. From childhood I was indulged, and saw around me scenes of passion and appetite indulged—scenes of licentiousness applauded.

"Emma, the world I have lived in has been veiled from your eyes: I will not withdraw the veil. You can pity, and even love, the poor misled Maria.

"I have determined no longer to live enduring torments inflicted by conscience, and misled by habits which I have hitherto endeavoured in vain to counteract. I have endeavoured to drown the recollection of guilt in madness. I have justly incurred the contempt of my husband by the attempt.

"Mr. Spiffard, you have been misjudging in your treatment of me. I forgive you. I have deceived you.

"I did hope that time might have quieted remorse. I did hope that, by the aid of a husband, whose virtues I saw and could appreciate, I might, in time, attain to a station in society more congenial to my mind—my proud mind. I did hope to have been a source of domestic contentedness, at least, to my husband, although I had no warmer feelings towards him than esteem. But I could not confide to him the errors (perhaps I ought to give them a harsher title) of my former life; and I have lived in constant dread of his discovering them. I have at length been convinced that he does not confide in me. I have no cessation from torment, but when, by breaking my

promises to him, I render myself unfit for the society of my husband; and then, for a moment's forgetfulness, I incur redoubled torture for hours. Emma, from you I have, in some measure, concealed my hours of degradation. Mr. Spiffard, if this meets your eye first, hide it from the pure eye of Emma. I will not live the thing I am. I have no hope. I have been sinking lower—lower—from shame to deceit. I did intend to reveal—but no. I forgive my mother! I ask for giveness!"

CHAPTER XXV.

A discovery; and another.

"Look aloft, sir, look aloft! The old seamen say the devil wouldn't make a sailor unless he look'd aloft."—*Fenimore Cooper.*

"How chequer'd is the web and woof of life!
Now bright with gorgeous colour'd threads,
Now blotted, torn, and stained: shrouded in darkness.—*Anon.*

"But in these cases
We shall have judgment here."

"Like poison given to work a great time after."

"Pluck from the memory a rooted sorrow;
Raze out the written tablets of the brain,"

"This disease is beyond my practice—
More needs she the divine than the physician."

"Avoid!—No more.
We are such stuff as dreams are made of."

"Come, temperate nymphs! and help to celebrate
A contract of true love."—*Shakspeare.*

"I have no other notion of economy than that it is *the parent of liberty and ease.*—*Swift.*

"A man who admits himself to be deceived must be conscious that there is something upon, or respecting which, he cannot be deceived.—*Coleridge.*

We need not dwell upon the scenes which immediately followed at the house of Mrs. Epsom, after the death of her unfortunate daughter. It was soon to be abandoned by the personages we have considered as our hero and heroine. The cause of the unhappy woman's death was unknown to all save her husband. He renounced the stage as a profession, and never more returned to it. The links that connected him with society now, were Emma Portland, the Johnsons, Eliza Ather-

ton, and the Littlejohns. His friendship with the manager was unbroken; but he avoided the festive board. To Cooke he adhered until death severed the link.

Let not my readers think that our remaining pages are to be devoted to gloom. If there has been heretofore too much, it is not my fault. I profess to tell the truth, and if I looked for a subject all bright, all happy, or even all pleasure or content, I must look beyond this world. If I invented a story all joy and gladness, I should give a false picture of human life. Life is a tragi-comedy. Those dramatists who have mingled mirth and sadness, wisdom and folly, pleasure and pain, joy and sorrow, life and death, in their scenes, have been the only true copyists of the world's theatre.

Although the young and strong and brilliant Mrs. Spiffard had been consigned to the tomb and the worm, the dying Sophia Williams lingered in life. At the request of Eliza Atherton, (made through her nephew) Emma Portland accompanied him to the house of the general. Spiffard knew he was absent. The general made frequent visits to Philadelphia—some said to see his sister—some said, for other purposes. It was generally during these visits that the nephew visited his aunts.

Miss Atherton left the chamber of her suffering sister to receive Emma Portland. During their conversation a person unexpectedly arrived whose presence threw light on some previously detailed incidents of our story, which had been somewhat mysterious to Emma, and perhaps to our readers.

A gentleman entered, whose voice, as he directed a coachman to deposit his trunk in the hall, had made Emma start; but she was startled still more, and shocked, when he was introduced to her as General Williams. In this accomplished character she saw the man who had professed himself her lover—who had been so interested in her welfare as to wish to withdraw her from her theatrical relatives—had pursued her with such flattering perseverance—the worthy Alderman of Mott-street—the ardent Corydon of the theatre and its alley.

Miss Atherton introduced the general to Miss Portland, who opened *her* eyes as the military hero cast *his* to the floor. He bowed. Both were silent.

"Mr. Spiffard," said his aunt, "you know the general."

"Yes, madam," was emphatically answered, "I do know him."

Emma *thought*, "I do know him," but she said nothing. She was shocked to find in General Williams the detested pro-

figate, ruffian and hypocrite, who had persecuted her; but her accustomed presence of mind prevented any marked appearance of surprise or recognition; and her prudence suggested that nothing in her deportment ought to attract the attention of Miss Atherton, or excite inquiry from her or Mr. Spiffard. She looked steadily at the blushing face of the criminal before her; coldly answered his profound bow, while he half articulated "Very happy that Miss Portland had called;" and before the sentence was completed, Emma took leave of Miss Atherton, (who not only reciprocated the American shake of the hand, but saluted her with a kiss,) and taking the arm of Spiffard, withdrew.

Can any one believe that virtue does not reward its votary, and vice punish its slave? Even "on this bank and shoal of time" does not the honest, the frank, the true, the well meaning, "look aloft" and breathe freely, while the conscience-stricken wretch writhes, and cowers, and shrinks in his presence.

Here stood the female orphan, poor in worldly endowments, without relations, and without fortune; but rich in conscious purity—with a mind unclouded by the remembrance of any act which might suffuse the face, or depress the eye.

Before her stood one possessed of wealth; endowed by education with knowledge, and the means of acquiring wisdom; enjoying the world's smiles, with health, strength, towering stature, and a person of nature's fairest form and proportions; —yet abashed, trembling, quailing at the prospect of detection and exposure; feeling the sickness that might wish for annihilation; scarcely breathing in the presence of the frail being who could testify to his deep depravity.

Such criminals say, with Macbeth, "We'll jump the time to come." But they cannot, (and they do not) escape the sword of Macduff, or the still more biting contempt they deserve. Of the hereafter—we judge not.

Mere human reason is an impartial judge. The criminal never escapes the condemnation of the court within him. The judge may be hurled from his seat; but there is neither harmony nor peace in chaos: and the judge regains his throne.

Spiffard and Miss Portland departed. The accomplished hypocrite turned to Miss Atherton, and inquired, in softest tones how Mrs. Williams did. Eliza thought there was something very strange in the behaviour of her friends, and of the general; but it might be attributed to their dislike to his character. Her mind was soon after occupied altogether by the

sufferings, both of mind and body, that thronged around her unhappy sister, and she forgot the introductory meeting of Emma Portland and General Williams.

He, much disappointed that the final scene was not over, was called by pressing business again to Philadelphia; promising to return at farthest in two days.

Happily I am not under the necessity of going into a detail of physical distress and mental agony; the sure followers of former follies, vices, or crimes. We may control causes, but effects are unavoidable.

Some weeks passed before the death of Mrs. Spiffard was followed by that of Mrs. Williams. Though these persons were in character and circumstances widely different, they fell by the same fatal errors.

The last moments of Mrs. Williams were soothed by the virtues and tenderness of a sister, who, to the common observer, might have been supposed a child of sorrow, passing through life in the midst of misfortunes, and ever borne down by a load of grief. But was it so? No. She had seen that the misfortunes of her family were occasioned by their faults—and she was armed against those faults, and their consequent sorrows. She strove to repair the injuries others had inflicted. She saw that it was the will of Heaven that sin should bring sorrow—she was resigned to the will of Heaven; but that resignation does not withhold the hand from exertion to save those who are under the influence of error; and although the good grieve for the faults of their brethren, it is a grief tempered by the consciousness of well doing, and alleviated by the exertions to save. The sorrows and faults of those who we love—of all our fellow creatures—but more especially those tied to us by the bonds of nature—will checker with many colours, the days of the most patient and pure of mortals; and Eliza Atherton had seen in her family a succession of events caused by folly and guilt, and ending in sorrow and shame: but she had been taught wisdom thereby; and in the practice of benevolence had experienced her share—her full share of happiness. And the future promised still more: for now, her conduct during the last scenes of her family's sorrows—at the death-bed of her once beautiful, admired, cherished, gay and deluded sister; while sustaining the withered, neglected, despised, and (but for her) desponding penitent; received *that* reward which her merits deserved, and her situation in life most needed; a husband worthy of herself. Not long after

the death of Mrs. Williams, Eliza Atherton became the wife Thomas Littlejohn.

I have said in the course of this history, (or intended to say) that no American can marry an English wife—(still less a French or Italian,) without imminent risque of confronting manifold domestic evils; unless he preferred passing his life in his wife's country rather than his own. There may be many exceptions to this general rule, as well as all others. Certainly the union of the Rev. Thomas Littlejohn and Eliza Atherton is one. She, when a child, had been brought into this country; and although surrounded in her father's house by the contemners of every thing American, *their* opinions she had learned to distrust, (for children at a very early age discern good from evil,) and her own impressions and opinions formed at school, and among Americans, were all favourable to the country. When carried back to her native land, although one of the best and most favoured on earth, her portion of its joys was overshadowed by the weaknesses of her family, their errors, and their poverty. That poverty had been removed by an American. From America she had received nothing but good. Relatives or intimates she had none in England. She had no London life to regret, nor any of the luxuries of refined society or literary facilities to contrast with a lesser degree of the same blessings in America. In consequence of the connection of her two sisters with the country, she had paid particular attention to its history and to its institutions. She had a strong mind from nature, improved by study and observation; and she was far from concluding that a nation was composed of rogues because one of its adventurers was a swindler. She could not contrast happy days of youth in her own country, with those of the more sober decline of life, (however blessed by circumstances,) which *must* arrive to all. Above all—she had a disposition from nature, confirmed by experience and religious feeling to be happy, and make others so. Such a woman, united to a man who could appreciate her worth, may be happy in America, let her be born where she will. We pass over the time of mourning, courtship, and other affairs. The youngest Littlejohn and Eliza were married.

The reader already knows, or may imagine, where General Williams was during the last scenes of his wife's pilgrimage. He found reasons for frequent visits to his relative in Pennsylvania. After the last trying scene he remained for a time at home. He was overwhelmed with grief at the premature

death of his beloved wife. He observed all decent forms and ceremonies, as may be supposed. He had still an income, (the fruit of the marriage) which he enjoyed as well, and as creditably, as such a man might be expected to do. Mr. and Mrs. Littlejohn had no further intercourse with him. Emma never divulged the secret that was placed in her power. It is unnecessary to say that the other personages in whom *we are interested, cut his acquaintance.* I will do the same. He returned to Europe, either disgusted by the coarseness of republicanism, as Tom Moore, the disciple of Anacreon, and the mirror of elegance, has since been, or to avoid a kind of suspicion, (that was increasing upon him,) that his virtues, talents, knowledge and patriotism, were not so generally or highly appreciated as they ought to be. He passed the remainder of his days in France. A monument in the cemetery of Pere La Chaise commemorates his many virtues. As his wealth died with him, he was never canonized.

We will return to other personages of importance in our story.

Spiffard felt, as a man of principle with his peculiar character, may be supposed to feel, under circumstances of so extraordinary a nature as had occurred to him. He regretted the sternness of his conduct towards his wife. He sometimes reproached himself as the immediate cause of her death. He treated her mother with tenderness. He felt no ties of a strong or durable nature between himself and his former associates, Cooper excepted, who had always been *at bottom* a true friend; and who now yielded to his wishes of withdrawing from the stage, at least for the present. To Cooke his sympathies seemed to wax stronger, although it was apparent that the cord must soon be severed. When he accused himself of hastening the death of the unhappy Mary, by behaviour at times harsh, at times sullen, always wavering, and to her inexplicable; he conceived that his conduct in part to the distress of mind he had felt, while urged on by his companions to violence, and involved in a supposed quarrel entered into from regard to her. He could not but think with regret of the want of confidence in his wife which his conduct implied; and which must have rendered his behaviour onerous. He remembered every unkind word or look that had escaped him. The hints of the honest yankee traveller occurred to him. He feared, yet he wished to sound Trusty on the subject; and an opportunity offered which led to further knowledge.

Trustworthy Davenport was like his countryman Spiffard in

his attachment to Cooke, which seemed to increase as the veteran became more infirm. This faithful servant called with a note from the tragedian, and Spiffard, after reading it, and assenting to its request, felt impelled to approach the mysterious subject.

"Well, Trusty, all goes on famously at the theatre, I suppose?"

"I don't think, I guess, that it goes on so well without Mr. Cooke and you. However, I never go now."

"And how is it at the Manager's?"

"Much the same. The flies will come round the honey-pot."

"Open house still?"

"Open house and open hand. But as I stick close to the old gentlemen, I haven't been called upon to help George as I used to be invited when the company was large, as it was almost every day, judges and generals, lawyers and doctors, and always Mr. Allen, the most mischievousest of all, and the old colonel, and Mr. Hilson—a good-natured laughing soul. But, as I said before, I stay at home, for Mr. Cooke wants me more and more."

"Davenport, do you remember what you said to me some time ago respecting quizzing—hoaxing—or something of that sort?"

"Not exactly."

"But you remember you said you overheard something that you thought might apply to me?"

"It's not extremely improbable but I might remember saying something of that nature, but I disremember the words."

"You had a suspicion which I then thought ungrounded, that I had been deceived—made a—

"Fool of."

"Yes, in plain language, made a fool of—and if so—a miserable fool indeed."

"Why, plain language is best, when one knows the body one is speaking to; and I verily believe there is not a man on arth that has less twistification in thought, word, or deed than you, Mr. Spiffard. I did think there had been a pretty considerable quantity of round-about-the-hedge and behind-the-bush-play in that there affair."

"What affair?"

"That's not like yourself, because you know what I mean. Now I verily believe—but I can't assert it—because I can't

prove it—that all the challenges, and letters, and messages about the duel—were all moonshine."

It is in vain to endeavour to portray the agitation of our hero's mind on hearing the confirmation of his misgivings. He wished to be certain—he doubted—he believed—he feared to know the truth—he was bewildered—the thought occurred, "how shall I act towards these men who have abused my unsuspecting faith?—Is it not better to remain in doubt?" These vacillating thoughts kept him silent.

Davenport resumed. "I did think, Mr. Spiffard, that it was a shame to make you unhappy by a will-of-the-wisp conjured up for these young gentlemen's sport; and I ventured to hint-like my conclusions from circumstances; but I was sorry for it afterwards, and I would not have said a word about it now if you had not a' asked me."

"My good Trusty, tell me all you know?"

"Why, the mischief of the case is, I know nothing certain. You must have known many times, Mr. Spiffard, when you have heard and seen just enough to make you draw conclusions, and yet the words you heard, if set to stand alone, would fall down, like an empty bag set on end, and mean nothing."

"It is true. But did you ever think that the whole affair—do you know what it was?"

"Lord bless you! I heard them talk of challenges, pistols, Hobuck, Love-lane, and all that, that I knew there was a duel, rale or sham, as well as if they had took me into the plot."

"Plot?"

"I thought, and think so still, and can't help it. I heard one of them say, 'could any one have believed that he could be persuaded that the blackguard he had silenced so easily, was a gentleman and a man of honour?' that I heard plain as preaching. And then what I told you before, about saying 'that such an one would not do,' and what I saw—and what I heard since—a word here, and a word there, makes me surer, by connexions, and concoctions, that they were all the time bamboozling you with a man of green cheese—what did they call him?"

"Captain Smith."

"That's the name. I've heard them name it again and again, and laugh, and ask, 'when is Captain Smith to come again?' and the manager would say, 'No, no, we've had enough of it'—and all put together, is as sure to me as con-

fessions to Father Luke. And so you see, sir, I know nothing that I can testify."

"Davenport, I hope you have said nothing of this to any one else."

"Certain, I have not. I hate a mischief maker. It was that Allen was the soul of it. I never said a lisp to any body; and I was sorry afterwards that I said any thing to you."

"Then, Trusty, keep your suspicions to yourself, as you value my friendship."

"You may depend upon me. I love fun; but I hate to see that made game of, which, as I take it, is the very best of a man; I mean that disposition to think other folks are as true-spoken as oneself; and that's you, Mr. Spiffard."

"I thank you, Davenport."

"There's no needs—for I can't help it."

"It is hard if a man cannot confide in the words of his fellow man. In the words of gentlemen."

"I never pretended to be a gentleman, and I never saw the fun of telling a lie, although I am a traveller. I have told you all I know, Mr. Spiffard, and what I *have* told you may believe."

"I do." Spiffard shook the hard hand of the yankee traveller, and if he had been any other than an American in the station of a servant, he would have followed up the impulse he felt to put money in the hand, but he knew his own countrymen too well.

Trustworthy departed, and our hero threw himself on a chair, and thought over all the late circumstances of an affair that had so agitated him at the time, and still perplexed him. His conviction that he had been made a dupe of, for the sport of others, and that his anxiety had soured his better feelings, and tended to produce the fatal event which hung heavy on his mind—his wavering in thought as to the conduct he ought to pursue towards these young men—the shame of avowing his credulity—his aversion to acknowledge that he had been moved as a puppet by a man so inferior to himself as Mr. Allen,—all these mingling and contending thoughts long unfitted him for business and society. He however became calm by degrees, and came to the wise resolution of suiting his companions to his habits; and so to behave towards his former associates, that they should have no clue to his suspicion, or his conviction of their frivolous conduct. With his friend, the manager, he made no change, except to withdraw himself from his hospitable board; recent circumstances were sufficient as his excuse.

CHAPTER XXVI.

The death of G. F. Cooke.

"Men's evil manners live in brass; their virtues
We write in water."

"Who by repentance is not satisfied
Is not of Heaven nor earth.'

"So happy be the issue * * *
The venom of such looks, we fairly hope,
Have lost their quality, and that this day
Shall change all griefs, and quarrels, into love."—*Shakspeare.*

THE murders (including suicides and deaths by duelling) that are the fruits of intemperance, constitute far the greater portion of those which stain the records of the judicial, or private history of society.

The brutal quarrels which end in the immediate death of one or both of the parties; the polite differences that are terminated in blood by the sword or pistol; the female victims who are sacrificed by drunken husbands, and who sink under violence more barbarous than the most ferocious soldier perpetrates, when in the career of glorious victory he sacks a city—or the wives who sink sorrowfully by the slow torture of disappointed hope; the deadly blow inflicted by jealousy stimulated to madness after the enticing draught; the self-murder committed under the immediate influence of alcohol; or the deliberate, suicidal, dastardly crime, which is weeks, and months, and years in the accomplishing: all belong to the same family, and fill the greater part of the history of guilt.

It is our task to record a few instances of the misery occasioned by this deplorable vice. They are not creations of the fancy, but the sad picture of reality, softened in feature and

colouring, rather than exaggerated, or even exhibited in a strong light. The story of the eminent tragedian who has occupied so many of our pages, is an example of the latter class of suicides. May his tale (the tale of thousands,) be a salutary warning to those who read it! and may this simple catalogue of murders, all springing from the same source, make the young turn from the temptation which besets them; and the old, who may have erred during the customs of "thirty years ago," abjure that which is destroying themselves, and is a snare to those who follow them!

Far be it from me to assert, or insinuate, that the detestable vice which is the parent of so many crimes, is (or has been) more prevalent in this country than in others. Lamentable as are the instances I have recorded, they are but a few of the many I have witnessed. Yet we know that in Europe the same destruction is going on triumphantly. Witness the gin palaces, and the theatres of London. I will quote from an American author of the highest character, who is known not to spare the faults of his countrymen. "On the whole," says James Fenimore Cooper in his Switzerland, "I repeat for the eleventh time, that I have come to the conclusion there is less of this degrading practice at home, among the native population, than in any other country I have yet visited. Certainly much less than there is either in England or France."

But let us not cease our endeavours to eradicate a practice that is so deadly to every faculty of body and mind!

The note from Cooke, mentioned in the last chapter, requested the immediate presence of his young friend; who accordingly repaired, after composing his thoughts, to the lodgings of the tragedian. He first told Miss Portland, who still for a short time remained with her aunt, where he was going.

On his arrival he found that the physicians were in consultation in an adjoining chamber. Davenport was in attendance on Cooke. Spiffard was struck by the evident change in the old gentleman's appearance, although he had recently seen him.

"I am glad to see you, my young friend. I have a request to make. You must introduce that angel to me who saved me, for a little while; whether for better or not, is something doubtful; but, at all events, I would thank her—I would see her sweet face instead of those of Davenport and the Doctor's. They are holding a consultation in the next room, as to the time of execution, I presume, for condemnation is past. There

is a gathering of them; for you know where the carcase is "there will the crows be gathered together."

"It is 'eagles,' not crows. You misquote," said Spiffard.

"Birds of prey—birds of prey—call them what you will, eagles or crows:—*these* are good fellows. They are consulting—but I know the result—I can't last many hours."

He spoke in a husky voice, little above a whisper; but smiled in the face of his friend, and pressed his hand affectionately.

The principal among the many liberal minded medical men of the city, were interested in the welfare of the tragedian. Doctors Cadwallader, Hosack, McLean, and Francis, were at this moment in consultation. They entered, and Cadwallader, as the oldest, communicated their opinion in as gentle terms as he could devise; for they had thought proper to notify the sick man that he had but a few hours to live.

"Doctor," said the patient, in the same low whisper, but with a look that seemed to contradict their opinion, "we must all play the principal part in life's last scene, and I am favoured in having such prompters and actors with me." He then added, with levity, perhaps to be attributed to disease, or the composing draught of the previous night, "I have for a great while played the *first part*—perhaps I have now the most difficult—the next will be mere dumb show, the part of a mute in the churchyard scene. I have played every speaking part in *Hamlet*, from the prince to the grave digger; the next will be the skull. Some fellow with a dirty spade will be thumping me on the pate; or some learned philosopher will read a homily on the effects of the passions or appetites upon the bones of the cranium, for the benefit of medicine or morals. 'Where be your gibes now!—Quite chap-fallen!'—Well, well, 'And a man's life is no more than to say, one.'"

The dying man, for such he was, appeared less to feel his situation than any one present—Spiffard and Davenport more. There was silence for a time, which was broken by the audible sobs of Trustworthy, who had been sitting by the foot of the bed, but not being able to repress his emotion, started up and left the room.

Cooke, on hearing and seeing this, hid his face on the pillow for a few moments, and then looking up with recovered firmness, addressed Doctor Cadwallader.

"I thank you, Doctor, for being frank with me. I thought it must be so. I have often been racked with pain similar to, but more violent than I have lately felt; but I never thought

it was death's hand that was on me till to-day. I am now comparatively free from pain. I have whimpered, and whined, as you know, Mr. Spiffard, and have been as maudlin at one time, as brutal at another. I see it all now. I have no disposition to be lachrymose; but if I could undo some of the mischief I have done, I should be the happier for it. That's past—that's past!—but I have a strong desire to see and serve—essentially serve those who preserved me when I otherwise should have perished like a houseless cur in the snow of the streets. Mr. Spiffard, you know—that night!—O that night! It is present in my dreams; and oftener, in my waking reveries; oftener than my words have indicated. That night! That night."

"Your feelings are too much excited."

"I must prohibit talking."

"Nay, Doctor, a few minutes longer or shorter—an hour more or less—matters not now; but a deed of justice matters much. There was a young nymph-like figure that hovered around me—an angel—perhaps a token of forgiveness. I recognised her as one I had seen before—but then there were others that I thought I had seen and heard before; but that was madness. Mr. Spiffard, you have acknowledged that you know who the angel was."

"I have told you, Sir. It was the niece of Mrs. Epsom."

"Can I see her? Do I know her?"

"You once rescued her from insult at the theatre."

"I remember! and she rescued me from death. Can I see her?"

Spiffard assured him that he thought she would attend at his request.

The physicians interfered to prevent excitement, and told him that it was only on condition of his being composed, they could promise him the power to express his gratitude to Miss Portland. He promised obedience, and his physicians, leaving such medicines as were necessary, departed. Spiffard, promising him to bring Emma to see him, left him with his faithful attendants.

The next morning Spiffard conducted Emma Portland to the bed side of the grateful old man. She might have felt some reluctance at the thought of being brought forward to receive thanks for what appeared to her as the common duty of humanity, but she had higher views and holier hopes to support her.

She knew, though her conductor did not, the relation in

which her betrothed and his mother stood to the erring man. They had determined to remain unknown to him, and to continue the name and character in which they had heretofore appeared in the country of their adoption. There were perhaps engagements which he had entered into on the supposition of their death, which were not to be broken or disturbed. But Emma, among other hopes, felt a wish to be, although in secret, a link between the man who was to be her husband—the woman who was already her second mother—and the penitent who had abandoned them; and worse, driven them from him.

Unhesitatingly she approached the man who only twice before had been in her presence; once acting as her guardian and protector from insult, and once wanting even such protection as her weak frame, but strong mind, could give, to save him from death—the death of the unsheltered outcast wanderer.

Cooke held out his hand and welcomed the lovely girl. At his request, and with the permission of one of his kind physicians, he was bolstered up, as he said, "to look once more on the face of an angel."

"I am sorry, sir," said Emma, blushing, "to see you so reduced in strength."

"You have seen me in a worse plight."

"I have seen you a gallant knight rescuing a forlorn damsel from the attack of a monster," she said, smiling.

"Monster, indeed, that would injure *you!*"

"And I hope to see you again protecting the weak, and aiding the distressed."

"No, no!"

"Mr. Cooke," said his physician, "you must make your interview short."

"Well, well, I will obey. First, my dear young lady, receive my thanks for saving me from a dog's death. Don't say a word. I must be concise. You must do me a favour. I understand that the good people who received me under their roof on *that* right, have had a happy reverse of fortune. They, therefore, do not need, and have refused, pecuniary tokens of my gratitude. Be it so. You must mediate between them and me. You must prevail on the lady to receive and wear a ring, as a remembrancer. You must give it with my blessing and thanks—no one can deny *you*. Trusty! in my desk, of which you keep the key, you will find in the left hand drawer a ring-case. Bring it to me." It was brought

to him. "This ring has had no owner for twenty years and more—let it remind that good lady that George Frederick died gratefully remembering her."

He sunk back after Emma had received the jewel. The physician hurried her and Spiffard out of the room. In an hour from that time the worn-out frame of the great tragedian was lifeless.*

---

* The *remains* of George Frederick Cooke were buried in St. Paul's Church Yard, New-York, (after certain portions were abstracted,) and a monument was some years afterwards placed over them by Edmund Kean, a man of great genius, who followed in Cooke's steps, and exceeded him, if not in skill, certainly in depravity; and of course sunk earlier in life to debility, disease, and the tomb. The writer of Kean's life tells us a story of Kean and Cooke's great toe. If other parts of his book are as accurate, his hero, who is represented as a profligate, may have been a saint. It is true, that Kean carried, as a relic, to England, a fragment of the man he imitated. It was the bones of that fore-finger with which George Frederick enforced the words of his author in a manner never to be forgotten by those who saw him on the stage.

It has been my task to exhibit, I hope for the good of my fellow creatures, the effects of intemperance upon the external appearance, conduct, moral character and happiness of this extraordinary man, and I have called upon Dr. John W. Francis, one of his physicians, to aid me, by showing the internal ravages of the fiend upon those organs which the beneficent Author of Nature has given for our comfort and usefulness, as evinced in the case of Mr. Cooke and others. I make an extract from his most valuable reply to my interrogatories: a portion of which is already given.

"Every body knows that intemperance exercises a singularly direct influence on the liver: the pancreas and the spleen are also deeply affected by long continued inebriety, particularly the pancreas. The researches of the pathologist have led him to describe several striking alterations in the liver. It may become, by free drinking, preternaturally hard or scirrhous; be converted into an entire mass of tubercles; and these may be more or less deep seated or superficial, with or without abscess; its whole structure may also be changed: it may be rendered, by undue excitement, congested and obstructed, and become extraordinarily enlarged; and we may here remark, that the inordinate plethora of the blood-vessels, which so repeatedly accompanies excess in eating and hard drinking, evinces its powers particularly on this organ. But many pages could be devoted to a description of the diseased changes which have been noticed in this important part of the human economy. I once asked old Mr. Fife, the anatomist at Edinburgh, who was dissector at the University, how great was the largest sized liver he had ever encountered in his examination of dead bodies for collegiate purposes? He answered *fifty-seven* pounds!! and this occurred in the person of an inebriate who had long lived in the East Indies. You may judge the more accurately of the ponderosity of this liver, when you reflect that the ordinary size of the organ may vary from four to seven or eight or nine pounds; and you might infer that such a liver would have formed bile enough for an army; yet this man died from the deficiency of this secretion. The livers of those who abuse their constitution by alcoholic, or distilled drink, is, however, generally preternaturally diminished and found in a scirrhous state; while fermented drinks will the rather augment the volume of the organ; such at least I have found to be the fact in several dissections. In poor George Frederick Cooke, as you may recollect, the liver was very small, studded with tubercles, and as hard as cartilage. The pancreas, so important to serve healthy digestion, under-

On the return of Spiffard and Emma to Mrs. Epsom's, they found Henry Johnson. It was Emma's intention to visit Mrs. Johnson and execute her trust in private; but before she left home for this purpose, Davenport brought the tidings to Spiffard of the death of Cooke, and in all haste the young man repaired with the messenger to the spot, where he still found the physician.

Henry and Emma repaired to Mrs. Johnson's. The young bearer of thanks delivered the message. But on the sight of the ring Mrs. Johnson was deeply affected.

"My children," she said, after being relieved by tears, "this ring was a present to me before marriage. When I fled my country I returned it. See how it has come again. Henry! ought I not to see him?"

"It is too late, madam, if it were right—it is too late. This message to you was the last sentence he spoke."

Strange as it may appear, the health of that amiable woman was restored; seemingly mending from that time. She lived long to witness and enjoy the happiness of Henry and Emma. He, after a time, the prosperous partner of Littlejohn & Co., as well as of the once Emma Portland. She a thriving partner in a no less prosperous concern. The prosperity of both houses based on the immoveable foundation of temperance.

---

goes many alterations in the bodies of inebriates; a scirrhous condition is perhaps the most frequent. The spleen seems most to suffer from the consequences of inordinate excitement, and becomes overloaded."

"Other parts of the economy are also brought to suffer from the rebellious influence of alcohol; but I should trespass far beyond the prescribed limits to detail them here. Enough has perhaps already been given in these imperfect notes; a large catalogue would neither suit your plan, nor my present convenience. Moreover, *ex pede Herculem.*"

Very sincerely your friend,
J. W. FRANCIS.

WM. DUNLAP, Esq.

CHAPTER THE LAST.

All disposed of.

" To say nothing, or to say all you think, and at all times, provided no personal offence is intended, or sought to be given, is the course for an honest man, for a lover of truth, invariably to pursue."—*Anon.*

" Thither in a sieve I'll sail."

" To what issue will this come."

" Read on this book."

" I hold it fit that we shake hands and part."—*Shakspeare.*

" Fame is the wise man's means; but his ends are his own good, and the good of society.—*Bolingbroke.*

" Purpose is but the slave of memory. Farewell.—*Shakspeare.*

The Rev. Mr. Littlejohn sat between his father and wife. He had been intently reading the Scriptures.

" I strongly desire again to become a teacher of the lessons of life, but I must refrain for years yet to come. I will employ those years in those studies which enrich the mind and fit the student for his high calling. I will not ascend the pulpit until the world is convinced that the former aberration of my reason has left no traces but those of salutary humiliation and self-doubting."

" My son, the perfect restoration of your health and reason are already proved."

" To you—not to the world—not to the public—who are more prone to observe the failing than the amendment. I do not mean to censure them for it. The failing was glaringly obtrusive; the amendment is quiet, and shrinking from observation. Quiet does not catch the attention of the busy or the gay; and the busy or the gay are the world. Man may justly require a long continuation of the interrupted exertion of reason, to give assurance of perfect restoration and habitual

health of mind, in one who professes to teach truth. I have in you, my father, and you, Eliza, a double assurance that I shall continue in the paths of peace."

He pressed his father's hand. The old man's eyes filled with tears of love and joy. Eliza threw herself on her husband's neck and wept. He alone could speak.

"The restoration of physical and mental health; the gifts of fortune and of such friends, might be thought enough for earthly happiness; if we did not know that happiness can only be gained by continued efforts to bless our fellow men—by doing our duty to man, and thereby doing the will of God."

With such views and resolutions we may leave this domestic circle.

One of the personages introduced to the reader, and for whom I hope some interest is felt, was not inclined to quiet.

George Frederick Cooke had not neglected his faithful servant; and Trustworthy Davenport found himself, by the accumulation of wages, and a handsome legacy, in possession of what he said was "a considerable small fortune."

After he had most sincerely mourned for his friend and master, he told Dennis Dogherty that he was "railly at a nonplush as to what next to do."

"Why don't you set up for Congress?" said Dennis.

"No. I don't like to talk and do nothing; besides I like to have my own way. I have determined to travel; but I am at a loss to make up my mind as to the how, or the which way."

"Travel. For what would you travel?"

"To see the world and bring home notions. I never was tied to one spot so long before; and now that I can't help the only cretur on arth I ever called my master—now *that* good man—that mought a' been, if he would a' took the water naturally—now that he is gone, I must go."

"Not the same way, sure?"

"Not yit. But I was born with the desire to travel. My mammy never could keep me long enough on her lap to feed me. I have got the name of the Yankee traveller, and I well deserve it. To be sure I might, now that I have serv'd a sort of 'prenticeship to the stage—I might make my *debutt*, as they call it, and then go to London as a star, "slow rising from the west," as one of the poets has it. But I have an objection to stand up, without any breast work, to be shot at by *encores* or *hisses*, just as any drunken blackguard or conceited coxcomb pleases, and have no chance to fire back again. No! Free trade and travel for Trusty!"

"But what will you get by it?"

"Knowledge and seal-skins. I never envied any man so much as my brother Yankee, that Ledyard, who kept going round the world, as long as he could go ahead, by land or water, and rather than not be going he would go barefoot to Siberia. Then there was another Yankee, that Shockford, a rale water-dog, that mann'd his own vessel with his own hands—"

"Niggers, I suppose."

"And steered her with his own head. Himself captain, mate, cook, cabin-boy and crew! How grand that fellow must have felt when he danced on the waves, and buffetted the winds! When he had the whole ocean to himself, and could say to the sun, "You and I are the only creturs above this wide and boundless prairie of salt water, and for aught I know, I am the greater of the two!"

Trusty, who could not be stopped by Dennis's "Niggers," was now silent in the contemplation of his imagined sublimity; and the Hibernian was as much bewildered as one of that clear-headed race could be.

"Mr. Devilsport," he said, at length, "this is not the first time that you have bother'd me; and what you mane by yourself and your son, and your hands and your mate, I don't comprehend exactly at all. But is it how you are to manage to spind your fortune now you are Cooke's executor?"

"His legatee. Heaven bless him, I didn't call him master for the sake of a legacy. He is gone, and so I'll travel. I am rich—that is, I am well to do in the world, if I do well. Plain dealing and switchell for that."

"If I understand, you have not yet made up your mind."

"Pretty much. Travel I will. But whether I shall invest my funds in a carriage, horse, and a stock of wooden clocks and tin ware for the western states and territories, and so travel by land; or whether I shall build a vessel, load her, and navigate her round Cape Horn to trade with the savages and cannibals of the South Sea Islands; then cross the Pacific to China, and return by the Cape of Good Hope, I have not yet determined."

"Blood and tunder! Why you must have a bank or a treasury department of your own to do all that. Build a ship—man her and victual her! You have big notions, Mr. Devilsport!"

"Yankee notions. Did you not hear of a man who crossed the Atlantic in a boat just big enough to carry himself, his

provisions and water; mann'd her with himself, and by himself, and was owner, captain, mate and crew?"

"That I did not. And what countryman was he?"

"What country but Yankee-land could grow sich a cretur? Now if he could do that thing, I'll be swampt if I don't do more."

"And swampt you will be, sure enough."

"I've a conceit that I'll be the greatest Yankee-traveller the world ever saw. Yes, Dennis, I think the south sea voyage is more sublime than the tin-cart!"

As we have not heard of any extraordinary sensation produced by Trustworthy in the territories, or the Rocky Mountains, we suppose that he indulged himself as a navigator, and is now luxuriating in the Sandwich Islands, or exploring the yellow sea, or making discoveries at one or other pole. We doubt not his safety, and unless when he returns he should write his autobiography or reminiscences, we hope to be employed for the benefit of posterity in doing both for him.

Dennis aspired to a seat in congress. His first step was a corner grocery, by which he found that the city elections were to be influenced through the naturalized. How high he stands on the ladder we know not.

George Frederick Cooke died on the 26th of September, 1812. Attended to the last by his family physician, his trusty valet, and one who had been his faithful nurse throughout his illness. None knew the story of Mrs Johnson and her son, but that son's wife.

Of the inferior actors in our tragi-comedy, one more shall be noticed. Old Kent married a second wife, but never forgot the first. In process of time, with his younger wife, and a brood of young Kents, he wisely determined, for his children's sake, to remove to Liberia, where we hope he is still usefully employed as a teacher, and keeper of a circulating library, his school well attended, and his books (among which we hope this will be placed) much sought after. He writes occasionally to his friends in New York, particularly Mrs. Emma Johnson; and joins in blessing the leaders and supporters of the society for removing the descendants of Africans to the land of their fathers, imbued with those principles and precepts—instructed in that knowledge and those arts, which will make the desert bloom as a garden, and cause

the white man to blush at the thought that ever there should have been a day in which it was necessary for the negro to cry, "am I not a man and a brother?" while exposed for sale to the highest bidder in the city of Washington.

Before the marriage of Eliza Atherton to Thomas Littlejohn, she insisted upon Spiffard's receiving such accumulation as had accrued of the proceeds of the annuity which he, in his days of supposed wealth, had liberally purchased for the Atherton family. After her marriage, the benefit of the whole was transferred to him. This made him independent: the Littlejohns insisted upon his receiving that which was no longer needed by those who had enjoyed his benevolence. He became a traveller; but a less ambitious one than his fellow Yankee.

Twelve years after the death of Mrs. Spiffard, a little thin gentleman was seen mounting to the pulpit of a church in Virginia; and to the surprise of the stranger, who had arrived from New York, he recognised Zebediah Spiffard, his old acquaintance of the Park Theatre. After hearing a most excellent sermon, the stranger waited in the street to accost the preacher, and accomplished a meeting, after the reverend man had passed through the kind and affectionate greetings of a large congregation. He was, after due study, ordained. He enjoyed the fruits of his experience and of his benevolent disposition, having all the comforts of life about him, except a wife. But there existed in Virginia circumstances which, after struggling against them in vain, forced him to return to the north. Many were the inducements to remain in that favoured land: frank manners, kind dispositions, unbounded hospitality; but he, even at that day, *he* set his heart upon establishing a "temperance society," foreseeing that if such a plant could be made to take root, it would spread, and be nourished and cultivated by all who saw or tasted of its fruit. Yes, Zebediah Spiffard, who had seen and felt the evils of intemperance, was the projector of the scheme which has saved thousands from destruction. But, alas! the obstacles that have always opposed projectors, did not fail to oppose our worthy clergyman. The mint-julep before breakfast in summer, and the egg-nogg in winter; the enticing toddy, with ice, at one season, and smoking hot at the other, as a prelude to dinner—with all the varieties of good old Jamaica rum, French brandy, real

Hollands, Irish whiskey, cordials of names innumerable, (although of one unchanging nature,) and wines from every part of the globe—all were in dread array opposed to the water-drinker's scheme.

Who can describe the Vermonter's astonishment, when on the morning after his arrival, (it was in the month of June,) he opened his eyes at the noise made by opening the chamber door, and saw a negro approaching his bed with a huge bowl, crowned with the fresh and fragrant herb, cool from the garden, and mingled with transparent ice.

"Master says, please to take a drink, and make you sleep till breakfast bell."

Somewhat oppressed by heat, and feverish from the previous day's travel, he looked on the green mint and ice—he smelt the odour only of the dew-spangled leaves, and took the bait from the hands of the slave—but the hook was soon obvious to his unsophisticated sense—and as the fumes of rum mingled with the cool atmosphere that surrounded the tempting draught—it was rejected almost with disgust.

The negro stared! "Him very good to make sleep, master."

Spiffard excused himself—sent his thanks to the hospitable planter, who wished to welcome him with that which delighted himself—and instead of mint-julip, took water and a walk before breakfast.

Another repulsive enemy to his peace was ever before his eyes. It was *Slavery*. I may be permitted to mention it as an evil, although it is cherished at the seat of my country's government. But whether I have permission or not, I will say that I think and know it to be an evil; and (any sophistry to the contrary, notwithstanding) it is an evil that congress have power and right to root out of the district, which is appropriated as the hallowed spot where freemen meet to deliberate for the welfare of freemen.

Spiffard knew he was in a slave-holding state, but he believed, until he became a resident, that slave-holders considered slavery an *evil* entailed upon them, which they wished to throw off, and he was willing to assist them. But when he saw that negroes were bred for exportation—that they were *pen'd* in appropriate places, men, women and children shut up together, and kept in drunkenness until the prison ship was ready to carry them to the Mississippi—and that most of the male part of his congregation ardently desired the creation of more slave states as recipients for this growth of their plantations—he, in